

"I would have you see God in the awful mountain and the tranquil valley, but more, much more, in the clear judgment, the moral energy, the disinterested purpose, the pious gratitude, and the immortal hope of a good man."—CHANNING.

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JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

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MIND.

VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

INSPIRATION.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

"There is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—*Job xxxii. 8.*

In the light which the Spirit of Truth now sheds upon us, the general principles involved in our belief in inspiration may be stated somewhat as follows, the details of the means and methods which have so preoccupied theologians being wholly uninteresting and unprofitable, and therefore needing no attention from us here:

There is a Divine Being back of Nature and within man—the Life and Soul of all existence; the Intelligence thinking out its laws; the Will energizing its forces. All life of Nature opens back into this Divine Being. All life of man opens, within, into God. Every stream of life leads up into the one Spring and Fount of Being. There is a natural connection open between the soul of man and the Divine Spirit. The stream's bed may be clogged with the *débris* of life, the fountain-head of the divine in man may be choked, until there seems to be no longer any up-flowing life of God in the human soul. But it is only needful that the stream-bed shall be opened, that the sands shall be cleared in the mouth of the spring, to find the water of life flow once more, fresh, free, and full as the tides of the Eternal Being. God *can* speak to man; God *must* speak to man, somewhere, somehow, some time.

The father cannot leave his child without guidance, counsel, help. If he be seeking to educate his child, he must teach him the truth. He must speak to him those words proceeding out of the mouth of God on which man liveth. God does speak to man, in men of every creed and race and age, whom he breathes out to full-statured life with his own thoughts and feelings and desires and will; through whom he thus speaks to other souls across whole seas and continents of spiritual separation, so that they who hear him not within their own souls can hear him in the voices of God-breathed men, and say: "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth." God does in reality speak *to* man *in* man. He speaks to every child of earth through the deep essential voices of his own nature; through the voice of affection, pure and sweet; the voice of reason, clear and calm; the voice of conscience, high and holy; the voice of the will, strong and commanding. The breath of life which heaves the heart, the mind, the conscience, and the will, is none other than the breath of the Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being."

That which is true of human nature as the child of God, of special men as the sons of God, is most true of the Supreme Son of God, the man who was "filled with the Spirit," in whom God breathed so audibly that we say of the words issuing from the lips of the human Jesus: They are the very words of the living God; God speaketh in the flesh; "God, who in times past spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us in a Son." In this Jesus the Spirit's breath articulates the Divine Word which is ever struggling to gain utterance for itself in the soul of man; and we affirm, "The Word was made flesh."

Such high truths as these do we confess when, walking in the light, we affirm our belief in inspiration. Let me trace, if I can, the stages through which man has come into the heritage of this "large lordship of the light."

Human progress is always from the concrete to the

abstract, from the particular to the general, from an isolated fact to the sweep of a law. Thus the reality of divine inspiration has been gradually expanding on the human consciousness, until that which was at first found on certain spots of earth, at certain times of history, amid certain privileged races, within certain narrow spheres of thought and action, is seen to be a reality of all the earth, of all races, of all time, of all men, of all truth and life.

I.

The first step of this education of man into the full doctrine of Inspiration, as far as our own religion is concerned, was the belief which our fathers held so strenuously and which we, their children, ought to hold just as strenuously—the belief that our sacred books hold the words of men who themselves were inspired of God. “God speaks in the Bible.” Thus said our forefathers, out of the depth of a true spiritual consciousness. Mark well the limitation of this statement. We may not say, as our fathers would have said, that the whole collection of writings which make up the Bible are the words of inspired men; that all these writings, in all their parts, breathe the Spirit of God; or that those writers who do breathe as from the Divine Spirit within them are all equally God-breathed. We may not thus affirm, as our fathers would have affirmed, because we have been taught to distinguish between the divine and the human in the Bible through the painful questionings which have been forced upon us by Providence.

With a rapidity that is simply astonishing, thoughtful minds in all the churches are coming to make the distinction in which lies all hope for the future reverence of the Bible; and the battle of a reasonable faith is well-nigh won. But, when all has been yielded to the human character of these writings, which criticism, scholarship, a sound reason, a true conscience, and a sober common sense demand, it still remains

to be affirmed, with a new certainty of conviction, that we do hold in the Bible words that came from most real and deep inspirations of the Divine Spirit, thoughts of truth and aspirations of hope and of faith breathed out to the fullest life and the noblest form, as men have been breathed in by God.

You and I may be just as sure as were our fathers, who saw none of the difficulties surrounding us, that here at least we hold a book in which the very voice of God echoes down upon our souls; that, through it, we hear words even to this day charged with the awful tones of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit. And we may well feel ourselves called on for the deepest gratitude to God for the inestimable treasure that humanity holds in this book of our fathers. How would the faith in the reality of a divine inspiration have been kept alive through those wastes of time in which men have heard so few whispers of the Eternal, but for this book to which they could always turn, and feel sure that in its words, so awful yet so tender, so simple though so majestic, so searching while so comforting, they were hearkening to the very voice of God—sure, by the soul's unerring instinct, that here were the tones of the Heavenly Father?

II.

The second step in our progress into the true doctrine of Inspiration is the recognition that there is a divine inspiration in other sacred books than our own. Other peoples, as our fathers knew, have had their sacred books, revered by them with a devoutness in no wise surpassed by our feelings toward the Bible. In the absence of any first-hand knowledge of those books, it was easy for our fathers to deny to them the claim of inspiration. Those were the good old days when the wonderful peoples of China, Japan, and India were massed together with the Hottentot and the South Sea Islander, under the generic name of "the heathen."

Such a denial of inspiration in the other bibles of humanity is far from easy for us, who have had these Holy Scriptures

opened before our eyes for our own direct reading. Tried by every test that we apply to our own Bible, we discover here also the tokens of inspiration. Here we find truths, ethical and spiritual, most noble, most profound—the very truths which, when found in our Bible, we feel have come from God to man for the education of the human spirit. In them we hear words breathed out with the very life of God—words that breathe in on our souls the sense of the Divine Presence; words of which we must perforce say, therefore, that they are “God-breathed.” Taking the reasonable, common-sense test that Mr. Moody used to prove the inspiration of our Bible, and applying it to these other bibles, we must each form the same conclusion to which he rightly came concerning the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures: “I know that they are inspired, because they inspire me.” They do not inspire us throughout, but neither do our own Scriptures. There are large portions of each of them which have no heavenly afflatus whatever, just as we find in the Old Testament and, in a lesser measure, in the New Testament. But scattered through them all there are words that breathe the unmistakable air of heaven, whispers whose tones we cannot mistake when we have once learned to recognize the Voice Divine. Those of us who use these other bibles in our private reading know how often they inspire us. Our regret is that we may not, as yet, bring into our public services the nobler words of the Eastern saints, so certainly the words proceeding from out of the mouth of God, on which men live. That time will come before long when, instead of reading a dry bit of Jewish history because it is in our Bible, we will read some lofty strain of ethical teaching, or some ripe counsels of spiritual wisdom, from other books of those Holy Scriptures which are “profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness,” and which, therefore, we know, with St. Paul, to be “God-breathed,” or inspired.

Who can deny the character of inspiration to such words as these?—

“Hail, Great King and Father! Thou who hast many names, but who art the Omnipotent One. Thou, First of Immortals, thou Sovereign of Nature, man is permitted to call upon thee, and thee I invoke. All things that exist are thy offspring, imperfect images of thy being, echoes of thy eternal voice. To thee will I sing hymns; and praise thee without ceasing. The universe spread out above us, which seems to revolve round the earth, moves by thy influence; at thy command its motions are performed in silence.

“The thunders are launched and the lightnings flash from thy powerful hand, and all Nature trembles. Thou governest all creation by unerring laws. The wicked disturb the harmonious course of things. They seek for happiness, but they do not comprehend thy universal laws, which, by making them wise and good, would render them happy.

“But thou bringest order out of confusion, and guidest all to good.

“Thou God of all, infuse light into the souls of men, whereby they may be enabled to know what is the root whence all their evils spring, and by what means they may avoid them.

“Grant us all thy assistance in the forming and directing of our judgment; and enlighten us with thy truth, that we may discern those things which are really good, and, having discovered them, may love them and cleave steadfast to the same.”

These noble words have been purposely drawn from the literature of a great people who had no such clearly marked-off sacred books as we find among most other peoples. You may read plenty of similarly noble words in books like Mr. Schermerhorn's “Sacred Scriptures of the World,” from which I have taken this section, or in Moncure D. Conway's “Sacred Anthology;” or you may find them for yourselves in the great library of the Sacred Books of the East, which Max Müller has edited.

How can we deny to that wise and holy teacher who was sent to Athens, and who was, like another incarnation of the Eternal Righteousness, put to death “at the hands of wicked men,” a reality in the consciousness which he so habitually expressed—the consciousness that he was the speaker-forth of words that some Higher Power breathed in him? You remember how it was his wont to refer for authority to the

"Dæmon" within him—the mystic power that stirred him so deeply, that goaded him incessantly to utterance. What are we to say of this strange voice in Socrates but that which a greater than he said of the Ghost, holy and awful, in the souls of those who dared to deliver their messages to man?—"It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Listen to Socrates's own immortal expression of his deepest consciousness: "I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked, and I lamented and feared this; but necessity was laid upon me; the *word of God* I thought ought to be considered first. . . . If this was the condition, on which you let me go, I should reply, 'Men of Athens, I know and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you.'"

Were we to deny these claims of the consciousness of the holy men who, in other than Hebrew lands, have spoken "as they were moved of the Holy Ghost," we should deny the claim of the holy men who speak to us from out of our own Bible. How largely is the Bible non-Jewish! Its knowledge of God and its enthusiasm of humanity were, to a great extent, drawn from the great heathen races round about Israel. Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, and Greece, in successive periods, were the teachers to whom the chosen people were sent by Providence. From them Israel learned its deepest truths; from them it drew its highest aspirations. The New Testament reaches its high-water mark under the inflowing of thought from the Greco-Egyptian philosophy of Alexandria. The wisdom of the Epistle to the Hebrews and of the Gospel of John is less Jewish than Gentile.

How could all this be, if these pagan peoples had not been at school under the Spirit of Truth? With what splendid courage the great Biblical teachers confess this very truth! How they rejoice in throwing down all the barriers of race and creed, and in recognizing that in the saints of all mankind speaks the voice of one Living, Righteous God, the

Father of all! As said St. John, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," this true Light in all mankind being none other than the Word that was made flesh in Jesus Christ. Why should it be needful to reiterate such truisms of a reasonable religion? Have we not reached far enough in our knowledge of God to see that, were he to reveal himself to any one race alone, leaving the rest of mankind, in their gropings after light upon the dark problem of earth and in their struggle with sin, without the light and warmth of truth, he could not be God?

III.

We take another step upward in the true idea of Inspiration. God has spoken, we say, to the ancients. Of that we are sure. "Holy men of *old* spake as they were moved of the Holy Ghost." God has spoken, we are at last ready to admit, to other "holy men of *old*" than those of Hebrew blood. But so our fathers would have said: "God does not now speak to men as he did of old. The object of his speaking thus audibly has been accomplished. The Word of God has been uttered, articulated in flesh. The true faith has been given to mankind. Thenceforth, the divine breathing in the soul of man has slackened into inaudible whispers. The age of inspiration has ceased. It dates from"— well, really, it is rather hard to fix the exact date, as our doctors find; but they are quite sure that it dates from somewhere about the beginning of our Christian era. Some learned men of the Anglo-Catholic school would fix the date at the latest ecumenical council, or council of the whole Church, in whose decrees the voice of the Holy Ghost made itself heard for the last time. Others would fix the date with the issuing of the book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, the book that concludes our canon of Scripture, though in reality it was far from being the latest of the New Testament writings. What matters it at what precise date God ceased

speaking to man, if we are sure of the fact that he does no longer speak? What, then, are we to make of such a fact, if fact it be? Did the Most High exhaust himself in dictating that astonishing book, or in directing the last of the great councils? Has the Infinite One had nothing more to say to his children since that far-back time? Has he been thinking out no new thoughts and doing no new deeds, of which he might well speak to his children? Have there been no new phases of truth calling for fresh explanation from the Great Teacher; no new puzzles leaving poor man hopeless and helpless, if unaided by a higher Intelligence? What are we to make of the fact that, even in the astonishing revolution of thought and knowledge through which Providence has led our path, we, children of an age "that blots out life with question-marks," have heard no whisper from on high, have felt no breathing from the Soul back of every human soul—no inspiration of God? There would seem to be but one solution of such a problem.

I once heard a minister of my own Church, in preaching from a text in the book of the Revelation, speak of this book as "the swan-song of the Holy Ghost." So God is dead! That is the logic of this thoroughly atheistic orthodoxy. Shallow folly of man—blaspheming, though knowing it not!

Truly, God did speak in the great creative epoch of Christianity, as never before nor since, in the moral and spiritual nature of man. When the Divine Word was heard in the flesh, fully articulated, then were there echoes, strong and deep, such as made a chorus of revealing voices. But none the less must *we* affirm that God liveth; that he is thinking and working; that he still speaketh; that in the souls of men, now as then, is to be heard the whisper of the still, small voice; that within the holy place is to be felt the breath of the Spirit, infinite and eternal.

IV.

One other step remains for us, in tracing the climb of thought by which man has risen to the vision of the Divine Inspiration in which we rejoice to-day, beholding it overflow into all spheres of rightful human thought and action. Churches have sought to shut up the inbreathing of the Divine Spirit within the ecclesiastical and theological spheres. "Within them," the scribes and rabbis have said, "he may be present and acting even now. We may hear the voice of God therein, when councils decree a law or when popes proclaim a dogma; but we may not hope to hear that voice outside those sacred domains. In a merely poetic sense, in the way of imagery, it is allowable to speak of inspired musicians and painters and poets, though even then the language is questionable. It is, however, sheer irreverence to speak of an inspired geologist or chemist or political economist." How, then, are we to draw any such hard and fast lines around the sphere of the Divine Spirit's presence and action? Are the faculties of man that busy themselves in the tasks of the scientist, the statesman, the economist, the artist, the poet, the musician, the man of commerce and of industry, not of divine origin? Are they not the curious workmanship of the Most High, worthy to be the organs through which the Infinite Spirit shall breathe his thought? How are we to separate the reason, the imagination, and the will from the conscience, so that, while we must say of the moral nature that it is the work of God, we must not say the same of the mental nature? Is the human reason—that glorious faculty by which man thinks his way through Nature up to Nature's God—not noble enough to be ascribed to a divine author? Do these faculties of man not find their occupation in studying the works of God? Whose workmanship, then, is Nature? What can we call the divine works, if not these wonders of law and order with which astronomy and geology, botany

and zoology, deal? Was the great scientist wrong in saying of his life study?—"I am but thinking over again the thoughts of God." Can the Infinite Spirit, then, be unworthily occupied in prompting man to decipher any of its works from the ameba up to man; from the organization of ant-hills up to the order of human civilization? Or what is the work of God in the world of humanity, if it be not the slow task of social progress, the education of man physically, materially, and mentally, as well as morally, toward the human ideal? What does it mean when we are bidden to be "workers together with God," if not that we are to try to help on this one great task at which the "Father worketh?" And what does this mean, if not that we are to labor, with our appropriate faculties, to build up an economic science and through it seek the doing away of poverty; to build up, one after another, the various sciences or knowledges, and through them all seek to lead man out of the multitudinous defects and evils that have lain upon the world so long?

Who that reflects upon the consequences to human progress involved in the discovery of America should hesitate to interpret those strange, unaccountable, unescapable impressions which haunted Columbus, and which left him no peace until he had found a new world, as the influences or inflowings from the Spirit guiding the progress of humanity?

Or, again, can we deny a most real moral and religious influence to works that may be wrought without the consciousness of any such aim? Does not that benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before make life easier, its strain lighter, its temptations fewer, its chances for a real manhood better? Is not every inventor unconsciously working out the emancipation of man from the servile toil which absorbs the energies of life and which leaves no room for the culture of the nobler nature? Is it the preacher alone who preaches, the priest alone who bids to prayer? Does not the true artist, in his historical

pictures, summon the higher virtues to action; and in his *genre* scenes does he not waken kindly sympathy with the poor and lowly? Does he not, in his views of Nature, make us feel the presence of an Infinite Spirit of Beauty, before which we instinctively worship?

Can Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot help teaching us the deepest lessons concerning character, though they be only trying to draw the men and women whom they meet in the world? Though Shakespeare could be proved to have had no thought of helping to make men better through his immortal tragedies, has he not been doing this very work in successive generations, as he holds the mirror up to every form of virtue and of vice, his power so to do being the perpetual puzzle of the critics?

There is, then, no line that can be drawn around the sphere of the Divine action. You cannot shut the Most High up to any petty provincialisms. You cannot find work enough for the Infinite Spirit in your parish guilds. You cannot keep God out of his own world. He claims all the varied fields of his own creation as the spheres for his Spirit's action. All lines of true human thought and work focus in religion. Every faculty bourgeons into worship. Every knowledge and every power forms a step in the great world's "altar stairs" that "slope through darkness up to God." Men of business, inventors, political economists, statesmen, novelists, dramatists, painters, musicians—all may feel the inbreathing of the Divine Spirit; all may be most truly inspired.

Thus we climb, through the successive stages of the development of man's consciousness of Inspiration—through a belief in the inspiration of the men who wrote in our Bible, of the men who wrote in the other bibles of humanity, of the saints of all times, of the men who in every sphere of life seek truth and do their fellows service—to the full thought of an inspiration of God within man, in all lands, all ages, and all activities of mind. In every great thought and in

every noble feeling which breathes our souls out to larger life there is the breath of the Infinite Spirit of Truth, of Beauty, and of Goodness—the Spirit “in whom we live, and move, and have our being.” You and I may be inspired. You and I *are* inspired, daily, though we know it not—conscious of no solemnity, as of a divine presence; catching no whispers of the Spirit in the aspirations that swell within our minds and hearts and consciences; feeling not the throbs of God in the energy that moves us to be up and doing worthily. Theodore Parker told us that his religious life consciously opened on the day and hour when, as a boy, he was about to strike the turtle by the pasture pond, and a voice that seemed to speak in sound caught his uplifted arm and told him, No! With the quick questioning of childhood he ran off to his mother, and asked, “What is it in me that says to me, ‘That is wrong’?” To which the wise mother answered, in reverent tones, “God.” This mother’s wisdom was but the epitomizing of one of the noblest passages from Emerson, our greatest seer :

“I conceive a man as always spoken to from behind, and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. In all the millions who have heard the voice, none ever saw the face. That well-known voice speaks in all languages, governs all men; and none ever caught a glimpse of its form. If the man will exactly obey it, it will adopt him, so that he shall not any longer separate it from himself in his thought; he shall seem to be it—he shall be it. If he listen with insatiable ears, richer and greater wisdom is taught him, the sound swells to a ravishing music, he is borne away as with a flood, he is full of ideas and leads a heavenly life. But if his eye is set on the things to be done, and not on the truth that is still taught, and for the sake of which the things are to be done, then the voice grows faint and is at last but a humming in his ears.”

How lofty life becomes in this sense of the divine inspirations! How full of sacred dignity our daily tasks! How responsible the powers concerning whose employ we had thought so lightly! How solemn grows that easy stifling of intellectual convictions, of conscientious impulses, and of spiritual aspirations, which now looms through “the abysmal depths of personality” into that awful sin against which Paul lifted up his warning voice—“Quench not the Spirit!”

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

BY R. N. PRICE, A.M., D.D.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt an elaborate discussion of the New Psychology, so called, on its merits. But the writer, having been for some time in circumstances to study the subject and to witness certain experiments and certain phenomena pertaining thereto, feels that it is not presumptuous in him to offer a plain statement of facts and principles, which he believes to be at least worthy of consideration.

Thomson J. Hudson, LL.D., in his work, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," has adopted what he terms a *working hypothesis*, which, he thinks, accounts for all known phenomena relating to the New Psychology. The leading idea of this hypothesis is "the dual character of man's mental organization; that is to say, man has, or appears to have, two minds, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers; each capable, under certain conditions, of independent action." The two minds, or the two functions of the one mind, are entitled *objective* and *subjective*. He defines them as follows: "The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. It is the outgrowth of man's physical necessities. It is his guide in his struggle with his material environment. Its highest function is that of reasoning. The subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the storehouse of the memory. It performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance. In a word, it is that intelligence which makes itself manifest in a hypnotic subject when in a

state of somnambulism." To this view Dr. Hudson adds two subsidiary propositions: "That the subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion," and "that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning."

It will be seen that he states his hypothesis somewhat modestly and cautiously, but at the same time he ventures the assertion: "In point of fact, that which, for convenience, I have chosen to designate as the subjective mind appears to be a separate and distinct entity, possessing independent powers and functions, having a mental organization of its own and being capable of sustaining an existence independently of the body. In other words, it is the soul."

It is candid to say that numerous psychic phenomena, which have come to my knowledge, tend to render Dr. Hudson's dual theory plausible, but that I incline to the theory of the unity of the mind, both because of its simplicity—and simplicity is a law of Nature—and because the theory of two mental entities is not necessary to account for the phenomena that appertain to the subject. Really, man is a dichotomy—mind and matter, the term *mind* being used in its broadest signification, to embrace all of man that is not material. Mind, or soul, is the indivisible entity in which resides the intellect, will, and sensibilities; in which, indeed, reside all the life and force that belong to man. The body is matter, and matter is inert. But while the mind is a unity, it has two functions, which may be termed, in the language of Hudson, the subjective and the objective. These two functions can account for all the phenomena which the experiments of the New Psychology have yet adduced. The objective mind, therefore, is the animal mind, or the mind that communes with the material universe through the five senses. The subjective mind is the spiritual mind. If this view is correct, man may for the sake of convenience of discussion be regarded as a trichotomy—soul, body, and spirit, as represented by St. Paul.

It is more than probable that Paul borrowed this idea of triplicity from Plato. Dr. Whedon says, "This Platonic triplicity is so consistent with apparent facts that it passed into popular language and was adopted by the rabbis." The term *soul* probably represents the animal or objective mind, and *spirit* represents the spiritual or subjective mind. The latter is the seat of the Reason (which never reasons, but is the faculty that comprehends the Absolute), the imagination, the emotions, and the conscience. In the objective mind are located the powers of sensation, perception, and comparison. This plodding faculty, which sees, hears, tastes, smells, and touches, is the seat of the Understanding, which reasons by all methods—inductive, deductive, analytic, and synthetic. It is the faculty that is susceptible of education by instruction and experience, while the subjective mind learns only by intuition, and is, therefore, the seat of instinct.

The New Psychology is, as I think, the best generalization of the known facts that scientists have yet been able to give; but additional discoveries may yet necessitate new hypotheses from time to time till the psychologic *moles indigesta* settles down into the order and regularity of a Science.

It is not my purpose to indulge in captious criticism of Dr. Hudson; but I must demur to the view that "the objective mind is the outgrowth of man's physical necessities." It would be just as correct to say that man's physical necessities are the outgrowth of the objective mind; but neither view is correct. A proper statement would be that the objective mind was created in view of man's material environment and physical necessities, and that it is perfectly adapted to the pursuits necessary to his subsistence and to his mental, moral, and physical development. I also demur to the proposition that "the objective mind is merely a function of the brain." It would be better to say that the brain is the instrument of the objective mind. If a physician should shock a patient with a galvanic battery, it would hardly be correct to say that the

physician is a function of the battery. The idea that the objective mind is a mere function of the brain is also inconsistent with Dr. Hudson's recognition of the objective mind as "the controlling power in the dual organization;" for if the objective mind is a function of the brain and yet controls the whole man, then the brain controls the whole man. But what is the brain? It is a mass of white and gray matter occupying the cranium—in itself inert; yet this soft, pulpy mass is asserted to be the power that reigns in the kingdom of man! This view is too materialistic. The brain is nothing but a great material nerve-center, which, being stimulated by the soul, stimulates in turn all the smaller nerve-centers, and thus runs, as an instrument, all the functions of the human organism.

I am not blind to the fact that the statement that "the subjective mind takes cognizance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses" is a startling one. The old metaphysicians have recognized in man a consciousness which takes cognizance of his mental states, and therefore a consciousness not dependent on the five senses; but it is a new departure in metaphysics to assume that the subjective mind can take cognizance of its environment—entities external to the man, even material entities, by means independent of the physical senses.

The New Psychology is not to be judged by the hundreds of illiterate mesmerists and hypnotists who are lecturing and demonstrating throughout the world, nor by the numerous "professors" who are engineering the current "healing crazes" of the world. These men have been sharp enough to discover a potent and universal law, which, under certain conditions, works wonders on the stage, and which can be and has been applied with some success to the relief of pain and the cure of mental and nervous disorders. They have built up a vast amount of charlatanism around this law, and have thus for some time fenced off from it the real scholar and philosopher.

If the law of psychic phenomena is a law sure enough—and a universal law—then it is a law of God, and scientists cannot afford to ignore its existence and power. It is, therefore, a matter of gratulation that, while many ecclesiastics and many scientists, falsely so called, would whistle the thing down the wind, a few men of brain and learning have had the sincerity and courage to give the subject a thorough examination by making experiments of their own and by studying the great mass of facts that have been laid before them by the testimony of others. Among these I would mention Mesmer, Braid, Lièbeault, Charcot, Bernheim, Flammarion, Tuke, Carpenter, and Sir William Crookes, the last mentioned being at the present time President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in which office he succeeded the celebrated physicist, John Tyndall, LL.D. The best talent and learning of the world are being brought to bear upon the weird facts that have been brought to light by psychologic experiments within the last half century. Mesmeric and hypnotic abnormalisms have let down the gap into a comparatively unexplored field of psychologic inquiry, and the few exploring parties and individuals that have entered the field have been surprised and astonished at every step. Scarcely a single experiment is made that does not reveal some new phase of the human constitution.

The New Psychology is the sworn enemy of superstition. It furnishes a scientific explanation, on natural principles, of many phenomena that in the past have been the food upon which superstition has fed and flourished. It explodes the superstition of witchcraft, thus assisting in the destruction of a delusion that has caused within the Christian era the butchery by legal process of fourteen millions of hapless and innocent victims. It explains the cure of scrofula by the "king's touch," recoveries by visits to the tombs of "saints," and by the contact of relics; also by charms, incantations, etc. It explains many of the phenomena of Spiritism—such as

table-rappings, intelligent answers to inquiries, the materialization of returned spirits, etc. It robs this doctrine of its supernatural and mystical character, and brings its phenomena within the domain of natural law. It explains the marvels of hypnotism, tracing its antics—its apparently miraculous demonstrations—to a universal law of mind and matter, and showing that it is not the “work of the devil,” nor the iniquitous power of one man over another. It has brought to light the great law of *suggestion*, formulating, as I might say, the following theses:

1. Suggestion has a powerful influence over men in the normal state, as is shown in the following instances: Tell a man who has swallowed a morsel that you saw a fly in it; though you may have been mistaken, he will be as badly nauseated as if he had swallowed an active emetic. This is an instance of the power of mind over matter. Use an indelicate expression in the presence of a lady and she will blush; that is to say, the blood will mount to her cheeks. What sends it there? The mind. Speak insultingly to a gentleman, and his face will turn red or pale; if the latter, you are in danger. What sends the blood to his face or takes it away? The mind. I have known women who were slowly but surely grieving their lives away because of an unfaithful husband, a dissipated son, or a wayward daughter. It was the mind killing the body. I knew a woman to die of joy. Her son, whom she believed to have been slain in battle during the civil war, suddenly darkened her door one day, and she fell dead. What killed her? An emotion—it was the power of mind over matter. All these are cases of the power of *suggestion*. Now, if the mind can kill it can cure. The medical profession have always recognized the power of *suggestion*. The ablest lecturers in our medical colleges have been accustomed to instil into the minds of their pupils the importance of suggestion in treating patients; and it is perhaps not saying too much to assert that those physicians who have the most thoroughly recognized

the influence of the mind over the body—the psychological over the physiological—have usually been the most successful in their practise.

2. Suggestion has a wonderful influence over a *suggestible* person. The term “suggestible” is of recent invention, and technically implies a state peculiarly sensitive to suggestion. The suggestible state is one phenomenon of the psychic state. A man is in the psychic state when his objective mind is in such a condition that it can be readily thrown into abeyance. The psychic state depends on peculiar nervous and psychic conditions, which are more easily recognized than explained. The psychic state is not the same with hypnosis. Hypnosis is the result of the single suggestion of sleep made to a man already in the psychic state. It is estimated that twenty per cent. of mankind are by nature in the psychic state, and that many of the remaining eighty per cent. may be educated into it.

Hypnotic phenomena are supposed to be the result of suggestion, either auto or hetero, made ultimately to the subjective mind, though it may be through the objective mind. The law of psychic suggestion is this: *A suggestion made to a suggestible person tends powerfully to bring about the state suggested.* This remark naturally leads us to enumerate some of the psychic phenomena supposed to be the result of suggestion in some form; for suggestion is of two kinds—auto and hetero. An auto-suggestion is one made by a man’s objective to his subjective mind. Hetero-suggestion is of three kinds: (1) Suggestion made by the objective mind of one man to the subjective mind of another; (2) suggestion made by the subjective mind of one person to the subjective mind of another; and (3) suggestion reaching the subjective mind from any external source whatever.

Hypnosis is one psychic phenomenon—a state resembling natural sleep in some particulars; but it differs from natural sleep in that it is not always a state of unconsciousness. The

eyes are not always closed; the hypnotee is responsive to questions and can engage in conversation, even reasoning; he is susceptible to suggested hallucinations, and can be placed in the cataleptic state, or state of trance, by the suggestion of rigidity. Also, the hypnotee can be awakened by words, motions, or signs that would have no effect upon the natural sleeper. Ordinarily none but the operator can awaken the hypnotee, while the natural sleeper may be awakened by any one who uses the proper means.

An interesting psychic phenomenon is that of muscular control. This phenomenon is generally easily induced in the hypnotee—by suggestion, of course; the arms may be stiffened—any part of the body, or all of it, may be made rigid. The subject may be fastened to a chair so that he cannot rise or fixed while standing so that he cannot move, inhibited from passing through a door or crossing a certain limit, rendered powerless to raise or to hold up the smallest weight; he may be made unable to place his hands together, or if they are together to separate them; indeed, the power of suggestion over the muscles of the hypnotee might be illustrated in a hundred different ways. In this strange power we may find a scientific explanation of the trances that sometimes occur in the midst of religious revivals, and of the “jerks” that spread like an epidemic throughout the country about the year 1800 and thereafter. Intense concentration often threw whole communities into the psychic state temporarily, and the suggestion of trance or “jerking” made in some way would produce these peculiar phenomena.

Suggestions addressed to the subjective man often result in hallucinations. Patients may be made to see mountains, lakes, seas, forests, or cities at the will of the operator. In a fashionable parlor he may see nothing but hogs, cattle, or mules. He may suddenly find himself amid chattering parrots, or surrounded by a multitude of venomous serpents. He may be made to see friends from the spiritland, or angels

descending from the skies. By suggestion any sense of the subject may be suspended. With his eyes wide open he may see nothing, and with ears perfectly normal he may hear nothing; he may be made insensible to the most powerful odors, his tongue may be insensible to the most pungent flavors, and the acutest touch may reveal no object within his reach. To him white may be turned to black, red, or any other hue; jargon may become the sweetest music to him; water may shock his olfactories as hartshorn, sugar may be acid, ice may be hot, and a sultry atmosphere may be reduced to zero.

Anesthesia is a psychic phenomenon. All sensation may be taken from any part of the body, or all the body; the patient may be pricked with sharp instruments without fear, pain, or bleeding. Suggestion, therefore, has in thousands of cases been used in minor surgery with success; teeth have been extracted and tumors removed without pain or ill consequences. Suggestive anesthesia is in some parts of the world supplanting, in a measure, chloroform, ether, cocain, and chemical anesthetics generally. It is often equally effective with these, and unattended by danger.

Amnesia is a psychic phenomenon. The patient can be made to forget anything you may suggest as a matter to be forgotten. A young woman who had fallen through excessive confidence in her pretended lover was so overwhelmed with grief that she became a lunatic, and was sent to a hospital to be examined as to her fitness for the lunatic asylum. She was *psychotized* and made to forget her fall and the one who had occasioned it, and in two weeks she was perfectly sane.

Suggestion may take the place of mustard or flies in raising blisters, and that too without deceiving the patient. A postage stamp has been known to raise a blister with abundance of serum in some twelve hours. Suggestion can be used with success upon patients in natural sleep. The importance of the fact can scarcely be overestimated. Little children too young to concentrate, and persons who do not believe in psychic

treatment, can be treated successfully in natural sleep. Mothers may thus check disease and reform bad habits in their children. I have myself personally witnessed the powerful influence of suggestion in natural sleep in a number of cases.

Post-hypnotic suggestion is a strange phenomenon—the patient doing in his waking hours what is suggested to him in his sleep. It is not a myth. I have known persons to do after waking what was suggested to them in profound hypnosis, the suggestion being verbal in some cases but not objectively remembered by the subject, and in other cases made by acts of which the subject could obtain no objective knowledge.

Telepathy is a psychic phenomenon that has been clearly demonstrated, and is one of vast possibilities. Experiments along this line are being made daily, and with astonishing success. In telepathy is included, as I understand it, the numerous cases of mind-reading (or mind-leading) often witnessed in parlors. How far the power may be developed into a method of distant communication cannot be safely predicted. Whether it can ever supersede the telegraph or telephone cannot be confidently prophesied; but in the present day there is scarcely anything too wonderful to believe. Newspapers and magazines are daily reporting marvelous cases of long-distance thought-transference.

Too many cases of clairvoyance have been reported on trustworthy testimony to allow any intelligent man honestly to pronounce it either a mistake or a fraud.

Suggestion as a therapeutic agent is winning laurels. E. C. Reeves, Esq., of Johnson City, Tenn., a cool-headed and well-known lawyer, recently reported in a magazine two cases that came under his immediate observation—that of a man cured suddenly of sciatica, and of another cured with equal suddenness of stammering—both cures being complete and permanent. Credence in such cures does not depend on the numerous glowing testimonials of grateful patients who have

been snatched as by miracle from the jaws of death by magic manipulations—for these testimonials are cheap and are often worded by the magician himself; but many of them have been witnessed by honest and impartial observers and certified to by men and women of the highest honor and intelligence.

Nervous diseases and bad habits are the favorite field of suggestive therapeutics. The whisky, morphine, cocain, and tobacco habits have often been broken up through its influence. I knew a man to be cured of the whisky, morphine, and tobacco habits within two weeks, and the cure has proved to be permanent. I have known the habit of profanity to be cured by suggestive treatment in more cases than one. Of course, the *heart* was not changed, the cure only affecting the *habit*.

I do not hesitate to add that I believe that all cases of metaphysical healing, under whatever name they occur, are attributable, in part, to the same universal psychic law of *suggestion*. It matters not where the healing process begins; it passes along this road before it reaches its destination. True, medicine is not all suggestion; neither is massage, osteopathy, hydropathy, or magnetism; but all these are powerless unless they stir into activity the vital force, the *vis medicatrix*, and use it in setting right what is wrong within the physical organization. Calomel will not rouse the liver of a dead man, nor flies blister a corpse. Medicinal and mechanical treatment, if successful, only appeal to soul-force—the real doctor after all. It may be objected that infants, and persons in an unconscious state, are often treated successfully, and that such persons are unsusceptible to the influence of suggestion. The reply is, that such persons are only *objectively* unsusceptible to suggestion, but that the treatment, of whatever character, stirs within them an intelligent vital force; and this is the subjective mind. It is a matter of fact that patients who have the least objective consciousness and remembrance of suggestions made to them while their objective minds are

either partially or wholly in abeyance are the most powerfully influenced by the suggestions made; so that there is no reason why infants, and persons in a state of objective unconsciousness, should not be benefited by suggestions of health passing through a dormant objective consciousness into the subjective consciousness, which is never suspended.

If the New Psychology were able to excite only surprise and admiration by its strange demonstrations, still it would be valuable; for men go great distances to witness natural curiosities—such as the Mammoth Cave, Niagara Falls, the Yosemite Valley, and Mont Blanc. But if its phenomena are calculated to throw light on the constitution and powers of the human soul, and if they further have introduced new and useful methods into the healing art, as I believe they have, then to refuse to investigate them is certainly unwise and unphilosophic.

The Church has made a mistake in denying all spiritualistic phenomena, or rather in ascribing them to sleight-of-hand and fraud. It would be wiser to accept well-attested and indisputable phenomena, and then to go about explaining them, if possible, on principles not involving spirit-return. Men naturally confide in the testimony of their senses; all science and all facts of history are based on that. The Church in disputing actual facts has only strengthened spiritualism and sowed the seeds of religious skepticism.

That Christian Science, in spite of its absurd transcendentalisms, has produced some genuine phenomena cannot be denied. It is the province of the true philosopher to explain these instead of denying them. Theory is one thing; facts are another. The man who stands up in the light of the present day and denies the numerous phenomena of hypnotism, ascribing its pranks as well as its more serious manifestations to fraud and delusion, only stultifies himself and makes himself the laughing-stock of well-informed people. Honest intelligence is obliged to accept these phenomena, and the true

scientific spirit will proceed at once to trace them to the law that underlies them, if it is possible to discover it.

The same may be said of whatever genuine phenomena may be produced by magnetic healers, faith curers, divine healers, relic vendors, etc. By divine healers, in this connection, I do not mean those honest and pious men and women who, believing with St. James that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," go to the bedsides of the afflicted and pray for their recovery; but I refer to the professional divine healer, who rejects all human means and enthusiastically relies on faith without works. It is foolish to repudiate the means of recovery which the God of Nature has placed within our reach; but it is also wicked to repudiate the power of God over the body as well as over the soul. The only form of prayer that Jesus left to the world contains a petition for temporal good—good pertaining directly to the state of the physical man.

Let us admit that many of the "healing crazes" of the day have actually healed in certain instances; and, instead of denying well-attested cases, let us seek out and set forth the law that underlies them. The head and front of that law I believe to be the power of *suggestion* addressed to the subjective consciousness. The *chemical* effects of drugs cannot be successfully disputed; the rubbing of the *masseur* and the bone-setting of the osteopath cannot be pronounced worthless; the hydropath deserves a share of credit for relieving human ills; dieting, exercise, and recreation are all useful in their place; but along with all these and coöperating with them is the potent force of *suggestion*.

But suggestion has been wounded in the house of its friends. It has been manipulated by charlatans and rascals; it has been preached by ignoramuses. Its claims in false and exaggerated forms have been trumpeted from the stage and advertised *a la* patent medicine, until sober men and women have turned away from it in disgust; so that now the

word "hypnotism" and cognate terms have become a stench in the nostrils of the people. But the pendulum of opinion will swing back from this extreme and will eventually settle in the perpendicularity of truth.

It must be conceded that some of the cures effected by a single metaphysical treatment are not permanent; they frequently relapse in a short time, and such relapses tend to discredit the method. But this is equally true of medical treatment. If the metaphysical healer would remain with his patients and repeat the treatment frequently and perseveringly, temporary cures would in many cases develop into permanent ones. Pain can often be relieved suddenly, but its causes generally yield only to gradual and persevering treatment—it matters not what the method is.

Ignorance, egotism, and irreverence have attempted to use the New Psychology in discrediting the Bible miracles as such. It is not certain that in the Biblical cases any natural law was ever set aside, nor that a miracle is either contrary to law or above law. A proper definition of a miracle, perhaps, is that it is *a wonderful phenomenon occurring according to an unknown law*. Some of the recorded deeds of Jesus were miracles according to this definition. But the modern miracle, so called, is traceable to a psychic law, of which we know something and are daily learning more. This law is as natural and as far removed from the preternatural or the "supernatural" as the growth of plants, the evolution of animal life, the motions of the planets, or the shining of the sun.



FAITH is the very life of the spirit. How shall we maintain it—how increase it? By living it. Faith grows with well-doing. What little faith you have, only live it for one day, and it will be stronger to-morrow. Live with your fellow-creatures as their brother to-day, and to-morrow God will be felt by you as your Father the more tenderly.—*William Mountford*.

THE RELIGION OF SILENCE:

A Parable.

BY A. B. CURTIS, PH.D.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before their Master, and Satan also was among them. And the Lord said: "Go to, I will explain myself, I will reveal my whole soul to all the ages; but in what manner shall it be accomplished?"

"By creation and providence," said Michael.

"By the use of Bibles," replied Satan; for he knew the ways men have of twisting the meanings of their Bibles.

"By meditation, and communion, and breathless stillness," said Ariel; for he was very wise.

So the Eternal Mind went out of itself and sought to express itself, and in the effort at utterance it heaped star upon star and sun upon sun and universe upon universe, and millennium joined millennium through endless ages and eons uncounted. And God turned him and looked upon all that he had done; and, behold, the silence was still unbroken and the Eternal was still unexpressed. "So," he mused, "must the great drama go on and ever on, forever and forever."

"You were all three right," said the Lord to Satan and Michael and Ariel, when next the sons of God assembled; "Bibles and worlds are excellent—we cannot do without them. But do not for one moment try to make the sons of men believe that these reveal or explain *me*. In all, behind all, through all, the silent, inexpressible secret of my mysterious Being remains still, hidden and unknown; and Ariel alone is grandly right. Look upon yonder earth: she lies before us like a glorious rainbow; but the sun that makes the bow is behind us, concealed in the clouds. It was I who placed the worlds in the heavens, but I myself dwell apart in the thick darkness."

Michael and Satan and Ariel then floated away together into the vast inane, past new worlds and old worlds, past dense clouds of fire-mist and opaque columns of star-dust. A strong wind rent the rocks beneath their feet and lashed the troubled waters, but the Lord spoke not in the wind; mighty earthquakes convulsed the slow-cooling orbs of chaos and piled up the hardened crusts stratum above stratum, but the Lord's voice was not in the earthquake; the lightnings darted from cloud to cloud and the tops of the mountains were on fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire—

"Hush!" said Ariel; "it is the voice of the silence of God."

The angels turned and looked behind them; but the Eternal had not moved out of his place. "He is absorbed in deep thought," whispered Michael.

"I know what he is thinking," said Satan, "because I know the heart of man—and the heart of God is as the heart of man. He is thinking that there are many to-day who worship in silence the Deity who speaks only in and through the silence. Alas! when words go churches will go; then my work goes—I perceive that." And the breast of the enemy of man heaved with heavy sighs.

Now, Michael remembered that he had overheard a strange prayer once upon a time as he passed by a poor laborer at his devotions, and he repeated it to his companions:

"O Infinite Energy, O Ineffable One, I long for a closer walk with the Unutterable. Teach me the language of silence, and cause to rise into being the church to which in my heart of hearts I have now for many years belonged. Amen."

"Did you hear a man say that?" asked Satan.

"Yes," was the reply.

"It is the only true religion," said Ariel.

Satan turned and looked up at the Lord, but he had not moved out of his place. His eyes were wet with tears, and his face was sad with silentness.

FATALISM OF THE CENTURY.

BY CHARLES FERGUSON.

To-day the world is in bondage to the Law. To-morrow we hope the gospel of Liberty shall again be everywhere proclaimed. It *will* be proclaimed. It will be shouted from the housetops and sung in the streets, and it will be necessary to go into a closet and stop one's ears if one would not hear it. We are at the lowest ebb; the tide will surely turn; then the free, swinging seas will come rushing in, and the king and his courtiers, the doctors and the lawyers, will have to gather up their skirts and run.

Never was there a day since the world began when there was more talk of "laws." There are lower laws and higher laws; inner laws and outer laws; laws mystical, spiritual, and temporal; laws of love, and beauty, and hope, and faith, and art, and joy—everywhere laws; nothing but laws. Never was there a day when people talked so much about religion and liberty; but hardly ever for a day did the soul really count for quite so little as now. The soul is swathed, bandaged, stifled in laws. Through all the yesterdays, all the past ages since the days of the troglodytes, it was possible for a man—for at least one man in a million—to have a soul of his own. It was always possible for a man to emerge at least a little way, at some point of existence, out from under the repressive sway of law. There were savages and barbarians, there were Cæsars and Stoics, there was somebody somewhere to witness, after a fashion, for the liberty of the soul. But now for a day—the last day—the submergence is complete. The soul has gone clear under; there is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the oily sea of "legality." Only here and there a bubble rises—the gasp of a dying rebel.

For a day everybody is expecting improvements—what is called progress; but nobody hopes for liberty. Things can be done by shifts, by the appointment of committees, by the accumulation of statistics, by the advice of specialists. Prison reform is admittedly possible, but there is no thought of getting out of jail. We float with the stream of creation. It is possible to steer a little and dodge a little, but that is all.

Now, of course, the law is good to brace and harden the backbone of liberty. If Nature were all soft and yielding, it is difficult to see how we could have got beyond the stage of the jelly-fish. But seeing that we *have* got beyond the jelly-fish, why should we turn back? If God had not freedom, he would be of no importance to a man; and if man had not freedom, he would be of no importance to God. You are interested in the wretched slave that grinds in the mill, not because he is a slave but because he is not a mill.

A century ago civilization was brought face to face with an inspiring vision—the hope of a new social order; the challenge of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The people flung themselves with transport into the new day; but there was disaster and ruin, and the world was turned back to learn its lesson over. The vision faded and was discredited, and the pedants throve. It was decided by the moralists and the people that care only for securities that there is no such thing as liberty—only wheels within wheels, and laws within laws. It was settled by the “cultivated classes” that nothing is so unreasonable as the attempt to order the world according to reason. The moral stupor of the eighteenth century returned to possess the nineteenth. Liberty became only a politician’s word, or a sigh on the lips of religion; no one hoped any longer to realize it in full-breathing flesh.

And so, on every hand, have been reared the huge symbols of mechanism and fate. In industry and economics the value of a man has become wholly relative to a machine. From the highest to the lowest in the scale, men do not any more

undertake commercial adventures; they seek openings, subsidies, situations, jobs. The laws of commerce are absolute; the money power is unquestioned. Its supremacy means not that the world is desperately wicked and cruel—never before was the world so kind. The rule of money is the demonstration of the world's moral discouragement—its settled doubt of the possibility of liberty. Everything is brought to the market test because no man has confidence in the liberty of God, or dares produce anything that is not "ordered." The world-embracing commercial system—the rule of the bankers and bourses—is a vast symbol of soul-consuming Fate.

In politics two ideas, reducible to one, have dominated the century: the building up of huge political aggregates and the winning of foreign markets. Under Cæsar and Charlemagne the imperial idea was not without nobility and beauty—it was a world-communion; it aimed to take in everything. But this nineteenth-century market rivalry of subventioned traders—this ruck and drift of blind masses that huddle to the hunger-call and the shibboleths of Chauvinism—is a spectacle without nobility or beauty.

One empire seemed an inspiring possibility; a multiplicity of empires—French, German, Austrian, Russian, English, Italian, Turkish, American, and so on—is mere unreason and the flow of fate. It is the obscurantism of politics and the evacuation of the ideal.

Patriotism has become the refuge, not necessarily of "scoundrels," but of traders, professional soldiers, and politicians. Everywhere there is a strong set toward political democracy; but democracy is regarded not as a regenerating principle but simply as the latest improvement in political machinery. The last refinement is the secret ballot, which removes every lingering inducement to moral independence and makes it totally superfluous for a man to be a man. The democratic principle as popularly construed implies not so much faith in the masses of the people as distrust of every

kind of moral superiority. It is the rejection of all personal leadership in favor of mere elemental suction and the physical laws. The newspapers have an enormous influence, not because they lead but because they do not. The power of the press is in its moral passivity. It is strong because it is supposed to be purely reflective of the common passions.

Representative government becomes a wrangle of paid attorneys whose best qualification is that they shall have no minds at all of their own, but be perfectly responsive to every prompting from the "constituency." Political machines grow to incredible complexity and driving power, and the claims of "bosses" are prosecuted with an irresistible urgency as if they were tides or trade-winds. The "bosses" are not much worse than the average citizen—perhaps they are better; it is not a matter of better or worse, but of sheer natural law and the suspension of thought and will. The prepossession that thralls the mind of the people is—as De Tocqueville pointed out in the beginning of the century—a feeling that bulk is irresistible: a besetting sentiment of Fatalism.

In the sphere of institutional religion the century has witnessed the rehabilitation of Romanism and the sacerdotalizing movement in the Episcopal Churches of England and the United States. The general purport of this phenomenon is the same as the foregoing; it is the seal of the despair of liberty. It is a turning back to medievalism because of the supposed failure of the principle of modernity. The recrudescence of Calvinistic theology, with its *melange* of legalism and sentimentalism, has a similar significance. The triumphal career of Mr. Moody and of General Booth means what the resurgence of the Papacy means—that a man is nothing unless he is a crowd, and that the mind is nothing without a miracle.

It is the same in art and letters. Ever since Buckle, history has tended toward physiology—and the soul has dwindled. The great valors and devotions and the long epic of liberty have come to seem mere chyme and chyle and peristaltic

motion. It is supposed that everything can be accounted for by the climate and the soil; by the conjunction of stars, the flight of birds, the entrails of animals, or some other "scientific" augury. Fine art has become over-fine—photographic. There is the most marvelous manual skill and much that is curious, but very little that is creative. There is lust, there is pathos, and there is prettiness—but no liberty. In literature the popular taste halts between psychological romances and folk-stories—in unwearying endeavor to find out why people do as they do, and how very common after all everybody is.

In the vast mill of civilization the bodies of the poor are ground. Never were the strong so considerate of the weak; never was there such weight and incubus of alms, such elaborate agencies of succor; and never were the poor so poor and miserable—never did the mill grind so cruel and so fine. The presses teem with the literature of denunciation and reform. Everybody is abused in turn, and all are sorry. But there is a spell, an enchantment, a conviction of fate—a paralysis of liberty. It is supposed that there must be somewhere in hiding a race of monsters: vampires and succubi that live on human blood. The prosperous people look into one another's faces across the lines of class and caste, with grown-some suspicions and misgivings. But there is no race of monsters; everybody turns out to be about like everybody else. It is all a dull, dead level of caution and kindness. There are no "monsters;" but nobody will risk a breach with his environment—that is to say, his income and reputation. The diurnal hecatomb of misery is offered up on the altar of common prudence; and the oppressors of the poor are just the ordinary run of comfortable people who would not needlessly set foot upon a worm. The poor are ground, but the oppressors also wear the yoke of servitude and are treading in the mill.

It is to be noted that revolution itself, in the character that for the most part it has assumed during the century, has

borne no promise of liberty. The great social changes that have been proposed have proceeded on the assumption that the soul is a product of circumstances, that it is altogether under the sway of laws external to itself, and that the only hope of a more comfortable adjustment of things is in a modification of the "laws." The socialists of a cultivated and accomplished type, as well as the most vehement agitators, go up and down the world admonishing the people whom they meet that individuals can do nothing to improve the mournful condition of things except to vote for a change of the "law." Socialists of the straitest sect of science shake their heads pityingly at the suggestion of even so much of human initiative as goes to the casting of a vote; these would leave the evolution of the happier day wholly to the operations of physiology and common hunger.

In no quarter is it suggested that it is possible for an ordinary, respectable man to be ashamed of himself and change his ways, or that a whole mob and rabble of laws could be put to flight in an hour if it seemed worth while to will it.

However, this we trust is the last day. The tide of faith has run far out over the naked shingles of negation—out to the uttermost; and now there is hope that it will return. The heart of the people is aching with pent hope and expectation. Once more they will try for liberty. And they will not willingly stop short of equality and fraternity. The vision of democracy that arose in the morning of the century—when the singer sang that it was bliss to be alive and heaven to be young—is rising up again; and one may see it now more clear for the chastening of these years of darkness. The youth of the nations are coming back to the eternal task disciplined and sorrowed, but with the old gaiety of heart. It is perceived at last that liberty is not a pastime; but it is all the better worth while that the springs of it are in the eternal, and its stream a perpetual adventure and devotion.

THE QUEST OF YOUTH.

BY HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

Ever since the "first man" was cut down in the midst of his ambitious activities there has been in the human heart a longing to find that mysterious something which, could it only be discovered, would render its possessor physically immortal. The desire has been always most evident in those men whose physical lives were least spiritually guided; whose lives, had they been perpetuated, would probably have been of least value to the world in which they lived. Columbus counted not the least of his objects in sailing westward the discovery of the Fountain of Youth. Ponce de Leon pushed westward across the Mississippi and bathed in the Hot Springs of Arkansas. He found a "cure" for his rheumatism, but no water for the restoration of his youth; and old age and disease overtook him on the west bank of the Father of Waters. While, in our own time, hard-headed Science has left no foundation for an organized search for the restoring waters, it has not swept from the human heart the time-old desire for youth and longevity. The desire for physical immortality is still strong within us; and the writer of fiction is perfectly aware of it, for it has furnished the theme of many a story—good, bad, and indifferent. The literature is almost voluminous.

Every adult looks with more or less regret upon the days of youth, and this feeling furnishes the "literature" of the popular magazine and the occasional volume of "minor" poetry with enough doleful verse to sadden three generations.

No one nowadays looks for a Fountain of Youth, but all of us wish we could be forever youthful. We start in life

with all sorts of ambitions and aspirations. Somehow or other, after a few years, we find the fountain of our youth is playing a very small stream. Then, after a spasmodic struggle to make the stream play more fully by grasping at this and that suggested remedy, we fill the magazines with moribund verses and pessimistic essays—and give it up. Just here is where ritualism swallows up one class of mourners and mysticism devours another. And all the time the fountain, which began flowing when God said "Let there be light," is still flowing—has been ever flowing, and will always flow. Indeed, signs are not lacking that it is flowing more freely than ever before. "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" The increase of flow results merely from the fact that more of us are now willing to drink. In vital matters supply is always infinite; but apportionments are always in ratio with demand. Our banker never forces money on us; we have to check against our deposits. Thought is specie in philosophy, so that our deposits need never show balances against us—if we so will.

Recently there sat opposite me in an uptown street-car a young woman and an old one, side by side. The young woman was beautiful with sturdy health; yet there was so much of softness and gentleness in her face that her health could by no means be described as "rude." The old woman was tall, angular, and of large frame. Her face was as strong as that of a traditional Puritan, but there was no harshness in it, and her eyes were as sweet as they were bright. It seemed a picture of what the older woman had one day been and what the younger woman would one day be. But why must she who was now old have grown so? And why must she who was now young ever grow old? In the face of the old woman there was a bright alertness that should have effectually defended her against the attacks of age; and the young woman's face seemed so strong and so intelligent—surely she could never leave youth behind her! And yet I know a few years will suffice to tell the tale of the old woman's years; and

yet a few more and the young woman will take the old woman's place.

The incarnating ego comes to the mother's womb with all the power and purity of Life in its hand, to use if it will; or, to put it more plainly, all the resources of Nature are for the intelligence of the soul to direct and apply to the requirements of physical life. The soul knows and would direct if it might; the powers of Nature, which initially build up a physical body, are still in Nature to be called upon whenever necessary for the upbuilding and maintenance of that body; but the soul, which knows, seldom has a chance to exercise its knowledge. It is a scientific fact that all physical life on this planet is derived from the sun—to say *through* is better. If one but knew how to manipulate and utilize the rays which the sun pours upon the earth so bountifully! Some day, when the human animal has developed into a human being—when he can be trusted with great power without turning it into some new instrument for the destruction of his fellow-men and for his own material aggrandizement; when he can be intrusted with that which will prolong his life without using that life merely as a means to “grab” more money and increase the rate of interest—well, perhaps, when evolution has evolved a bit more, those who have the knowledge will be willing to impart it to us. In philosophy, “Why?” is the first question; and if we are to be given that which will prolong life we must answer that question satisfactorily to those who are to give it. Of course, one can tutor one's self, but education of that kind is always apt to be “scrappy” and unsatisfactory. Teaching one's self the mysteries of life perpetual always degenerates into a second-rate novel or an Adelphi melodrama—the “Strange Story” is a good example. Being taught them implies conditions that, potentially, produce a Jesus and a new Scripture.

Nevertheless, it is monstrous to suppose that we are born into the world tamely to submit to the inroads of age and the

attacks of time. Youth, in the literature of all races and nations, is the condition attaching to the after-death status of the blest; and it is one of the conditions toward which we are on earth most justified in at least aspiring. It is not death that is to be dreaded: death is merely a change of conditions toward the new. Age is merely the multiplication of old conditions of like kind. Unless one could change conditions and environments, what would be the worth of a prolonged physical existence? None at all; and the fact that this would inevitably be so always forces the novelist to make his undying immortals in physical bodies fabulously rich and wonderfully powerful. Any extended inquiry into the subject must lead to the conclusion that added years, in themselves, are not worth the turn of a hand, but that those conditions which produce youth are to be sought in the verities of existence, and that these, as verities of being, will directly make for youth perpetual and undying in the proportion of one's knowledge and power. "According to your faith be it unto you." If you have a faith that the power which brought you, physically, into being is able to sustain you, and if you act upon your faith, you will soon be in a position to declare for belief or non-belief. Knowledge will follow; and power depends upon the use of knowledge. And so you will know, as is to be distinctly asserted, that everything is relative and that all accomplishment is a question of degree. "Occultly" speaking, the power to rebuild the body and prolong life physically is said to exist. You know how to use your mind, and you turn its operative power upon whatever part of your body you wish, and the powers of Nature working through the mental medium renew, restore, and sustain. You think it, and it is done; you turn on a faucet and the power flows.

Spiritually—or, if you will, psychologically—speaking, we know the soul is reflected in the physical body. The face is but a mask; poetry has always declared and science now con-

firms it. So we are not left without a hint, which we may develop into a rationale, upon which to proceed in the quest for those conditions that will result in the perpetuation of youth—for how long a time depends upon many things.

The incarnating ego comes to the mother's womb thoroughly *en rapport* with the universal forces in which it has for a time dwelt, and is accordingly in a condition, ideally, to build perfectly for itself. But the conditions are not ideal. In the first place, the ego has left behind, upon its departure from some other state, various and sundry effects, which are now to be worked out and which present themselves at this very early moment to be grappled with. Then the mother has worn corsets all her life, thus interfering with the nervous telegraph system throughout her body—the effect being that certain centers of force are more or less cut off from supply headquarters, and physical, mental, and spiritual nourishment for the embryo is more or less lacking. Then there are all sorts of inharmonies in the “homes” of the various mothers; most of them are “slavies” as well as mothers. Taken altogether, the “interference” encountered by the coming child has, by its birth-time, been worthy of a collegiate foot-ball game.

Now begins a course of systematic hindrance to the soul's intercourse with the child's physical organism beside which the ante-birth happenings turn out to have been a course of mere bushwhacking irregularities. He is fed on this, that, and the other thing, and learns that his stomach is merely a place to stow away things which happen to tickle his palate. He gets old enough, generally by chance, to learn that there is a thing called “God” who will not love him if he does this and who will do something to him if he does that; and so it happens that the very basic idea of a consonant life is stricken out of the child's mind and heart by that most powerful of weapons—dislike. He is never taught to breathe. To be sure, the child imbibes air in some fashion; but it can hardly

be designated breathing. His recreations are simply and solely amusements; he is given plenty of information but no instruction; he is taught that the first and only business of a man is "makin' a livin'," and grows up to be a "business man" demanding six per cent. and the right to have, hold, and enjoy what he is able to wring from the public or steal from the individual. And if it happen that a girl be in question, the case is even more hopeless. As a girl she is taught that the whole business of life is to be pretty and keep clean; and as a young woman she either falls into "hustling" to get married or degenerates into a *poseur* of pessimism and misanthropy on a salary averaging six dollars a week.

"Extreme cases"? To be sure; so let us go back to beginnings. Youth is nothing but the full and free expression of vitality through a physical medium, more or less adapted to its transmission. It has nothing to do with years. Every one knows men and women who are old in years but younger than themselves in that amiable vitalness known as youthfulness of heart. The eye is as bright, the step as elastic, and the blood as warm as in many fewer-yearred ones. The source of the vitality—one quality of which gives heat to the blood, another color to the body, another tone to the nerves, and so on—is never obstructed. Vitality, or sun-ray, or youthfulness, is an everflowing spring. Its waters flow to every quarter of the universe, and are to be had for the asking. The waters rest upon a bottom of materialized spirit we call earth, and form a sea of what we call Life. Physiologists will tell you the air we breathe is not the initial principle of the phenomena of existence. What gives heat and power to the heart is not known to science as yet; and meanwhile we go about depending upon material environment for the perpetuation of youthful conditions. In the case of the man it is generally wearing out the best part of his life in an effort to accumulate money to enjoy in "ease" the latter part of it. With the woman the resort is, usually, to gynecological opera-

tions or buttermilk baths. Ignorance and prejudice lie at the root of the whole matter.

In the first place, we are not aware of the existence of the Fountain of Youth; and if we *were* aware of it some prejudice would probably operate against our availing ourselves of its wonderful waters. It is only ignorance and prejudice that prevent a constant inflow of its powers, so that no matter how old in years we might grow we would ever remain youthful at heart and strong in spirit.

Here is a beautiful girl. Youth beams from her eyes and gleams in her hair. Her face is gentle, and her cheeks are as delicate as peach-bloom. Her step is elastic, and she sits erect with ease and grace. She personifies youth. But presently she will have her mind full of vanity-stricken pleasures. Dress will be about the most important thing in the world. Next will be the matter of a young man—or of young men. What mind she had to begin with will be turned over to her desires and sensations to drive where and how they will, and ere long her mind will not be sufficiently strong to equip a canary bird for the business of life, and her nervous organization will be fitter for the irritability of a porcupine than a human being. Her soul's channels—and they are scattered throughout brain and body—are by this time pretty well choked up; she is beginning to get lines about mouth and brow, and her eyes are becoming deep sunken. She is vehement about the trifling things of life and indifferent to its serious sweetnesss and its sweet seriousnesses. She "loves" chocolate caramels and "hates" a man who wears a red necktie; and by the time she has got to the point where every headache sends her to bed and every little pain is a matter to upset the household and make everybody in it miserable for the day, she has also got to the point where her soul has just about been entirely closed out of its wonted avenues and has decided to go out of business as far as she is concerned. While she was a child and thought as a child

her soul was in touch with her; but now she is a woman and thinks as a bear with a sore head. It is quite cut off from her. As a consequence, the supply of vitality, or youth, everywhere abounding and waiting to be utilized is lacking. Her end is wretchedly-trained children—for of course she marries—and headaches every afternoon; and the only amusement possible to her is dabbling in "occultism" with some teacher at so many dollars a lesson. Or she may join some "society" for the amelioration of the condition of automobile drivers or the improvement of wall-paper designs in the homes of the poor.

Life is a sea. Its source is the Fountain of Youth—fabled, to be sure, in the old mythologies, but destined to be certified to in the science of physiology which shall one day rise on the foundation now being laid by the sciences of psychology and chemistry. As the fish, in their medium, water, "live and move," so do we in ours—the earth's atmosphere. We "live and move" in it, but our *being* we have elsewhere. The air we breathe is not the "breath of Life." That (with an apology for the mixed metaphor) comes from the Fountain of Youth. Its effects are to be found by various processes of reception and assimilation. What these are each must ascertain for himself; to catalogue and publish them would be to cheapen them. They vary with each individual, but in principle are all analogous. Poets have sung them since the first lyre was strung; philosophers have worn out their lives expounding them. Jesus was crucified for insisting upon obedience to them; and while he hung upon the cross he still taught and further practised them. By those who expect a formula they are said to be "vague" and "mystic" and "obscure" in statement; and the man with a *materia medica* in one hand and a scalpel in the other will declare they are not "demonstrable." There is but one word, one law, one way; the best exegesis, the best commentary, the best guide-book is your own highest *ideal*. It will never play

you a trick—only be sure it is your *own* and your *highest*. A beginning must be made; this will be *your* beginning, in *your* way, in *your* time.

The Breath of Life, which conduces to youthfulness and longevity, which retains strength and maintains beauty, is not to be strained after as a thing-in-itself. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you." It is not to be had by running after it; rest, rather, and it will be given you: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my word." A king of Judah knew the way; and the fact that his poetry is to this day held most lofty and elevated and a model of beauty seems to declare he followed it. "Stand in awe," he said, "and sin not;" "commune with your own heart upon your own bed, and in your own chamber, and be still."

One arrives at the fountain-head in one's own way and time; but long before one shall have arrived one will have come to know of how much worth is physical life, what are the purposes it subserves, to what end it is evolving, and—this above all—what are the principles underlying a successful use of it. Like a beautiful, constant spring, the Fountain of Youth flows ever and ever, keeping ever full to overflowing a sea the shores of which are too far distant for the minds of men to conceive.

In the over-world of angels and in the under-world of men, the fountain has a name: a name given to it one eventful night long ago when angels came to the plains of a far Eastern shepherd country to herald a new dispensation—a dispensation we are just beginning to realize. They called it "Peace on earth; good will to men." And so we call it to this day.



KNOW ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that such temples can be built only of the common stones that lie about us?
—Charles Carroll Everett.

PRAYER: WHAT IS IT?

BY AGNES LEONARD HILL.

Some one complains: "Desires utterly unselfish, in perfect accord with a kingdom of love and peace, and in furtherance of a Savior's plans, have carried us day and night to Him who has all power; and yet no answer from on high," etc.; all of which is meant to prove that prayer is useless. The complaint is, to say the least, inconsistent. If the desires were "in perfect accord with a kingdom of love and peace," they would have possessed also confidence in the character of God, whose ways are not as our ways and whose answers to prayer must come in His way and not in ours.

To illustrate: A woman is idle, overfed, restless, and possessed of a desire to obtain all the good there is on earth or in heaven. She craves happiness, usefulness, wisdom, power, and peace. She prays for these things collectively or severally; yet in order to answer her prayers a change must be wrought *in her*. She can be changed only by gradations of feeling—and these can be induced only by circumstances. If she is to possess the power to be happy, she must achieve the power to become useful. In other words, she must learn the secret of acceptable service. She must substitute industry for idleness, temperance for gluttony, unselfishness for greediness. How can she achieve transformations so wonderful if she be not educated by circumstances? Poverty, perhaps, can goad her to industry, force her to temperance, and teach her the meaning of unselfishness. When she prays for happiness, and when all the "abundance of things" that stand between her and happiness are taken away in order to give her the character that generates happiness, is not her prayer answered? Most certainly; yet not in her way.

What matter "years now closing in disaster, the culmination of blunders," if something higher and better and more enduring than fortuitous circumstances have resulted? What are transitory events compared to the immortal beauty of a perfected character? To stand beside a dying child and pray, "if he must die, spare him suffering," is presumptuous. If suffering had no power to develop, purify, uplift, and ultimately bless the soul of that dying child, the beneficence of the All-Wise would not permit that suffering. What ignorance to tell *God* to "spare" that suffering! What presumption to claim a wisdom greater than His, and arraign Him for nonconformity to a finite conception of compassion!

Midway between the blind faith of an unreasoning mind and the final trust that climbs by reason to the topmost heights of mathematical certainties and then, reasoning from the known to the unknown, finds evidence for deeper faith than ignorance ever knew and sweeter trust than inexperience ever dreamed, is the middle ground of a rational importunity, crying: "Show me a reason! Declare unto us a method of procedure making plausible the wisdom of pain, the mercy of poverty, and the ineffable tenderness of bereavement!" For this demand there can be only respect. It is the human cry for a human explanation of justice. It has outgrown the opiate of a theological faith and demands the bread of life—a living faith founded on a rational explanation of why these things must needs be: these sorrows, shames, losses, bereavements, failures, and injustices. As a poet says: "Oh, put your ear down to the earth and hear how the little plants grow."

The method of Nature is the method of God. The acorn lying in the dark must grow into an oak-tree. It must learn the mystery of silence and submission and obscurity until it is large enough to lift its head out of the darkness into the light. What if it twisted, distorted, and perverted its growth with doubts of Nature's methods? What if it refused to

absorb the moisture or climb toward the light or submit to any of Nature's laws? Consider also how many storms must bend the tiny sapling before it becomes a strong oak-tree!

Can a soul hope to attain its wonderful possibilities at a single bound, or in a single lifetime? Must it not also have all varieties of experience to develop and refine and polish and finish, to fit into its divine sphere of incorruptible joy?

In all Nature we read the wonderful lessons of evolution. Why discard them when we deal with humanity? Are there not differences as marked and wonderful in the qualities of different souls as in different birds, beasts, or plants? Must not the caterpillar creep before the butterfly can soar? Must not humanity grope and stumble and blunder and fail and die, and be born over and over again, before it can grow into the stature of an angel? And as a great and good man is superior to a besotted criminal, may we not conclude that there are intelligences superior to the greatest and best man we have ever known? Who shall limit the growth of an immortal spirit? Or who shall say what is necessary for the especial need of any human being? Who can look below the surface of non-essential pleasures and complacencies to essential growth and abiding joy?

When we have that faith which is "confidence in the character of God," we can rejoice in the assurance that "man deviseth his way, but God directeth his steps." We can be grateful that we are not left to our own finite plans of disastrous self-seeking, but have the blessed assurance that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." "We only row; Fate steers." Nevertheless, we *must* row, not drift. We must row because rowing develops us—because it is our part to row and God's part to steer. With "results" we have nothing to do. With *motives* we are most vitally concerned. And if we seek the highest, "the way is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

THE MODERN BLIND MAN'S BURDEN.

BY E. K. ISAACS.

"Having eyes they see not."

Thus runs paradox of old;
Nor can blind man yet unfold
These mystic words, though often told:
He knows not the power of thought.

"How can these things be?"

Thus spake the ancient blind;
Nor much advanced is modern mind—
His bondage is the same in kind:
He knows not he is free.

"Receive thy sight!"

This wayside blind of yore
Was blind not one whit more
Than modern sinful, sick, and sore,
That wail from morn till night.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Nor church, nor creed, nor State,
Nor supplication morn and late,
Can redress give to blind man's fate
Who can't himself control.

"Stretch forth thy hand!"

Oh, that blind man only could
Discern the inner, *real* good—
Yea, stand on mount where Jesus stood!
Then he, too, could command.

"Son, be of good cheer!"

But mortal blindness shuts out light—
In childish ignorance doth fight
The health and comfort full in sight
To him that hath no fear.

"I go unto my Father;"

But blind man goes—he knows not where.
He gropes for heaven midst drugs and air;
Thinks, "Lo, here, and lo, there;"
Yet thinks to think is bother.

"I will; be thou clean."

Could each one exercise this will,
And hearken more to "Peace; be still!"
Thus bid good-bye to mortal's ill,
The world with health would teem.



JESUS looked at all things with the clear vision of a spotless soul. He permitted no prejudice, custom, or claim of religious authority to deflect His vision from the eternal truth. We talk of the love of truth, but the lovers of truth are few. We are afraid of it. It demands too great a sacrifice. Jesus really loved it—conceived that His mission in life was to see and declare it. "For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth," and to this mission he was faithful to the end.—*Rev. L. M. Powers.*



TO MEDITATE daily, to pray daily, seems a means indispensable for breaking this surface crust of formality, habit, routine, which hides the living springs of wisdom.—*Orville Dewey.*



THERE are seasons when to be *still* demands immeasurably higher strength than to *act*. Composure is often the highest result of power.—*Channing.*

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY J. M. CLAYTON.

Thought evolves. Each age stands for some new thought—a thought that, at least, is new in the sense that that age is the first to grasp it clearly and apply it practically. The thought that belongs distinctly to the closing decade of the nineteenth century is the idea that Mind is the only Controlling Force. It presents itself in multitudinous phases. We wish to present it from the orthodox Christian standpoint.

The one Man to whom the whole world points as a model is Jesus, the Christ. Sects differ on many theological points, and especially regarding the meaning of the expression “the Divinity of Christ;” but all accord to the Nazarene the first place as an ideal man, and all sects in Christendom look to him as authority on spiritual subjects. In this age of metaphysical healing, we find each different school pointing to Christ as the first one who correctly formulated the exact conditions indispensable to the proper exercise of the power to heal the sick by psychic methods. The thought that *faith* is an attribute of the mind necessary to the success of a Christian worker not only runs throughout the New Testament, but is, as it were, the very basis of the teachings of the Christ. Love is the crowning thought, but faith is necessary even to love. We must first have faith in God and man before we can exercise the power to love. “The word *faith*, more than any other, expresses the whole law of human felicity and power in this world, and of salvation in the world to come. It is that attribute of mind which elevates man above the level of the brute and gives him dominion over all the physical world. It is the essential element of success in every field of human endeavor. When Jesus of Nazareth

proclaimed its potency from the hill-tops of Palestine he gave to mankind the key to health and to heaven."

The Christian religion evolved through the Jewish nation, and the power manifested by the old Hebrew prophets has never since been equaled—save by the Christ and his immediate disciples—for the reason that no others have ever attained to the same exalted condition of thought: a condition *they* attained through their faith in Jehovah. The "miracles," whether of the old or new dispensation, were wrought by faith. These godly men could do mighty works, not because they were especial favorites of the Almighty, but because they had faith enough to enable them to control conditions.

This has not always been the view of the orthodox Church, but the Church is gradually coming to take this view of the matter. It is the teaching of Jesus.

Take up the New Testament at any point, and one can but notice the stress Christ puts upon faith. "According to your faith be it unto you." We do not believe the old prophets, Jesus, or his disciples violated any law in the performance of their mighty works; they simply caused a higher law to overrule lower laws. Locke gives this definition of a miracle: "A miracle I take to be a sensible operation, which being above the comprehension of the spectator and, in his opinion, contrary to the established course of Nature, is taken by him to be Divine." This is coming to be the modern idea of "miracles." Christ knew law intuitively—spiritual as well as physical law; but he did not transcend law. Jesus the Christ transcended all other men—he was the ideal Man; yet he was a man, our "Elder Brother," our Leader. Therefore, what Jesus did, not only his immediate disciples but *all* men are to emulate. His promises are sure and steadfast. Faith is power.

The Unitarian Church has taught that the only effect of prayer is the reactionary effect upon the individual who prays; the orthodox Church used to teach that we in some way

persuade God to grant our petitions. Both were wrong and both were right. Prayer is a *force*. Jesus taught that the man who adjusts himself to God's law becomes one with God. The whole universe is a spiritual unit. God is, as it were, the central Unit, the Source of all. Each man is a spark of divinity, having an individuality of his own.

The teachings of modern psychologists and physicists are an aid to Christian faith. Physicists tell us that matter is not the substantial thing it seems to be, but, in the words of Huxley, is "a hypothetical substance of physical phenomena." Psychologists tell us that Mind is the only thing that thinks, or feels, or suffers. It is only going one step farther in the same direction to declare that Mind only is sick, and that when the psychic condition is perfect the physical health is perfect in consequence. Psychologists tell us also that man is dual—both mind and matter. It is going but one step farther to declare that mind is the controlling force—that mind holds matter and controls it.

In the resurrection of Christ we see man in his highest earthly estate—the spiritual man having brought the physical man under such perfect control that he is no longer subject to physical laws: Mind controlling completely and confidently. This is pushing the orthodox thought further than it has ever been forced before, but it is the logical conclusion. The fact is coming to be recognized, too, that thoughts unspoken influence other minds. Telepathy is unreservedly accepted by many of our leading psychologists. Our material senses blind us. It is difficult to realize that in the spiritual world there is no space; that the far is near; that the universe is a spiritual unit; that we are all parts of "one stupendous Whole." We believe, however, that the universe is so completely a unit that we cannot think even lightly and casually of an individual distinct from ourselves without affecting him for good or ill.

God is everywhere. Man is immersed in God.

THE MEASURE OF PERSONAL POWER.

BY ELLEN M. DYER.

It has been said that personality is the nearest approximation to the divine in the world; for, when normally used, it is the medium through which the divine (or higher) self is made manifest. And as that which is the highest, when inverted, becomes the lowest, so this divine-like personality, misunderstood and misused, becomes the channel of error—the mirror in which all evil is seen. Personality is the only means through which the power of the life that is inherent in spiritual man can be recognized and used, thus enabling him to prove to himself what he is and what he can do. Therefore, what man needs above all else on this plane of action is a personality at its maximum of power—a power that increases in its fineness and effectiveness as his years and responsibilities increase.

The measure of personal power is not the measure of the divine power inherent in the man—that is without limit—but of his personal appropriation and use of the latter; and this includes the end for which he appropriates and uses. He may draw to himself a vast amount of power for purely selfish ends. It is divine power, since there is no other; but when misapplied it works the destruction of the personality it was intended to upbuild. Nor is the personality a realm for the massing of ideas—a mental and physical reservoir; but a channel through which all that enters must pass on and out for a purpose that finds its objective, not in the self that is the center of contact, but in the great circumference of humanity that includes all other selves. Any retarding of this progress clogs the channel and checks the divine influx.

In the midst of the human consciousness stands the per-

sonal "I" in whom the consciousness focuses; whose office is to take of the things of God, the divine wisdom and love, and, giving them form and use, convert them into power on the personal plane. The first essential is that the "I," aware of its high office and most sacred trust, spend not its time in the lowlands of consciousness, confused in the mist and maze of shapes and shadows that belong to the plane of sensation, but that it maintain its place, at whatever personal sacrifice, at the inmost and supreme point of contact—where divine and human meet; where the voice of the spiritual man is heard directing, guiding, teaching; and where the inner Presence is felt, upholding, sustaining, vitalizing. To the degree that the consciousness is centered here it holds sway over all the personality. The latter is its heaven; the earth of the lower self is its footstool. The consciousness must never lose the sense of this center of supply, for perpetual receiving can alone insure perpetual outgiving.

It is here that understanding is established and faith—that immovable conviction that is the basic principle of effective activity—is born. "According to your faith be it unto you;" this is the uncompromising condition that precedes all possession and use of personal power, along whatever line. This faith is not a passing ecstasy, an emotional uplift fathered by desire, but a deep knowing that comes from the recognition of the eternal verities that underlie all outer expression. The faith that can with a word "remove mountains" of error is born and grown only on the supreme summit of the mount of spiritual perception, where all things, in the white light of truth, become transfigured and understood. Faith that all things are ours; that all power is given us in the heaven of our soul and the earth of our manifested life—this is an accompaniment to the first essential of personal power.

Again, personal power finds its increasing measure in the persistent and unwearied holding to that which the soul perceives—holding and using through cloud and sunshine, when

passing through the valley or passing on the mountain-top, in stress of adverse circumstance or ease of helpful environment. This is the love that "endureth long" and is kind; that "never faileth," since it sees only victory in the final fulfilment of the law of being; that "seeketh not its own," and thereby proves itself to be love in its true essence—for the love that falls inside the line of circumference that separates the self from other selves is spurious, and has no power. True love knows not that it may be passing through hardships and trial; knows not if, to outer seeming, it be well-nigh overcome; knows only that it cannot and will not be utterly overcome—for it is established on the rock of faith, discerning, before it come to pass, the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and it *loves* to stand there, though it wait long. Wonderfully does the power to meet all demands, great and small, grow to larger measure when the personal "I" stands sustained by faith, impelled by love.

The third element that gives measure to the manifestation of the divinity within us is closely allied to the second as its further expression. *Hope* is the radiance of love. It is confident, matter-of-course expectation that to-morrow will bring out possibilities that to-day has not. Faith is like the light at dawn; love like the mid-day warmth; hope the full moonlight that carries the reflected rays of the sun on through the darkness to dawn again. Hope takes no note of the night, for the morrow cometh; and it is ever sending ahead of time its stimulating, invigorating anthem of welcome to the rising sun. As indispensable as the band of the regiment to the fighting soldier when his courage flags is the bugle-note of hope to the soul that falters—whose power seems waning.

There is a word, familiar through frequent use, that has stood for uncertainty, doubt, foreboding; that, with a weight out of proportion to its size, has lain like a bit of lead on the coward heart, or, like a dark cloud across the brightening sky, cutting the rainbow of promise asunder—a word that

hope, in the service of a better-understood truth, has lifted up, turned about, and uses with good effect, making it the door ajar to all success. It is the little word "perhaps." Hope speaks through it, and says: "Hold on a little longer; perhaps you are just on the eve of victory; perhaps this is the final turning-point out of the shadow; perhaps you have been sowing better than you knew, in spite of your mistakes, and the harvest-time is close at hand." And we listen to hope and press on through this small opening, with renewed courage, nearer and nearer to victory.

One more element that gives measure to our personal use of power is the culmination and abiding consummation of the other three—a profound, all-restful *trust*: the trust that knows no burden of responsibility, but rather the joy of unceasing responsibility. Some one has said that the man who has eliminated anger and anxiety from his life can never be sick. The soul possessed of a trust born of faith and love, and vitalized by hope, can be neither angry nor anxious, sinful nor sick. It rests its power on the fulcrum of repose; its vision is clear; its faculties are harmonious and coöperative; its hands and feet are free for service; and personal power has found its full measure in divinely sustained and directed use.



MERE pain is not education, does not bring growth. It is the suffering of willing submission to God and of self-sacrificing love for fellow-men that softens and spiritualizes and blesses us. In all such suffering let us rejoice. We shall not need to seek: opportunities enough for it will meet us everywhere.—*Phillips Brooks*.



IT is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another nor himself.—*Epictetus*.

THE EDUCATION OF LOVE.

BY IDA WOODBURY SEYMOUR.

Sacrifice of any kind for a definite object begets love for that object. It seems to be a law of Nature that whatever we hold dear must have cost us something. Whether it be money, labor, care, thought, or suffering, we must have given something to the object of our attentions—or we hold it of little value. Therein lies the philosophy of the saying, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” The helpless babe for whom the mother risked her life is more precious to that mother’s heart, even though it be ugly in form and disposition, than any other infant brought to her could be though it were lovelier than her own. Not until she had watched over it, cared for it, perhaps suffered and toiled for it, would she come to love it.

The capacity for loving may be measured by the capacity for giving; not necessarily of money or goods—except as the bestowal may involve sacrifice on the part of the giver—but of our strength, of our thoughts, of our time and personal attention: things that are in some sense a part of ourselves. We can never be wholly indifferent to any person or thing that has claimed a large share of these. The flowers we have planted with our own hands and have watered and tended with loving care, shielding from frost and sun, are dearer to us and a source of greater pride than blossoms far more gorgeous that have come to us without effort on our part. And so it is in all things; but we must give willingly, or the opposite to love will result. Anything wrested from us, whether by force or by a sense of duty only, or in obedience to necessity or popular demand, will carry hatred for the

object that compels the service. Love is royal, and will not be bidden by any one; absolute liberty is its prerogative.

In all ages and in all sorts of conditions, women have shown a greater capacity for sacrifice—for giving to others without thought of reward—than have men. Perhaps it is because woman possesses love in greater abundance than man that she is so ready to pour it out for his benefit, and to give of the riches of her heart to all who may appeal to this divine element of her nature.

The wonderful beauty and winsomeness of the character of Jesus were due to this pure, living, glowing love, which radiated from him as light radiates from the sun. He was indeed the living embodiment of Love. Do we not find here a hint of the destiny of the race? Are not the specially feminine qualities shown by him in such high degree—tenderness, patience, fortitude, and charity—those that are destined to increase and spread over the world with the development of man? This must be so, if Christ was typical of the perfection to which mankind may attain—the apotheosis of humanity.

Although that love which gives woman her capacity for noble sacrifice is itself divine, yet, to make that sacrifice of real benefit to the object of it, love should have as its complement a noble intellect to direct its efforts and apportion its gifts with wisdom and judgment. Blind love works no little havoc in the world; for in its unconscious innocence and devotion it often sacrifices before false gods and pours out its abundant oblations at the feet of selfishness. To this greedy monster, who demands all and gives nothing, love is too often a willing servant, ever ready to supply its wants and to do its bidding—rewarded only with contempt and ingratitude. There is no satisfying this creature, whose greed only grows by what it feeds on. No sacrifice, however great, no outpouring of love's choicest gifts, can appease it or win more than sullen and grudging approval.

Every good thing carried to an extreme may become an instrument of evil; and so love, when uncontrolled by reason, wasting itself on unworthiness, not only panders to selfishness and brutality but fosters them. Its own folly is thus largely to blame for the suffering it incurs; for there can be no keener suffering than the realization that the sacrifice that cost us perhaps the happiness of a lifetime has been made in vain—has all gone for nothing—or has perhaps increased the very evil we hoped to avert. Terrible indeed is the agony to which a soul may be brought by mistakes like these—when Love is cheated and Reason mocks at our despair.

NATURE herself bore witness in men's hearts against the dogmas of a ruined race and an endless perdition. For there remained in them, indestructible, the power to laugh! Like a flag of cheer flying through all the bleak fogs of fear and phantasm—an unquenchable signal that the universe is God's after all.—*G. S. Merriam.*

No ONE can tell the unending power for good which each of us may have in our homes, among our fellow-men, by faith in them—how far we can strengthen their feeble desire for God and all good. Care, then, for the *soul* of people, and for the soul of what they do, as well as of what they are.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

GOD is known and seen and trusted by thousands of souls who need no other evidence of His being or His will than what is directly revealed to their hearts. There is that within us more sacred than cathedral altar or stained window or sacred writing. It is the soul itself.—*H. W. Bellows.*

PETTY cares need great affections to prevent them from disturbing our tempers. Small, insistent, and troublesome tasks require large ends and aims, that they may be diligently and faithfully performed.—*Henry W. Crosskey.*

AN ANALYSIS OF FATE.

BY HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

In many of the Oriental religions a strong belief in "fate" forms their highest ideal of faith. And some persons that earnestly think they are good Christians need to have the difference between *fate* and *faith* analyzed for them.

A faith or trust that keeps the soul sitting submissive under a load of ill health or of inherited or acquired miseries, and looking for no relief until after death, is but one remove from the belief of the fatalist. It is but a shadow of the true faith, which works with love and hope to uplift humanity.

The person with a pessimistic twist shakes his head and says, "Oh, the awful influence of inherited miseries!" Men and women seem proud of even a deficiency of character—if it is a family trait; and many a child is hampered for life with a bad habit because it happens to be one of his father's or grandfather's.

This strong belief in the power of inherited tendencies to make or mar a life is only another phase of the Orientalist's belief in "fate." That inherited traits are productive of great evil and misery to mankind must be acknowledged by all thinking people; yet this very reason should lead to deeper thought as to causes and effects, and not be an excuse for any one to sit down under the load and make no effort to lighten the burdens of future generations by purifying his own life impulses. Even if marriage is never contemplated, or one leaves no posterity to reap the direct benefit of his purification, yet the influence of such a life will touch other souls, and its good will be transmitted in other family lines; therefore, no one need excuse himself from this duty.

What man has designated as his "fate" might well be

summed up as the influences from inheritance and environment that have molded his character and formed his personality. Personality is but a mask. Man does not know himself, nor do his friends know him, until a time arrives when, with will aroused, he stands at the helm of his life-ship and assumes full command. From that time he is himself, and he can lift his soul far above the "fates" of this world by his newly-discovered lever.

Fate and *destiny* are words that have no longer any terror for him. He sees them as "will-o'-the-wisps" that have danced across his life's path, casting a false reflection over it.

It is surprising how many of those who have left the mark of their genius upon the world's record have been souls who have risen superior to conditions of birth and environment. If this arousing of the will is what has worked wonders in the intellectual life of the world, and given the best illustrations of devotion to art and science, why will it not also prove to be the lever that will give the soul entrance into the higher spiritual planes—where it can realize, through a perfect and understanding faith, control over every material condition?



WHAT is the secret of religion, do you ask? It is the same as the secret of any truth of life. It begins just where we are to-day. Fidelity, honesty, purity, truth—you can have no religion without them, any more than you can have any life at all that is worth the name without them.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*



HUMILITY does not consist in thinking poorly of our nature, in thinking meanly of the spirit that God has given us, but in so lifting our eyes to God and to the heights of our nature that we think truly of ourselves.—*John Hamilton Thom.*



HE who has seen present things has seen all, both everything which has taken place from all eternity and everything which will be for time without end.—*Aurelius.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN line with that spirit of combination which is seemingly characteristic of our time, a consolidation of publishing interests has been effected whereby the business of *The Arena* has been merged in that of The Alliance Publishing Company. *The Coming Age*, of Boston, had previously been absorbed by *The Arena*, and the services of its late editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, have been acquired by the new owners of the famous magazine which he founded and for seven years edited with distinguished ability. In association with Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson and the undersigned, Mr. Flower's official connection with *The Arena* begins with the current (November) issue, in which he has special charge of some features that contributed much to the popularity of the journal with which until recently he has been identified.

In the readjustment of the editorial *personnel* that has resulted from the above consolidation, the writer has been restored to the editorship of MIND, in conjunction with Mr. Patterson, who has been its editor during the last year and is now also editor-in-chief of *The Arena*. To announce, in these pages, the reëstablishing of his official connection with MIND affords the writer great pleasure; for the magazine has just entered its fourth successful year and is now more popular than ever before. Its leadership, in the literary world, of the great metaphysical movement that means so much to future generations is acknowledged everywhere. Its supremacy among New Thought journals is conceded. Yet no vigilance will be spared to extend its influence, to improve its monthly contents, and to elevate its intellectual and spiritual tone.

MIND will continue to represent the world of Liberal and Advanced Thought, its special province being progress and research in the science of the New Metaphysics. It is not engaged in the propaganda of any school, and its mission is not to proselytize. Our aim is rather to reveal to the spiritually blind the light-giving principles of Divine Truth, and to the theologically enslaved the immanence and real Fatherhood of the God whom they ignorantly worship.

Realizing the importance of home training in this undertaking, we have introduced, beginning with this number, a department called "The Family Circle," conducted by Florence Peltier Perry and the Rev. Helen Van-Anderson. Mrs. Perry has had charge of our Children's Department since its inception, and Mrs. Van-Anderson is Vice-President of the Alliance School of Applied Metaphysics (of which Mr. Patterson is President) and an author and lecturer requiring no further introduction to the readers of MIND. We feel that our friends will cordially indorse and welcome this extension of our work.

While *The Arena* and MIND are now issued under the same auspices, the former magazine will be devoted especially to Reform along economic, sociological, political, and ethical lines. Philosophic and experimental research in the science of human government, individual and collective, will occupy much of its attention. Though MIND is dedicated chiefly to the regeneration of man's spiritual ideals and the practicalization of religious truths, yet both magazines have a common inspiration—the conviction that only through the upbuilding of the individual can be brought about the upliftment of the race. In recognizing this dual aspect of the Reform ideal—the spiritual and the material—the publishers do no violence to metaphysical teachings; for the best thinkers are agreed that the happiness, harmony, and health that cannot be produced on earth are impossible of realization on other planes.

Absolute independence of thought and freedom of opinion, however, will, as heretofore, underlie the policy of each publication. Every article, even in the respective Editorial Departments, will have the full name or initials of the writer appended. Responsibility for statements that appear in these pages, therefore, is confined to the individual contributors.

As neither magazine will trespass in any way upon the distinctive field of the other, all who would keep abreast of the Reform movement that is rapidly evolving the highest possibilities of mankind should read both. *MIND* and *The Arena* are sources of enlightenment that make for peace, progress, and civilization, and as such should have the coöperation of all who cherish humanitarian impulses and ideals.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN.



THE ANALOGIAN DOCTRINE.

This is a new name expressive of a broad and advanced degree of thought concerning spiritual truth, derived from interior mental principles, held by perceptive minds who are striving for the development in their own lives of those divine laws which inculcate trust in the Infinite, and obedience to His Word in every form in which it is manifested.

The word *analogian* is derived from *ana*, which signifies the elevation of the mind to superior, or interior, principles, and *logos*, which means the interior principle of language, or the symbol of thought in speech or writing. This is embodied in the record of the Scriptures, and is perceived as spiritual truth by the rational faculty of those minds who are being led above hereditary tendencies to motives governed by love.

The science of *anagogs*, or *anagoge*, relates to an elevation of the thoughts to the spiritual meaning found within the words, parables, types, and allegories of the Old and New Testaments—in the application of this interior meaning to the regenerate life in the order of its development.

It is shown by various titles, such as correspondence, symbolism, metaphor, figurative language, and myth. The analogian doctrine separates the interior meaning entirely from the external, historic form of the language, and does not commingle the thought with natural chronological events nor with material ideas. It does not entertain the gospel story other than as a sacred parable, in which the Son of God relates purely to the advent, incarnation, and resurrection of spiritual love and truth in the regenerating mind.

It includes the sacred writings of all nations, as well as external speech, and all the events and things of the natural world in philosophy, science, and art, as illustrative of the relation of spiritual principles in mental evolution.

It leads to an acknowledgment of and trust in the inflowing and guidance of the Infinite Love and Wisdom throughout a life divinely planned to attain the highest purpose of creation—the fulfilling of the Golden Law.

It bases the immortality of the spirit upon true spiritual philosophy, as correspondentially illustrated in the externally manifested things of creation, mental and physical.

It teaches that the Kingdom of God of which the Gospels treat is a mental state to be attained in this temporal existence, in which the motives are to be governed by spiritual principles.

It acknowledges that all rites and ceremonials of religious worship and all forms of doctrine contain seeds of truth adapted to the mental states of those who are thus instructed, leaving to each mind the choice of modes of thought in agreement with its nature.

It discourages adulation, self-seeking, self-intelligence, and all selfish motives, recognizing that the good to be done is daily presented for action without the mind assuming future responsibilities.

The Analogian Doctrine cherishes the spirit of charity toward every mode of interpreting truth founded upon love, and has neither sectarian organization nor leadership other than the interior spiritual truth which constitutes eternal life.

WILLIAM HORATIO CLARKE.

SOURCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Among the important modern systems that are identical with or derived from those of the Grecians is the Grecian theology. Greece herself had evidently borrowed many ideas of mythology from the antecedent systems of India and Egypt. But she preserved and systematized these religions; she embodied them in a language that survived the hieroglyphic interpretations and traditions of Hyderabad and of Memphis. It is from this source that whatever of coincidence occurs between the theology of the Christian and the Ephesian must have been derived. Let us note some of these coincident ideas.

The Divine Spirit of the Grecians was diffused among several creative and guardian powers; Zeus, Chronos, and Atlas were embodiments of creative power, which modern theology has condensed into the Great First Cause. All those qualities which we attribute to the Almighty were by the Grecians apportioned among several. We have given unity to the system without enlarging the capacity of the Creator. The principles of good and evil are typified in the Grecian mythology by angels of light and demons of darkness, but the conflict between these powers is taught, together with the means by which they may respectively be disarmed or strengthened. The idea of future rewards and punishments is inculcated in the theology and poetry both of Plato and Lucan. Homer is filled with illustrations of this doctrine, as well as with a doctrine that has caused much modern disputation—that of a special Providence that intervenes in human affairs. The idea of incarnation—divine qualities upon human existence—is taught by the Grecian poets, who attribute descendants to their gods and predicate godlike qualities of thought and courage and wisdom to them. The same idea is, however, evident in the theology of India, from which country the Greeks no doubt derived it. Immortality beyond the grave is perhaps taught more specifically in the Grecian than even in the old Hebrew systems. Reminding you that the Roman theology was borrowed from Greece, Virgil as well as Homer furnishes numerous evidences of this belief. You will have seen, then, that in the great doctrines of Omnipotence, of retribution, of pardon and repentance, of

providential rewards and punishments on earth and beyond the grave, of incarnation and immortality, the Greeks preceded us. We are probably unconscious copyists. In the lapse of ages we may have found that their system of altars, of offerings, of mysteries, of the disintegration of Deity, were incorporations of human interests with godlike truths. We have reformed—we have not created; but no theologian can truthfully say that Christianity or Theism owes nothing to Greece.

J. M. SAUNDERS, PH.D., LL.D.

ONE of the most startling phenomena of the time is the great decrease in the number of children attending Sunday-schools. A safe estimate shows a falling off of 32,000 scholars in one year. The shrinkage is not more marked in one body than in another. The Church of England equally with the other Protestant churches has to lament a loss, and the loss is greater in reality than the mere numbers show, for the population naturally increases every year and the increase ought to contribute its ever-growing quota to the Sunday-school. That it fails to do so suggests an inquiry probably of greater moment than many social questions that make much noise in the world, Why should the Sunday-schools have ceased to attract? The most obvious answer is that the days of what was practically compulsory attendance are over. That means, of course, that the churches are losing some of their moral hold upon the parents. The inference seems to agree with the facts. In ceasing to be dogmatic and to wield pains and penalties, social and eternal, the churches have laid aside one weapon without attempting to replace it by another. —*London Outlook.*

THE authentic reports from China—not from Chinese but American sources, and from soldiers at that—confirm the news of the awful outrages committed by the sacramental armies of the Christian nations. It is our fear that these things foretell the downfall of what has been called and practised as Christianity. The theory of Christianity does not appear in such practise. The practise is on the same level as that of Chinese paganism.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

“Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.”

—*St. Nicholas.*



THE SEEING EYE.

Little Ellen wonders what Auntie can have to say about “seeing eyes”—as if any one with eyes could help but see! Now, if I should tell you, my dears, that there are ever so many people in the world that go through life without seeing, Frank or Robert would probably say: “Well, I’d just like to know how ever any one could be here at the farm a single day without seeing heaps of things.”

A long time ago, when people didn’t know so much about the wide ocean as they do now, they were afraid of its great waves and thought there were enormous serpents that wriggled about and tossed up the water, and that was what made the mountain waves and the deep trenches that sometimes swallowed up their ships—big as they were. And so they painted a big eye on the prow of their ships, just like a man’s eye, so that the vessels might see dangerous places and steer away from them. Even now, if you should see a Chinese junk, you would find a great human eye, as it were, looking out from the forward part of the ship. Should you ask the captain why it is there he would look at you in great surprise; and, pointing his finger to his own eye,

he would say: "No have eye, how can see? No can see, how can sabee [know]?"

But, alas! many a poor ship, with its great painted eye, did not see that it was right in the path of a big wave that would swallow it out of sight.

Aunt Jane has about a dozen of the dearest little chickens that a hen ever brooded. Their bright eyes are as clear as amber beads, and there isn't the tiniest dot of food that they can't see. And yet it's so funny that, when the mother-hen tries to get them into the coop to feed them, they run in every possible direction but the right one. The little chicks cannot see much, although they do spy such tiny bits of food.

Pussy brought me a green and golden bird that she had caught. She didn't know how the wee thing was suffering. I took the quivering bird from Pussy's mouth and held it in my hand. One bright eye was entirely closed. I made a soft bed in a basket and hung it out of harm's way, and left the little bird there that it might recover from its dreadful fright. After a time I took it carefully out and held it in the warm sun. It opened its little wounded eye, and soon began to act happy again. Then I laid it in a bit of sunlight in the bed of nasturtiums, and soon it gave one hop to the vines, and by-and-by it flew away; for it could see again, and was happy.

Some people travel and see wonderful things that you and I wish we could see. And others will go to those same places, and when they come back you wouldn't suppose they had seen much of anything.

I know two boys who will go to the woods, and one will bring home the loveliest things. He will have a whole shelf of curiosities to put in his museum. Silk cocoons, a bird's nest—after the birds have left it to fly away south—that hangs on a twig like a bag, some odd, pretty mosses, and more things than I could name. The other boy will come back empty-handed and doesn't seem to have seen much of anything. He hasn't the "seeing eye."

It's a wonderful world we live in. When God saw everything that He had made, He pronounced it all good. He might have made everything useful without making beautiful things

out of them. But look! He makes pictures on the sky every hour. Now, they look like cloud-angels with white wings and long, flowing skirts; then there are mountains of crimson and pink, and rivers of running gold. Then, when we look across the field, there is the yellow-tasseled corn, or the tangles of wild-flowers.

Now, my dears, the difference between people is that some see everything and others seem to see almost nothing. God would never have made such a beautiful world had he not intended that we should keep our eyes wide open.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,

And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

—*Songs for Children.*



J E T .

A True Story of a Cat.

I am sure that all the little readers of these most helpful pages are fond of the dumb creatures and are therefore kind to them. It is the extreme of cowardice to be cruel to helpless animals. They are more intelligent than is generally supposed. Many are the true stories that prove the sagacity of the dog; but I am going to tell you a true story of a black cat.

One very cold and stormy winter night, in Minnesota, Mrs. Smith—we will give her that name here, although she is known by one quite different—heard a piteous wailing from a poor, suffering cat; and, being a good, kind woman, she arose from her warm bed and let the homeless wanderer in. The half-grown cat was nearly dead from hunger and exposure. Mrs. Smith gave it some milk, and soon Kitty was purring most contentedly behind the big coal-burner in the “living-room.”

As it was nearly morning, Mrs. Smith dressed herself and lay down on the couch where she could keep an eye on her pet canaries—cats being very fond of bird-meat, and there was no knowing what a strange cat might do! But this cat soon proved herself of good blood, and she needed no watching. She became quite a pet, and was given the name of “Jet,” because of her black fur—not a white hair was visible on her body.

When Jet had been in her new home about a month, little downy chickens began to arrive. As it was still cold weather, many prematurely-hatched chicks were brought to the house and given a warm berth in a cotton-wool lined basket, which was placed near the stove.

Jet was much interested in the peeping things, and began to rub her nose about their nest. To test Jet, Mrs. Smith put a chick on the floor. Instead of pouncing upon the little thing, to secure what is usually deemed (by cats) a delicate morsel, Jet took the chick by the neck, as cats carry little kittens, and deposited it with the other little ones. Then she forthwith cuddled the brood, purring loudly in evident enjoyment of her adopted family.

Jet became a volunteer nurse. As fast as the chicks could go out to coops and hen-mothers, others would be brought in—until the weather was warm. Even after that Jet would attempt to bring them in. If a chick was obstinate she would fell it with her paw, and then grab it before it could get up. If she couldn't catch it by the neck she'd seize it by a wing or a leg, and rush triumphantly to the house. She seemed jealous of hen-mamas and didn't like their digging and scratching.

The second spring, one of Jet's very own pullets proudly led forth a large brood of chickens. Jet seemed to think she had a grandmother's interest in them, and insisted on caring for the chicks. Thus, together, they mothered the brood. This was such a novel sight that snap-shot pictures were taken of Jet and the chicks.

When Jet, soon after, had a little kitten of her very own to care for, she didn't seem to enjoy it much. So Mrs. Smith gave her a little chicken also. Then she was perfectly contented. To see what Jet would do, the chick was concealed in the kitchen; but Jet heard the peeping and searched until she found it, and put it with her own little one.

Though a remarkable cat, Jet hadn't the nine lives accredited to felines; for she did not survive to mother another brood of chickens.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

DUST.

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the great scientist in England, has been telling us "grown-ups" many things about dust that are so amazing and interesting that I feel exactly as I did when I was a little girl and had just finished reading a brand-new fairy tale.

I am going to try, children, to tell you how much we owe to dust—the tiny particles most of us look upon simply as nuisances and as harmful; and I think you won't mind, any more, wiping the dust from the furniture, or your wheels, or brushing it off your clothes.

You have seen a single ray of sunshine streaming into the room, and perhaps you have watched baby try to catch it in his fingers and laugh as he sees the bits of dust floating in it. And maybe you have thought that the sunbeam would be much prettier were it perfectly clear. Now, do you know, if it weren't for that dust, the sunbeam wouldn't shed any light about it at all. How do you suppose they found that out?

Well, a very wise man wondered, just as you have, very likely, how a sunbeam would look without any dust in it. So he took a long glass tube and filled it with air that he had passed through a red-hot, very fine network made of platinum—platinum is a kind of mineral, you know. By doing this he burnt up all the dust-particles in the air. Then he closed up the tube to keep any dust from getting in. I suppose he closed it with glass stoppers of some sort. Mr. Wallace didn't say. But this wise man must have, because he sent a ray of electric light through the tube, from one end to the other. A ray of electric light would be about the same as a ray of sunshine.

Then he looked through the tube, from every point of view, and all he could see inside was a sort of black cloud, when he looked through the tube from side to side. And yet there was that bright ray of electric light shining through it.

Well, he thought about this a great deal; and finally he decided to put some air into the tube with not quite all the dust burnt out. Then he saw a sort of blue haze. I think he must have been a good deal excited by this time, don't you?

He let in a little more dust, and the air in the tube was as blue as the bluest summer sky! As more dust was put in, the tube became paler and paler, until the air was just the same colorless air we have all about us in the daytime—only the electric light made it very brilliant, just as the daylight is brightest when the sun is shining directly overhead in a cloudless sky.

So, from this simple experiment, several very important things were found out. One thing learned is that light has to be broken up and scattered throughout the air; and that it is broken up by meeting surfaces, tiny or big, that catch the light and throw it off in many directions; and that the millions and millions of wee dust-particles, floating everywhere, catch and reflect from their tiny surfaces the sunbeams, and so break up and scatter the sunlight all about us.

Without the dust the great sun could not make our world light. There would be no blue sky. We would have only blackness overhead, and we could see the stars all the time. We would be in darkness in our houses except when the straight rays from the sun shone directly through the windows. And we would be obliged to have windows nearly all around the house. On the north side of the house, there would have to be a high white wall to reflect the sunlight and keep that side from being in darkness all the time. Even then we would have to be in a blinding glare of light; for outside the direct rays of the sun there would be total darkness. Or else we would have to shut out the sunlight altogether and use lamps or gas or some other artificial light.

I have told you but a fraction of the importance that dust is to us. Some time I will tell you some more about it. Is it not wonderful how there is not the tiniest thing in the universe that God did not intend to be of use? We must take care not to despise any creature or thing, no matter how insignificant and useless it may *seem*.

F. P. P.

THE child bears within himself instincts which can be trained upward or downward.—*Elizabeth Harrison*.

“THE bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.”

A S T O R M .

[This is not a New Thought story, children; but the description of the storm is a beautiful word-picture, and the funny little ending I am sure you will all enjoy; for we all relish "a little nonsense now and then."
—F. P. P.]

The sun had risen with the evident determination to try to scorch the earth and everything that came under its rays, and get through with the job of shining! Not a breath of wind stirred the almost crisp leaves.

"It's too warm to work," said the men in the fields. So they took refuge under a great oak at whose feet a spring gurgled and threw out a tiny stream in open defiance of the great ball of fire nearly overhead.

"Boy" had forgotten his mud-pies while he sat in the shadowy depths of a cool room listening to his mother's stories.

All Nature seemed exhausted under the intolerable heat, when suddenly a "rain-crow," quick to detect the slightest change, sat up the moan: "Rain! Rain! It's going to rain!"

A cloud of most minute proportions showed itself over some neighboring mountains. A wind, as if it came from far off, whispered through the leaves. The cloud grew larger and the wind bolder. Soon the trees began to sway and the sky was dark with its thick veil of clouds. The wind now howled up the caverns and shrieked as it tore through the leaves. The Storm-king was abroad in the mountains. The gates for his passage had been parted by immense swords of lightning, and then had thundered to again. Great trees swayed and bent under the heavy wind, and under sheets of rain as it dashed to the heat-parched earth. To add to the din, some large boulders that for years had swung themselves in airy fashion on the edge of the precipice fell clattering down into the dark ravine.

From out the shadows of the darkening room, "Boy" stood, with his little face close pressed against the window-pane. The tender eyes looked calmly out as one flash of lightning succeeded another.

"Mother," he said gravely, as if the problem had received his most careful thought, "God must have lots of matches to make so much lightning!"

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

HARMONY.

One day, one bitter day, I wept.
 My soul with doubts and fears was rife;
 For one whose faith I'd fondly kept
 Forgot his vows and marred my life.

At first I grew so sick and faint
 To find my dearest hopes betrayed,
 I had no strength to make complaint,
 But, like a reed in wind, was swayed.

Then Anger came, with mighty hand,
 And built a wall of injured pride
 Between us two, and bade me stand
 Forever on the inner side.

And for awhile I found relief
 In standing ever near this wall:
 Till Memory, a silent thief,
 Sought my new peace and stole it all.

"Dear friend," I cried, "oh, list to me!
 I can't be right while you are wrong;
 While we are out of harmony,
 A discord mars life's sweetest song."

MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.



I WOULD educate human beings with their feet rooted in God's earth, their heads reaching even into heaven—there to behold truth, their hearts uniting both earth and heaven: the varied life of earth and Nature, and the glory and peace of heaven—God's earth and God's heaven.—*Friedrich Froebel.*



THERE is an angel called Charity, who often would save our hearts a great deal of trouble if we would but let her in.—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

PARENTHOOD.

The hospitable pages of MIND have been opened for Mothers and Fathers, not only those who already claim these titles, but whoever *may* claim them, either in a specific physical sense or in a larger and spiritual sense.

Let us make the most of our opportunity and discuss this great subject of Parenthood as impartially, as earnestly, and as faithfully as any of the burning themes that enlist our attention in other directions.

Parenthood is not merely the physical door through which children enter this world. It is the intelligent, brooding, care-taking, guiding, and tender watchfulness that protects and educates the small (and sometimes large) human beings put into its arms and heart. Any earnest, beneficent humanity-lover is in this sense a parent, be he progenitor, teacher, or educator.

There are schools for making artists, preachers, scientists, lawyers, doctors, teachers, and every conceivable kind of worker, imitative or creative, for both sexes; but nowhere do we hear of schools for the making of parents. Considering the vast and far-reaching importance of such instruction, we feel that not a moment is to be lost in turning every already organized home into such a school, and every well-organized heart into a minister-at-large for the purpose of creating a necessary fund of enthusiasm for its successful establishment and continuance.

So important a part have women in this magnificent work of child-culture that over a hundred years ago the great teacher-parent, Froebel, said: "*We must cultivate women*, who are the educators of the human race, else a new generation cannot accomplish its task." Shall one be found among the women of this day—this glorious day of the twentieth century—who is not ready to take her place in the honored ranks of the "educators of the human race?" God forbid!

And where shall we begin? With the children that are already with us, and with the children that are to come.

How shall we begin? With ourselves first. Some one has beautifully said: "The understanding of little children demands of woman her highest endeavor, the broadest culture, the most

complete command of herself, and the understanding of her resources and environments. It demands of her that she become a physician, an artist, a teacher, a poet, a philosopher, a priest." To begin with, no one may have such qualification; but all may aim for it. We can educate ourselves as we educate our little ones; and the key is understanding—understanding of ourselves and them. This would imply first a recognition of the supreme fact that the Divine in the human is paramount. Its free operation in and through the human (or natural) perfects the human. What is the Divine in us if it be not the Highest, Best—the indestructible Good, from which comes every virtue? And this is inherent in every human being, from the least to the greatest.

Who can better define *Education* than Froebel, who said?—"Education should lead and guide man to clearness concerning himself and in himself, to peace with Nature, and to unity with God—and to the pure and holy life to which such knowledge leads." On this basis educate your child to know himself—the best of himself: first through the right understanding and right use of his body, and then of his mind and soul. Teach him the *good* uses of eyes, ears, hands, and feet. When he is old enough show him the relation between what he thinks and what he does. Thus you prepare the way to his discovery of the fact that it is his province to be his own governor, the corrector of his own faults, the chooser of his own disposition, and the maker of his own happiness. This is the beginning of his conscious individuality.

* * *

These dear little ones, of varying ages, already in our homes—what shall we do with their faults and flaws of temperament; with their thousand questions; their growing activities; their tastes, talents, desires? In what way can we best turn their instincts into insight, and make them conscious of the wonderful possibilities hidden away in their own souls? These and many other questions we hope to have discussed and perhaps helpfully answered in these pages. Any inquiries will be gladly answered in *MIND* by the writer of this introductory article. Communications may be addressed to her in care of the magazine.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A CHILD OF LIGHT. By Newton N. Riddell. 351 pp. Cloth, \$2.00.
Child of Light Publishing Company, Chicago.

This large and beautiful work, which considers heredity and prenatal culture in the light of the New Psychology, represents the labor of fifteen years, during which the author personally examined hundreds of insane and feeble-minded persons, a thousand homicides, five thousand convicts, and nearly ten thousand children, and consulted every accessible authority in the English language. The book, therefore, may be regarded as the most complete and comprehensive treatise on the great law of heredity yet published. But the writer is plainly an enthusiast, and as such, perhaps, claims too much for his discoveries and their significance in individual human growth, in which the hereditary principle is no doubt vastly important but not all-inclusive. The soul has an *ante-conception* as well as a prenatal experience which is as potent a determining factor in its earth life as are parental peculiarities and environment. Between heredity and reincarnation there is no incongruity: they are coexistent principles. And the evidence in favor of the latter is by no means all "negative"; it is supported by facts as positive and conclusive as those which led the first mathematician to assume the existence of the unit. But if Mr. Riddell's advice—especially that offered to prospective mothers and fathers—were universally followed, an immediate reduction in the statistics of crime, poverty, and imbecility would soon be noted.

DEATH DEFEATED. By J. M. Peebles, M.D. 212 pp. Cloth, \$1.00.
Temple of Health Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

In this work there is a fund of advice that will prove helpful to *all* human beings that have intelligence enough to think. It is the outcome of ripe experience, wide observation and travel, and deep study of the psychic nature of man. The author is a physician who has learned the ever-narrowing limitations of *materia medica*, and whose investigations of the Science of Being are epitomized in the sub-title of his book, "The Psychic Secret of

How to Keep Young." Dr. Peebles is a writer and lecturer of mature years whose voice and pen are always at the service of any legitimate reform; but his vegetarianism, while logically and ably sustained, is perhaps a little too extreme for this age and clime. The strong common sense, however, that characterizes the book as a whole is a scarcely less commendable feature than its freedom from technical terms. It contains but little that a fair-minded metaphysician would hesitate to indorse.

LIVING BY THE SPIRIT. By Horatio W. Dresser. 102 pp. Cloth. 24 mo. (in a box), 75 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

An exceedingly dainty and attractive little book that is a credit to the publishers as well as to the author. Though small, it is a model of condensation—an epitome, not of Mr. Dresser's larger works, but of that philosophy of individualism and self-help which pervades them all and is presented by the writer from an original and independent standpoint. The underlying purpose of "Living by the Spirit," as of the other half-dozen volumes from the pen of this author, is to render the spiritual nature of consciously practical utility in daily life. While leading the mind up to higher levels and back of the merely external and phenomenal planes of thought, its eight chapters have but few sentences that border on the abstract or transcendental. Void of unnecessary verbiage and technicalities, this book is an excellent treatise to place in the hands of inquirers who seek an outline presentation of the healing and other phases of the New Thought. J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A VISION OF THE SAXON RACE. By Wm. Sharpe, M.D., 24 pp. Paper, one shilling. Hy. A. Copley, publisher, Canning Town, E., London, England.

GENIUS. A Poem in Defense of the Dead. By T. Shelley Sutton. 22 pp. Paper, 30 cents. George J. Lewis, publisher, Boise, Idaho.

The world is nothing; the man is all. In yourself is the law of all Nature, and you know not yet how a globe of wisdom slumbers in yourself. In yourself slumbers the whole of Reason. It is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all.—EMERSON.

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MIND.

VOL. VII.

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No. 3.

THE LAW OF LUCK.

BY JOHN E. PURDON, A.B., M.D.

Modern psychic science is making us familiar with many subjects that a generation ago would have been regarded as the absolute goals of blasphemy or folly. To-day every object of human thought is deemed worthy of investigation and capable of attainment. Half a century ago De Morgan and Boole did good service to mankind by pointing out the mathematical character of mental operations, and since that time the changes in knowledge and belief have been rapid and radical. The recognition of intrinsic order in the Universe is a natural accompaniment of the doctrine of evolution; and this, it may safely be said, has effected more change in the nature of human belief than any historical fact that can be mentioned, aside from the acceptance of the principles of a few great leaders and thinkers whose personal authority must remain to influence the world for all time. With some it carries with it the immanence of God in Nature as a necessary consequence; with others, on the contrary, the dominance of physical law is regarded as entirely exclusive of the idea of a personal God. But between the contending factions, each regarding truth from a dogmatic standpoint founded upon certain assumptions concerning the unknown side of Nature, the student of the spiritual and psychical man takes his critical stand, resolving to examine all matter relating to human activity, through which the secrets of his mental constitution

and the relation of its limitation to the whole of Life may be determined. Any subject, no matter how apparently insignificant it appears to be, should be studied, if only a little truth may be expected to be the outcome of such labor. It is foolish to expect great revelations at every turn; therefore, the sneers of the great or the dogmatic at such subjects of investigation as mesmerism, hypnotism, spiritualism, etc., have come to be regarded as signs of ignorance and bad taste rather than of knowledge and culture. I will therefore venture to make some remarks upon a very interesting matter with which I have had considerable personal experience of varied character.

When I began the study of psychic science many years ago, one of the first books that came to my hand was "Boole on the Laws of Thought," which I read in turn with Spencer, Kant, Berkeley, Hegel, etc. I saw there was a great opening for original thought; but I soon found that the application of exact methods to spiritual problems was a matter far beyond the grasp of the ordinary intellect and required a great deal of preliminary work in preparing the mind to assume the proper attitude for the serious and candid study of phenomena introducing, so to say, a new order of existence to its contemplation. A generalization I soon arrived at was that no comprehensive method was applicable to the mental side of the phenomena, although it appeared necessary to assume the operation of the principle of the conservation of energy in considering all physical phenomena connected with spiritualism—therefore those of the living body of the thinker as well. Once acknowledge the facts, and the intellect spontaneously sets to work to account for them—either by modifying the causes we have at our disposal, physical and psychological, or by inventing others of a transcendental character, sufficient to cover the observed changes in the established order of Nature. An immense amount of observation and experiment has to be undertaken before the relations existing between these

operative factors and their presumed effects can be determined, not to speak of the correlations that must exist between physiological and physical causes and their transcendental congeners; that is to say, between vital operations on lower and higher parallel planes.

In the course of my investigations of psychic phenomena, my attention was early directed to the fall of the cards during the playing of round games in the family circle, where it appeared as if the ordinary rules of probability afforded no information as to the cause of individual results. And here I may mention, as perhaps having a necessary bearing upon my treatment of the subject, that if I have any psychical peculiarity it is with regard to number and order.

We are generally accustomed to consider the fall of well-shuffled cards as little different in character from that of coins thrown up at random, either singly and successively or simultaneously in large numbers. In fact we incline to consider the fall of cards, as regards dealing and drawing, as nearly altogether a matter of "chance." There is no doubt that in a million deals the tendency to uniformity would be strongly manifest, and the established laws of probability would assert themselves. But the essence of the peculiar is that it is the particular, and that it must be studied separately, not according to statistical methods.

For instance, a young relative, whom I had not seen before, comes to stop at my house to be under my care for his health, and the first time we sit down to whist, he taking my son's place, I find an extraordinary succession of hands, my daughter and I getting four by cards for five successive hands: the great contrast lying in the fact that, on the last occasion when I played whist with the family, my son being my wife's partner in place of my young cousin, we actually had seven deals before one game, of five, without honors, was completed! Other peculiarities in the hands dealt showed themselves in abundance; for instance, all four players holding six of a suit.

After our young friend had been with us some time, he gradually settled down into the psychical state of the family, or, rather, a new condition of psychical equilibrium was established in the family.

I would not feel justified in calling attention to this case if I had not had some special experiences that support me in laying stress on particular occurrences happening to myself, as when I saw the remarkable fact of the turning up of the same three cards to me, after a dispute among some young officers (in which I was in the right), during which I threw down the cards indignantly and called for a redeal, saying, "Let the cards settle it themselves." The game was "Spoiled Five," in which the five and knave of trumps and the ace of hearts, played in any order, must win. I held these cards, but some stupid objection being made to my laying them down on the table, on the ground that a gentleman would not play out the hand on a certainty, the above extraordinary event took place. It was a true instance of magnanimity, a spontaneous response by his higher powers, to the appeal of outraged honor, on the part of a man who would not maintain his rights in a vulgar squabble. The reader will perceive that the word *magnanimity* is used to imply a state rather than a personal attribute—a state or condition of one for the time "caught up" into the larger Mind with the consequences thereof—a disturbance of the nervous system on the one side and an unknown but justly inferrible correlated concatenation on the other.

I may also mention that, when we were noting our psychical states in connection with card scores, I said beforehand I felt as if I were going to win, and then made a score of something like four thousand for myself and partner at four-handed bezique. It would be impossible for the most skilful mathematician to arrange the cards to produce the result obtained: single, double, and treble bezique, double sequence, double aces, double kings, etc., and any amount of "mar-

riages." I believe the only marking left out was in the case of queens. This was certainly marvelous when we remember that the drawings had to be made to fit in with the possibilities of the maximum score. As a transcendental mental feat on the part of the larger Mind in relation to myself, as I made almost all the score, this was one of the most extraordinary psychical events I ever witnessed.

Any succession of things subject to change of arrangement and redistribution, through the action of arbitrary interference outside of itself, can be fairly used to illustrate the actual vital and physical changes going on around us in the world of our conscious thought, and so, in a manner, constitutes a symbolic universe. In such a creation we can study and follow to their conclusion the particular changes that result in a complete redistribution. We know that all the possible changes of any given number of things are the product of all the natural numbers from unity to that number: thus, four contains twenty-four changes; five, one hundred and twenty; eight, forty thousand three hundred and twenty; and so on, the higher numbers containing practically an infinite series of permutations. Hence, whatever variations are wrought in any given arrangement through the deal and the voluntary drawing of players, the several stages toward such a consummation being accompanied by the disjointed and fragmentary mental states of the players, must be included in the actual larger Mind, which would contain all possibilities of change in a definite symbolic presentation. That larger Mind, the unification and symbolization of all the changes that we have no difficulty in representing piecemeal to ourselves, we can in a manner functionally imitate by coöperation, either voluntary or instinctive.

Conditioned as we are within the field of consciousness, we cannot alter the actual order of the cards once they are shuffled and cut; but, if we assume a free but unconscious mental communication among four players, we may suppose

the playing and drawing to result favorably for a given player according to the coöperative determination of them all. We can further, in the light of modern psychical research, assume, as not at all doing violence to natural relations in face of recent experience, that, the liminal value of effective inhibition being lowered, the nervous systems of players engaged in a round game may have active directed influences on one another that, acting as new causes, may induce individual results entirely outside an average range of events. The action of one nervous system upon another, which I have proved to exist in numerous instances by the aid of the sphygmograph, or mechanical pulse-writer, through which the blood circulation of one person was forced to conform to that of another, is my ground for making this generalization.

It is quite true that even these special disturbances sum up against one another in the long run; but the particular case must always be considered as the result of a particular cause. Chance is not cause, but the ideal representation of the average of all causes summing up against one another to produce a condition of uniformity. In general, it is the old and well-known causes that so sum up for uniformity; for when a new possibility of disturbance is discovered it becomes a special cause of change, until it is absorbed into the general average and the psychical equilibrium is restored by equalization of power and knowledge as to how to use it: a statement that applies with equal force to a family, a nation, or a world.

Our conscious existence is a very small part of our life as a constituent factor of the Universe, or of the life of the great Whole, and it constantly tends to obliterate itself in the automatism of the organism and of the world; but, as supraconscious life effort, it always deals with the particular, and so demands a special logic of its own. Thus it may well be that each man, as a true spiritual unit, asserts his independent existence in the world of life, receiving back as a member of

the conscious community of every-day men and women that which at first appears to be bizarre and strange, but which is soon adopted into the realm of the ordinary through custom.

The combinations of a symbolic universe of, say, four packs of bezique cards can be ideally supposed to be related in a succession of deals, each arrangement being the natural consequence of the one before, if the players do not arbitrarily interfere with the order of the cards by meaningless shuffling, which must be regarded as a cataclysm, disruptive to some extent of order and reason. The compound psychical organism that would be the agent for the production of designed results or special arrangements, within the limit determined by the stacking of the cards, might be regarded as human or terrene, since a given spatial order of arrangement is not supposed to be interfered with and no drawn card falls outside its own round of four.

This, therefore, may be called a three-dimensional universe of material order symbols. To trace a strictly logical relation between this universe and one in which, from its formal constitution, any designed order can be produced by the players, or rather by their compound organism, we have only to remember that the sequence of the different permutations of any number of things is a matter of laying them down and taking them up, and not of the things themselves regarded as sums of individual units, and that any given arrangement may be a factor in any other arrangement of the same number of things. It is the external form in which elements are arranged that determines their time-succession, in connection with a mechanism, physical or spiritual. Even four-dimensional space cannot give us a greater number of permutations of a given number of things than their factorial or continued product of natural numbers; but it would afford different ways of arranging and grouping them if they were constructed from physical or psychical elements molded into representative signs and projected outward as the matter of space, the fourth di-

mension being temporarily used as an extra theater of relational change.

I have recently had many opportunities to study the question of the determining influence of the fall of the cards, and by implication of the nature of "luck" and "chance." It has now become generally acknowledged in my own family that the existence of extraordinary determining influences, of a psychical, spiritual, or substantial character, is certain. In the last few months I have been intensely engaged during the daytime in the application of mathematical forms of thought to psychological and metaphysical questions, and, from the newness of the subject, I am conscious of severe and often unsatisfied mental strain extending into the very depths of my soul. I have noticed that when I have found something good, or when I am finding it, I am very dominant at the card playing. Other members of the family notice this too, and, as they are all keen and good players, they are satisfied that the "accidental" fall of the cards will not account for results. On the other hand, when none of us feel the fire and vim of good scoring, we frequently show wretched marking.

Does not this remind one forcibly of the dream state—the activity of the subconscious side of our mental life? How well such a theory as the above will account for the peculiar mental states, impulses, and "lucky" days or conditions of gamblers and speculators, I leave those parties themselves to determine—particularly if they have any knowledge of or taste for psychic science. I really think we have here a true theory of *luck*.

Let us remember that universal change is redistribution of that which has always existed, and that chance is no more than a formula that expresses the concurrence of unknown and independent causes. As is well said by a recent writer in the *Monist*: "Whatever be the actual part played by chance, it is a fact that the various series of phenomena occur in a regular way and that order exists. The conclusion we are to derive

from this must not be more absolute than the principle itself. This order comprises possible irregularities and exceptions; outside the domain of mathematics, we must always make a principle of reserving a place for what may appear without our being able to foresee it." It follows naturally, in this age of psychic revelation, that the closer we look for particular and identifiable causes the less is our life and our belief compelled slavishly to conform to the law of averages and to the doctrine of chances. Therefore, I seem justified in my conclusion that a man's psychical condition *at the time* is a determining factor in the series of changes in which he is engaged. But, as in the case of the gambler, the depraved desire compelling him to try again and again, whatever may have been the result of any given venture, permits other psychical factors to operate in turn, and so allows the law of the average—that is to say, *chance*—to rule in the end.

The moral import of the principle here suggested is of immense significance in the affairs of practical life. The world of the ordinary senses, like the pack of cards when shuffled for a fresh deal, is always given to us *after the dynamic event*; for sense-consciousness is no more than a witness of what has already been done, and neither does anything itself nor informs us with certainty what is about to be done. As well expect a camera to give a picture in advance of a coming change. The reason of this is that sense-consciousness is a projection of the living spirit to the dead level of averages. It is a summation of the physical effects produced on living substance, whereby it has been changed and destroyed as such. Hence, as in the case of the game of cards, the more passive is the individual the worse he will succeed in the battle of life and the more he is tossed about in the struggle for existence which he so feebly attempts.

But, fortunately for mankind, the race is now awakening to the fact that it has active senses in correlation with purposive will, albeit supraconscious—vital functions not confined in their

range of operations to the here and now, which are the essential coördinates of material change, but which higher senses, from the necessities of our modes of conscious expression, are obliged to take upon themselves the garb of the flesh to prove to their possessor, by the method of exclusion, that he is a son of the Infinite and can command his fate if he will to do so.

Psychism is that aspect of existence which deals directly with the Source of energy and acts as living force, being, like spirit, only inferrible from its works—results that necessarily appear in the disguise of material forces; but it carries its own form and expresses itself according to its own modes, which often make for disorder in a world that is not able to look above the level of its own hands and eyes. Psychism and consciousness are two entirely different aspects of *spirit*; the first is active cause, the second is passive witness in the events of life. This appears to be a satisfactory working principle for the philosophy of the coming age; for, as time advances and knowledge increases, the mystery of cause falls back into a larger system, which through increased possibility of relationship exhibits its greater freedom as actually determined by more general law.



EVERY sincere wish and prayer for goodness, every earnest attempt to fulfil difficult duty, is sure to help on our spiritual progress, either directly or indirectly. By one road or another, every such effort brings us nearer to God.—*James Freeman Clarke.*



GREAT-SPIRITED and unselfish men will not rest long here. The great gospel principle whose momentum has carried thus far will cleave the vistas of higher light and bring them faith in an outcome of the divine plan more honorable and satisfying.—*Rev. Dr. Saxe.*

CHINESE AS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

BY JOHANNES HROLF WISBY.

We are not likely to adopt the symbolic signs of the yellow man in our time; but our grandchildren may find them useful, if they may not, in fact, be obliged to learn them. The presence of the allied forces in China may ultimately prove to be the lever that will launch the Chinese language into our very schools as part of the curriculum. When nations wage war upon one another, they generally manage to learn from one another as well, and the scientists accompanying the allied forces in China are already recommending the idea, in despatches to their respective governments, that written Chinese be adopted, experimentally at least, as a professional and business language. Everywhere these men went in China they were astounded by the fact that the people of the various provinces, although incapable of understanding one another verbally, were able to communicate with ease and accuracy in writing.

As this condition is exactly opposite to those governing in Europe, where the people are bunched off, as it were, in dialect districts, and where no uniformly intelligible code exists, these men began to examine into the merits of the Chinese tongue. They seem convinced that it is the most practical language in the world, and better suited for universal adoption than any other. They are not anxious to have it replace existing languages, but they recommend it as an international vehicle of business correspondence. We are not to write poetry in Chinese, nor to have our daily or periodical press infested with the "crow's feet" of the yellow man; but the typewriting machines that our grandchildren may use are likely to have Chinese characters, and our business letters

and advertising may, to a large extent, have to be written according to the method used by Confucius.

The idea is as simple as it is natural. The only thing that must be overcome, before it will work its way through Western civilization, is prejudice. There is a widespread superstition that Chinese is an extremely hard language to learn, and the appalling obstacle is vociferously tooted in our ears that the alphabet consists of "no less and perhaps more than 50,000 characters." As a matter of fact, Chinese being a symbolic tongue has no alphabet; and as long as no attempt to pronounce it is made, the written language is by no means difficult to learn. The phonetic or spoken language is, however, so variable, and so cut up into dialectic phrases—each province in China, and there are eighteen, having its own vernacular—that very few people, even among the most learned mandarins, ever acquire a mastery over them. A Pekin scholar has about as much, or as little, chance of understanding a farmer in the Yün-nan province as a London dandy has of understanding a Welsh miner; but, when it comes to writing, the startling fact develops that while the miner and the dandy would not be able to make themselves mutually understood, the Chinese farmer and the scholar comprehend each other perfectly.

All other languages, if let alone, deteriorate or develop with comparative quickness and become a barrier, through branching out into dialects, rather than a medium of intercourse between the nations. Chinese is the only language, possibly with the exception of the almost prehistoric Egyptian, that may be regarded as fully developed, in that it never changes, but draws the people together around a common standard of symbolic meaning that carries the same significance to-day as it did over two thousand years before Christ.

Take English—undoubtedly one of the most perfectly developed of the so-called civilized tongues: what a pitiable inconstant, changeable, and utterly unreliable medium of expression it is! Since Chaucer it has changed so that the

ordinary reader of to-day finds it a task to pick his way to the meaning of phrases and combinations that were perfectly intelligible a couple of centuries ago. Linguistic research shows us that while modern languages, and they are all phonetic, undergo perceptible, and sometimes confusing, changes every century, Chinese, which is the only truly symbolic language surviving, is also the only language incapable of being changed by time.

Then what is the radical difference between the tongue of the Celestials and the speech of the rest of the world? A nutshell explanation will do. Language, all over the world, except in China, is phonetic, and relies for the creation of the words upon various combinations of a few elementary signs, arranged in the order of an alphabet. The chief disadvantage of this system is that since the writing follows the sound, and the sound of speech is constantly changing, the written language changes as well.

The Chinese method is best illustrated by an example. If you take up a city directory in Germany, you will notice at intervals certain little cuts with numbers representing telephone receivers. They arrest your attention, but you do not have to speculate long before you guess that the cuts signify which parties have telephones and the number you must ask for if you wish to call any one up. That's Chinese! Instead of explaining that this and that and the other man has telephone connection, a drawing, a cut, a *symbol* telling the same tale, is substituted. The index finger on sign-boards saying "This way," the maritime flag signal code, the characters employed in mathematics, in natural philosophy, in astronomy, in geodesy, and in many other branches of science, are really Chinese forms of communicating ideas—so far as they are strictly symbolic, fixed signs with a fixed, unmistakable, unchangeable meaning.

When you write that 2 and 2 make 4, this is phonetic writing; when you write $2+2=4$, this is symbolic writing.

The brevity and clearness of this are evident. Mathematics is only a species of sign-writing; and in this fact we find the secret reason why Chinese scholars are so fond of algebra and geometry, and why they make such pronounced success of their studies in this field. There can be no doubt that much of the progress made in the mathematical sciences of late years has been rendered feasible by the adoption of carefully selected symbols; or, in other words, by the adoption of the same methods as China has been using for thousands of years. Complicated trains of reasoning and calculation, such as, for instance, in chemistry, are presented to the mind *en bloc* by a few arbitrary signs, and are comprehended at a glance—as the character of a landscape is gleaned in the twinkle of an eye.

When we write c. o. d. on a package, or f. o. b. on a bill of lading; when we write “\$” instead of “dollar,” and a hundred other characters, we are virtually acknowledging the superiority of the Chinese method. And when the Londoners write “Charing X” instead of Charing Cross, the Norwegians “Xania” for Christiania, and Christmas is spelled by all Anglo-Saxon peoples “Xmas” for brevity, it only demonstrates the world-wide want of a symbolic language.

Another thing that recommends the adoption of Chinese as a universal business language is that it has a *unifying* influence. There are quite a number of nations living on the Chinese border and speaking their native tongues, yet constantly availing themselves of Chinese in writing. Japan has its own national language, but for literary purposes she borrows the Chinese system, knowing that it may be relied upon, and that works written in it will be perfectly intelligible to the people of the year 5,000, if the earth is suffered to exist so long. Japanese scholars frankly admit that the vernacular tongue, which suffices for common needs, has to be supplemented by Chinese writing when metaphysics is approached. Such countries as Siam, Corea, Annam, Burmah, and Thibet, all borderlands to China, contain fully twenty million people

who use the Chinese language for writing, although they are entirely incapable of speaking it.

There would be nothing to hinder New York, London, and Paris to inaugurate at once the use of Chinese characters in cable despatches. It would save much time, and mistakes would not be apt to occur. And as abstract ideas of any degree of complexity are expressed with much more certainty and accuracy in Chinese than in the phonetic languages, there would be nothing to hinder our introducing it into the various colleges—say where professional courses, such as law, medicine, and mechanics, are taught. The students would have very little difficulty in acquiring it, and they would find it of such great aid that they would not part with it.

And when you ask, Is this associating or uniting influence of Chinese an advantage, linguistically considered? I answer yes. A century ago Latin was virtually the only written language intelligible to all Europe, and it long remained the universal language of the learned. The nomenclature of botany and several other sciences is still exclusively or mainly Latin. Again, in international commerce, so urgent is the need of a universal language that an attempt was made some years ago to form a brand new one under the hideous title of "Volapuk." This attempt failed utterly, as any one might have foretold; for it had no *national* basis, and, being a phonetic tongue, it offered no guaranty of permanency or unity of meaning.

There can be no fixity, no element of permanency, in any language based upon the hackneyed plan of phonetics and alphabet. It is a dissociating, not an associating, influence. Thus, the Romance tongues—Italian, French, and Spanish—are very closely bound in origin; but they have drifted apart, mainly from original differences of pronunciation: and writing alphabetically only augments the differences. The same thing took place with the old Norse tongue, the original "Dönsk Tunga," which has now deteriorated into modern Danish,

Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, and Icelandic, with accompanying dialects. The Celt, the Slav, the Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon languages have had a similar fate. But a symbolic language never changes. It remains forever a unifying influence. As long as the idea to be expressed remains the same, it is expressed in the same way. The symbol expresses an idea quite apart from the spoken utterance of that idea. In other words, we may benefit by the advantages of written Chinese without ever bothering about pronouncing it.

It was upon the tides of a spiritual passion for liberty that some of us were beaten against the hard fact that there is no liberty for the individual soul so long as some people own that upon which all people depend for their bread. We have discovered that no spiritual freedom can achieve or maintain itself except it be realized in economic freedom. Private property in the natural resources upon which all men depend, and private property in that capital which all men create, is nothing less than private property and traffic in human souls; yea, it is the foundation of the ecclesiastical claim of private property in God and the truth, which is no less vicious than the claim of the monopolist to private ownership of the earth. The liberty of the soul can be achieved only through the passing away of the capitalistic form of society and the coming in of the free and coöperative State.—*Prof. George D. Herron.*

THE intense depth and richness of religious emotion expressed in the Psalms; the moral grandeur and spiritual earnestness of the Hebrew prophets; the serene faith and the unfathomable love of Jesus; the mystic vision and the intellectual might of the great apostle to the Gentiles—these all have their fainter counterparts, and the true and only key to their deep meaning, in the moral and spiritual experiences that arise in the daily lives of ourselves and our brethren.—*Charles B. Upton.*

THREE PLANES OF DEVELOPMENT.*

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"The glorious creature laughed out even in sleep!
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up and stand on his own earth;
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,
Thence shall his being date;—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him.
When all the race is perfected alike
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God."

—BROWNING: "*Paracelsus*."

While the law of evolution, as explained by its discoverers, tends to clear up and make plain many phases and conditions of things hitherto unexplainable, there are yet numberless things shrouded in mystery. I believe the time is near when the scientific world will perceive that the law of evolution is not sufficient in itself to explain the why and wherefore of life in its varying conditions and forms, and that the so-called law of natural selection will have to be discarded and another substituted that will not work injury to the law of evolution, but explain it more fully: a law that will take into account a supreme Intelligence seeking manifestation through a multiplicity of ideals; a law that will demonstrate that the ideal is always first and the expression of it last. The law of evolution deals with effects, at no point entering the realm of causation. The higher law of which evolution is but the outer expression will only be understood when we go to the fountain-head of things—when we seek knowledge of causes.

* From advance sheets of "Studies in Spiritual Science." (In press.)

Knowledge coming to us in this way will give the real key with which to unlock the secrets of the external world. The one who would know must begin with causes, and through them explain effects: the law of involution first, the law of evolution last; the Immanent God, the Indwelling Spirit, the Ideal seeking expression. When Jesus said, "God can raise up of these stones children unto Abraham," he did not mean a God external thereto, but an infinite and eternal Energy that pulsates even in the very stones. This is not a dead Universe, but one that throbs with life from the very heart to the circumference. The Universe lives and moves and has its being in God.

Recognizing a spiritual basis for all things, we shall be able to trace through the law of evolution a natural, orderly process, wherein the unseen life and intelligence are ceaselessly at work constructing habitations suited to their needs; and as the Ideal finds ever greater expression, the habitation becomes more complex and more wonderfully perfect.

In the first place, let us consider the ideal man as a spiritual being, animated by the Spirit of God, controlled and directed by a divine Intelligence—the microcosm, the very image and likeness of God—in whose life is contained an infinity of possibilities reaching from the lowest earthly conditions to a realization of oneness with God; from conditions wherein sin, sorrow, and sickness weigh down and burden the life to that absolute sonship wherein the soul triumphant has dominion and power over all things. We may not postulate the "birth" of the soul, but we can trace its history through its earthly pilgrimage.

Although the spiritual man is first in reality, yet, when we come to deal with man from the phenomenal or the evolutionary point of view, we must necessarily begin with the physical or animal man—the animal that is more subtle than any beast of the field, because this physical man is in reality the summing up of the whole animal kingdom. He

is also the epitome of all the intelligence that controls and directs the animal life.

Every characteristic found in any of the lower kingdoms can be found in man, so that when man looks out on the visible world about him he is looking on a picture of what he is, or what he has been; there is absolutely nothing that has not its correspondence in his own conscious life.

In the purely physical stage of development, man to a very great degree is governed by the same law that controls and directs the life of the animal. If he conforms to the law of this lower plane, he is comparatively well and happy. It is not as yet essential to his well-being that he have conceptions as to his relations to God and humanity. Moderation and temperance are, however, qualities necessary for his physical health. If whatever mind he has developed is comparatively free from the passions of anger, hatred, and strife—if the life is in a state of control, so far as it has developed—it makes no difference whether religious ideas have as yet found place in his mind. Obedience to this law of moderation in all things brings health and happiness as a natural result. The requirements for this plane of development being so few and simple, more people are found here well and strong than on the higher and more complex planes. From him to whom little is given, little is required.

At this stage of life, instinct (it can hardly be called intuition) is the guiding factor, rather than thought or reason. But even at this early period in man's life a higher consciousness is demanding recognition. There is something pressing from the center of his being that cannot and will not be ignored. Dim though it may be at first, as time goes on it becomes more and more a controlling and directing force. Instinct gives way to thought and reason, and man enters the second plane in his evolution. A new world is opened to his vision, and the work of reconstruction is begun. I would not be understood as saying that any marked change takes place

at any given moment, because in all probability the change is a gradual one. It may be like the bud that has been swelling for days, or even weeks, when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye the blossom is unfolded. Doubtless there is a time when man first realizes the consciousness of a thinking, reasoning power as something distinct from and even superior to the sensuous animal life. He now finds himself between two planes of existence. The things that appeal to him from the purely physical side and the appeal that comes to him from his dawning intellectual powers cause a conflict that never ceases until the spiritual supremacy in life is attained.

It is really at this stage that a distinct sense of what is termed good and evil enters man's consciousness. In the light of the new development, desires and habits acquired on the lower plane are looked upon as hindrances to intellectual progress. The struggle between living a new life and dying to the old one has begun, because life on this phenomenal plane of existence is one of constant change; the things that we live and believe to-day pass away, and, behold! on the morrow a new order—for men “mount on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.” Not that the old has been evil, but with the coming of the new there is a larger interpretation; new ideals enter the mind, and failure to live up to these higher ideals constitutes sin, or lack of conformity to one's knowledge of law and order. Every new and larger ideal of life brings with it increased responsibilities, and the failure to meet these responsibilities brings about a state of mental unrest and dissatisfaction which in turn finds expression in the physical organism—first producing weakness, then disease.

We must regard man as a unit. The soul is not separate or distinct from mind, for mind is its offspring—the something wherewith it becomes related to the phenomenal universe, as the body is, in turn, related to mind. What the mind thinks the body becomes, and when the mind thinks its noblest and truest thoughts of life the body responds by giving external

expression to those thoughts. Mind is related to life in two ways; we might say that it stands between the phenomenal universe on the one hand and the unseen world of causes on the other. In the first stages of its development it turns almost exclusively to the outer, believing that reality is to be found there, as well as everything needful to satisfy its life, having as yet little if any knowledge of the spiritual force or power that gave it existence. We now have what might be termed the carnal mind, or the mind not yet illumined by the indwelling spirit.

There is a knowledge of the possession of mental faculties that can be so thoroughly cultivated that man comes to believe that his intellect and reasoning faculties are the highest attributes of his being. It is at this period in his life that he formulates creeds and becomes dogmatic in his religion. The thought of "justice" is a predominating one—but that justice is not always tempered with mercy. The most cruel things the world has ever known have not come from the man on the physical plane, but from the intellectually developed man, whose life was barren of love for humanity. Men who thought they were doing the will of God have perpetrated crimes, in the name of religious creeds, too fearful to contemplate. The intellectual plane of development is the great plane of unrest, of ceaseless activities. More mental and physical disturbances occur on this plane than on either the physical or spiritual plane. On this plane man's desires become multiplied and the mind is never satisfied. Each gratified desire brings another want to take its place. The accumulation of knowledge does not bring contentment; in fact, it becomes rather a burden. Solomon sums it up as follows: "For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

There is, however, a light shining in the darkness of human unrest: a light to enlighten every man that cometh into the world—that light which is a spark of the Divine Presence.

From the very center of being the soul attributes of faith, hope, and love are pushing outward, demanding recognition. These qualities cannot be imagined in the mind; yet, beautifying and uplifting, they lend tone and color to every thought-picture, until earthly things stand revealed in heavenly glory. This is the coming of the kingdom of God on earth—the transmutation of the self-will into the Divine Will, where man realizes his at-one-ment with God.

From the altitude of the spiritual plane, everything is seen in a new light; old things have passed away, and, behold! all things have become new. The law of evolution has ceased to act, and the soul has become a law unto itself. The soul stands revealed as the image and likeness of its Creator; not a physical image, not a mental conception, but a spiritual consciousness endowed with divine faculties that shape reason, control thought, and perfect the physical organism. "For if the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by the spirit which dwelleth in you."

It is only from this plane that man perceives the *unity* of life; that he realizes that all life is one; and that he ceases to resist what is termed the "evil" of life and sets his face steadfastly toward the accomplishment of every undertaking through the power of good. He has risen above the turmoil and strife, so that while seeing them he is not affected by them; not that the heart has lost sympathy for the sorrow and distress existing on the other planes, but that a new consciousness has come which discloses the fact that all things work together for good. Sin, sorrow, pain, and disease are only transitory conditions; they are, after all, only experiences through which we learn the lessons of life and are brought more quickly to a knowledge of God and his love, which passes understanding and brings a realization that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

WORDLESS THOUGHTS AND THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

BY ALWYN M. THURBER.

When we come to consider it carefully, our deepest thoughts are certainly not those we express in words. Take, for example, the impression—hardly a thought, you would say—that we experience during a moment of fright. There may be, of course, a purely physical reason why we cannot resort to words during the interval of suspense; we are perhaps struck dumb and unable to move a muscle. Yet even when the fright is over we can no more express to another the thought or thoughts that flashed over us during the trying moment than we can make use of Greek without a knowledge of Greek.

We perhaps witness a beautiful scenic play, beneath and through which is woven a deep spiritual undertow of soul delight and harmonious vibrations. We return home, imbued with the remarkable effects of the play, and upon impulse hasten to relate to another the gist of what we have seen and heard. How our idol of fancy is shattered by the utter lack of our friend's appreciation! Getting little or no response from him or her, who, perhaps, has been busy with other things, we are instantly saddened and perhaps depressed, so completely is the vision of the last few hours obliterated. Better by far that we had not spoken at all.

Immediately after we have been awakened to a realization of spiritual truth (in the past it has been called "conversion"), there is little use for us to attempt to express in outer words even a tithe of what we have realized. If expressed at all it would need to be told in the purest language of the soul—a language never to be debased by syllable or sound. So far as the wisest denizen of this planet knows, not a word has

ever been coined for that inner realm. You may hear a melody for the first time during a certain mood, or during a certain train of circumstances. Perhaps many years after you hear the air played again, and there rushes in upon you a sudden remembrance of the past. What is it? Only a skeleton of your old mood, or the trials you were undergoing at the time the melody was new to you. Try, then, if you will, to express in words the deeper significance of that past experience. You cannot. While you were passing through it your soul-sensibilities were quickened, and, your life being dual, there was an inner as well as an outer consciousness. It is that inner consciousness, and the unexpressed thoughts that went with it, that you are now unable to put into words.

In spite of the apparent strangeness of the idea, there frequently comes over me a distaste for words, as the world makes use of them. I frequently find myself wondering if we are not approaching a period when the wordless thought will be expressed between man and man mentally, and if words as we now know them will not become almost obsolete. This has come to me very forcibly while contrasting the stories of Dickens with those of our present day. The slavish devotion to words indulged in by Dickens's characters is manifest in all his works. To all intents the mere word spoken is all-sufficient. Obsequiousness—full of detail, of mannerisms, and of outward effect—is accepted at sight; and without these there seems to be no way of telling the story. In our later fiction there is more omitted than there is printed; hence, the most casual reader frequently derives from the book something more than there is in the text. To be sure, it requires a keen latter-day talent to impart a truth or a fact without stating it in detail; but that is what our modern novelists are doing, quite in contrast with the earlier writer who, had he omitted a single detail, would have brought the direst criticism upon himself.

Are we not already approaching the hour when, finding

ourselves gifted with another and more potent faculty, we shall hesitate when the time to speak the word arrives? Suppose an artist, or an ideal worker of any kind, should put a work of his into the hands of a friend and await his judgment upon it. Even though he be endowed with the finest spiritual gifts, he can withstand a scathing criticism easily or pass unheeded all over-praise; but let the friend remain silent, and he is struck to feel the pain of doubt creeping over him. What is there in the unspoken word that cuts so deeply?

Again, during a time of personal conflict between two persons, the wise conserver of his individual forces gives his adversary a look, merely, but along with that look he sends a thought. The importunate contestant recoils, and somehow loses ground. He may have spoken hastily in his eagerness to carry his point, but that silent rebuff dismays him and weakens his cause. And, again, he who is habitually conservative, and expresses few opinions gratuitously, has indeed more opinions than he can truly call his own; for, after a great talker has given an opinion freely to this one or that, it is in a sense gone from him, and there is a good chance that he will find himself in doubt as to just where he does stand upon the momentous subject. But if the careful thinker husbands his best thoughts and theories, and speaks them but rarely, his words will usually have weight with those who stand most in need of them.

Once during my boyhood days I was driving a yoke of oxen in a field near a lake. The day was warm and the oxen were indolent. In my impetuous haste to assert my will over them, I spoke loudly in giving my commands; I whipped them smartly and worried them with no little short-sightedness; and as I acquired less and less mastery over them I became at last disheartened and out of all patience. It was just at this moment that the brutes did a most surprising thing. Being near the edge of the lake, they suddenly wheeled

about and ran into the water, pulling the drag in after them. Now I was in a quandary. My only resource was to sit down upon the sand and ruminate. Though the animals had thus far set at defiance my most painstaking efforts to control them, now that I was silent one of them at last turned his head and blinked ominously back at me. My silence had doubtless given him a tremor of apprehension. When, some time later, their owner came and quietly took the whip in his hand, no more obedient pair of steers ever left the cooling waters of a lake and took their places in a dusty plowed field. Noise and great ado had had but little effect upon them. It will be noticed that the successful driver of blooded horses rarely speaks to them; but there is a tension in his rein, and a thought carried forward by his presence, that will frequently make even a vicious animal docile and obedient.

One studies a long time trying to imagine how a dumb person thinks. Knowing nothing of words as we know them, each mute may perhaps have a vocabulary of his own; or, does he not think without words? In fact, are not his thoughts a species of feeling, the result of a quickened intuition? Write a sentence, and if the mute is educated he denotes his immediate understanding. *You* can articulate those words, but *he* must use them differently, though the result is the same. I believe there is no example more striking than the aptness of the deaf mute to substantiate the theory of direct thought-transmission. Frequently a mere look, a nod of the head, or a movement of the hand will give to him an important message, so alert are his hidden faculties.

A friend remarks: "I cannot tell you what thoughts and aspirations a beautiful sunset engenders in my being. The tinted, wavy clouds, the mists of jasper, the great banks of gold and silver clouds resting majestically above the horizon, and, between them, tints most marvelously matched and contrasted beyond the ken of the ablest artist—words indeed fail me when I try to describe even the more commonplace beauties

of a golden sunset." Is this not a truthful admission of the potency of the wordless thought? While your friend is watching the sunset, perhaps hundreds of others are doing likewise; yet each may experience a series of unspoken thoughts of equal but quite another seeming.

By way of modification of this subject, let us consider the modes of a person's speech, and to what extent we understand beyond what we are told. It frequently happens that after hearing a piece of news we find ourselves adding to it a fact (alas, but could we always confine ourselves to facts!) beyond those contained in the message. Where do we get that added word? From something our friend has withheld from us? Or have we through instinct grasped from the universal Source of supply an added grain of information? We may never have our attention called to the fact that we have outdone our informant, but it is nevertheless true that such cases have been known among the most commonplace people. A certain intonation of our friend's voice, the precise way he tells us the news—very different, perhaps, from the way another would speak—gives us the cue, and we somehow know more than we have been told. So with the qualified pupil in school; if he be alert and endowed with an active brain, there will frequently come to him between class hours an unspoken word of wisdom, feeling, intuitive fact, or whatever it may be called, which, forsooth, he may never be able to impart to another in vocal words. It has been our way to presuppose that all our messages of learning must come from tutors or from books. The wordless thought even now would find little or no credence in our wisest institutions of learning. A person wholly uneducated will acquire latent faculties worthy of the savants of their day. How do you know this or that? you ask, in reply to something he has imperfectly tried to explain to you. "Oh, sir, but I feel it in my bones," is the crude but oft-repeated reply made by him that is obliged to study Nature as a text-book.

By our "authorities" we have been asked to cling to the reputed facts of sense life and to relegate all inner attainments to the realm of dreams or morbid fancies. And yet the simplest of us make use of the wordless thought. Across us sweeps a chill of foreboding. We even pause and look about us, or slacken our pace—something has caused us to do this—but being most practically inclined, the message has flitted by us and is lost, and we call the momentary realization a mere "mood." When we have been trained in the inner vision, the wordless thought can in a measure be grasped and responded to in thoughts still wordless. The philosophic writer, during his moments of inspiration, expresses no more than half what comes to him. The other half, like a mist too intangible to be grasped, floats back into the cosmos and there remains—to be called forth, possibly, by some other writer, who, like his predecessor, still finds words for only a fraction thereof.

Our most successful jurists, though pledged to adhere to the legal facts placed before them, seemingly without knowing it oftentimes render decisions of superlative wisdom, through their love of honest conviction and sterling purpose. Though the carping lawyer calls the court's attention to the facts—bare facts, admissible and inadmissible—time frequently proves that the jurist's decree is eminently just. In law there is a vast field wherein one can discover many traces of the wordless thought. Even though the evidence in our courts be distorted by legal cunning, there remain the unspoken words of truth beneath it, which help to temper the judge's sentences when he pens his final decision.

The dog, with his wagging tail and ears alert, looks into your face and reads your thoughts. If your looks denote a fondness for him, and a friendly mood, his eyes will beam with a happy response. It is hardly the thing to say that your thoughts are reproduced in the brute's consciousness in so many human words. Suddenly send a thought of reprimand at him

and at the same time put a look of reproach into your countenance; how quickly does the dog's head and ears drop, and the light of animation go out of his eyes! You do not need to speak an audible word: the intelligent dog frequently has the gift of discernment beyond his human master.

When you are tempted to speak ill of another, stop for an instant and reflect. There is a wordless thought that will strengthen your moral nature and, after you have formed the habit, will make you proof against the temptation. "What have I to do with the shortcomings of any other human being? Nothing; nothing at all. I have been appointed monitor over but one of earth's children. This ought to take up all my spare time and wisdom; and, since human imperfections are not of recent birth, I will let them go, since no standard that I can set up will help or hinder the least sinful of my friends." Could we all keep some such unspoken thought as this ready for each emergency, habitual criticism would soon become as a lost art.

A constant attitude of friendliness toward every living creature will in time crystallize itself into a thought needing no words whatever to make it manifest. In common do we enjoy the face that is calm and benevolent, and over which a smile creeps with a native simplicity. Nothing forced, nothing out of harmony with what is—can we not estimate the unspoken depth of kindness and content back of such an exterior?

The secret of good government is the stability of the thought back of it. To govern a child you do not need to nag him constantly and make him fearful of you. Hold over him, habitually, a thought of permanence, not reproach—of love, not mastery; and as he matures his responses to your wishes will become quick and obedient. The best governed nation is that throughout which the thought of personal liberty exists. Liberty? Yes; the liberty of reason, of self-control, of religious thought, of neighborly toleration. You do not need to placard these at each road intersection, or write text-books

in their behalf, but only to cultivate the wordless thought of good will, which, as before stated, is the more potent because it remains unspoken.

A certain nervous lord once complained to his neighbor that his cock crowed nights and kept him awake. "But, surely," quoth the neighbor, "the cock in my barn crows but once, and that is at midnight." "Yes, yes, I know; that is very true. But if you only knew how long I lay awake waiting for him to crow, you would have him removed instanter." It was, you see, the dread of the crowing, rather than the crowing itself, that had disturbed his lordship—the unuttered alarm, not the actual one.

As we delve deeper into hidden lore, we will find the secret of self-mastery. Joan of Arc sought for guidance in the recesses of silence, not amid the din of warfare. Napoleon lived and died a marked example of personal power very rarely put forth in words. Men feared and obeyed him because of his soul-accretions, which attainment is known to us as "personal presence." Had he lived above self, his career might have been almost superhuman for the good he could have accomplished. Lincoln's strength of character was manifested less by what he said than by what he did not say. His presence, though he spoke not a word, carried a charm of good nature at once convincing and stable. Thus we might quote pages of instances where the wordless thought has given us the largest measure of the good things of the past. Ought we, then, at this hour of advancement, to deny its potency?

Logically, there comes into our paper something to be said upon the thoughtless word. The wordless thought is perforce a creature of the silence. The thoughtless word is its anti-thesis. Nonsense has been prescribed as a relief for sedentary habits and the gout. There is, I believe, a fine discrimination to be made right here. Are not wit and wisdom very nearly allied and equally admissible sometimes? And are not jests, even when they do not point a moral, of certain use to civiliza-

tion? A good laugh will sometimes relieve a "fit of the blues." I opine that it is to the extent of our indulgence in light sentences that we are held responsible; for the picture must have its shadowy detail as well as its set figures—its negative and positive colors. In classical music there comes occasionally an easy-flowing melody, which seems, though pleasing to the ear, to be lacking in sentiment beside the heavier parts of the scale. Note the fact that the composer only admits the merest staff of this sort; nor does he repeat it, lest he compromise the dignity of the whole. Yet the melody is there, delicate shading that it is, even in its classical setting. To me there is a corresponding sentiment in speech. When a person's wit comes forth spontaneously, it is as a cooling drink at a spring; but let a life be devoted to the procurement of witticisms, for the sake of sense gratification merely, and there you have at once the abuse of the thoughtless word.

Frequently we are shocked to find how insincere a person can be, even when pretending to speak seriously. In other words, the cheapness of talk, like shoddy goods, often shakes our confidence in human nature. Society is largely responsible for this. There are put into our mouths words to use upon such-and-such occasions. We are told that it is polite to be agreeable, even if we have to fib a little occasionally. But aside from the legitimate use of words that are not to be taken seriously, it is believed, according to the new school of ethics, that the vibratory effect of every distinctly idle word is harmful. What, then, are we to do with our newspapers, our professional wits and court jesters, who are paid to print and say insincere things, merely to amuse a giddy throng who craves them? Are not the innumerable cross-vibrations in the atmosphere due largely to insincere speech, which, after all, is produced only after considerable studied forethought?

If the reader of this paragraph is growing serious in his views, he already cares less for what the wit and drudging paragrapher may say. You will find such a person oftener

scanning a magazine than a newspaper; and, while a lover of cheery things, he smiles best at them when they bubble forth as from the lips of a child, unpremeditated and natural, but never to be repeated lest they lose their first relish of expression.

In conclusion, must we speak perforce of the idle words of gossip and scandal—the baleful effects of these upon a just or unjust community? What species of thoughtless words can be more lamentable than those passed along from mouth to mouth regarding the failings or misfortunes of a neighbor? Yes, what more to be deplored than a veritable untruth stated about another, or the word that is only half truth and the other half chimerical? Verily, let us draw the curtain here, and like the good Samaritan seal our lips and hope for better things. We are soon to learn more fully the efficacy of the wordless thought—its sublimity in contrast with the thoughtless word. Our wisdom thus attained will need to come from out the silence and be projected with but little outward speech. One month of quiet, earnest contemplation and practise in this direction will yield us more than all the precepts that have ever been printed or spoken.

THE Fatherhood of God became the premise of great conclusions in religious thinking. Men began to believe that nothing could contradict this idea of the Divine Fatherhood. They began to talk about the eternal love and loveliness of God; the unity of souls in one sublime brotherhood, which no change of condition or state can ever break: the kinship of souls in the creative, preservative, continuous love of the Father.—*Dean Leonard.*

It is not so hard to see the Infinite Father, though some men make it hard by words; but there is one way you can always see him. It is by loving well enough to forgive wrong.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE BURDEN OF THE WORLD.

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Spake the Lords on high upon the Thrones above the firmament :
"Half the world with light is blind, and half the world with
night.

Whence shall come the Man again, the open-eyed, the Messenger,
Full of deeds to hew a Way and words to carry light?
We, who rule in realms above the cherubim and seraphim,
Looking down the steep of life, see every stage of growth.
On the Powers above depend the limits of the nethermost,
Deep and high—in all the spheres their needs are drawn from
both.

All the paths of all the worlds are ways of mortal pilgrimage;
All the broken destinies are ruts upon the road
Where the hosts of Nature pass the myriad metamorphoses—
Space and sound and stone and sky and heart of fire—to God.

"High above the purple night, and through the morning's pearly-
ness,

Rise the clamored prayers and pains of men who do not see—
Virtue not the end of life and Godhood not its ultimate—
Levels where We contemplate remoter Gods than We.
Springing out of nothingness to mensurate the Universe,
Sparks of Being wrap themselves by turns in Nature's veils;
Self-unfolding, burst the sheathes outworn of each embodiment,
Learning darkness fades, and discord sinks, and falsehood fails.
Mounting over hate and pride, fear, anger, lust, and indolence—
Wars that frame new worlds men wage, achieving vast release,
Overcoming ignorance to face the One Ineffable,
Justice, Love, All-Wisdom, Power, Divinity of Peace!"

This the chant of hope the Gods have sung to sad humanity;
All the kings of men have come with sweat upon the brow;

Earth has filled her breast to feed the toiler in extremity,
 Yielding to the fierce caress of spade and hoe and plow.
 Brother to the rock and tree, of bird and brute confederate,
 In the hollow of his heart there flames the living fire;
 Comrade of the wave and cloud, the wheeling suns companioning,
 Inwardly the music echoes of the starry choir.
 Souls of them ascending through apprenticeship to Deity
 Rush where powers of darkness, striving, agonize the worst.
 Scarred and stunned and torn and worn, but straining on like
 conquerors,
 None of all the brood of men are broken or accurst.

Shout it to the sodden slums, ye pillars of society;
 Show it to the gutter-tribes, nor fear their visage grim;
 Take it to the labor-hells, where wages stand for torturing;
 Tell it to the negro ere ye lynch him for your whim.
 Preach it in your prison-cells, ye arbiters of liberty;
 Drill your armies once again, and sing the joys of war;
 Fill your mines with news of it, and comfort all your mariners—
 Marvel not at rivalry of brothel-shop and bar!
 Do not hope that God shall wipe the world's tear-blotted coun-
 tenance,
 You that have the hands to dry the bitter tears away;
 Following the Master of The Broken Heart, your brotherhood,
 Bearing what your fellows bear, shall hasten on His day!



TEACH men that the results of wrong-doing are to all alike sure; that there is no evasion, no compromise; that on the arch which bends above us all is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Teach the highest and the lowest alike that this warning is for them. Teach all men that the pathway of wrong-doing is the pathway of pain; that pain leads to repentance, and repentance opens the pearly gates of life and joy. Teach men these things, and virtue will not weep for her lost scepter nor wickedness snatch from her forehead her jeweled crown.—*Rev. J. E. Roberts.*

THE TENDENCY TO GOOD.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

One tendency runs through all Nature, ineradicable as Truth itself—the tendency to Good. It is the chord on which are strung worlds and systems of worlds, and it links together all men in all times. Let spring come, and who does not feel that a spell broods over the fast-flying planet; that this wild, eerie thing we call Earth is none the less tamed and made docile—overtaken each year in its inconceivable flight through the Immensity and subdued to a state of vernal loveliness? This tendency, as manifest in the ascent of species, we name Evolution. In obedience to it, ever and ever fairer types: from the eohippus to the horse; from the archæopteryx to thrush and sparrow; from the dim antiquity of crawling bugs to the wise bee and the ant.

So with Man himself. In spite of war, and politics, and busybodies, who is so dull he cannot perceive the moral and social evolution? What is history but the record of it? It is the evolution from the “good old times” to wiser and better times; from the days when grandees ate with their fingers and went armed to the teeth—when popes were libertines and dukes assassins; when only priests and scholars could read and write, and only poets and prophets could think—to this hopeful day wherein the ninety-and-nine can read (if not yet to much purpose), and here and there a man can think for himself and make his own prayers: to say nothing of Antiquity, which only ended a short time ago, for all this is a recent transition. The world still selfish is not the same old world that was selfish, but a better one. We have reformed war if we have not yet reformed out of war. It is not that peace conferences do not mean anything, but they do

not yet mean enough. To every age its Reformation—as if free thought and free speech were not a reformation, and this influx of idealism we name the New Thought as great a one as has been at any time—each and every one growing out of some abuse, some seeming evil. Let us thank the tendency to Good for these things and go forward with a cheerful trust in the infinite possibilities of To-day.

We shall find that all abuses have within them the tendency to correction. Corruption undoes itself. Vice carries unavoidable penalties. Every defect of temperament, every departure from the norm of conduct, carries its correction as well. It is inexpedient to be angry, to worry, to be out of sorts—to be anything, in fact, other than a true and loving soul, trustful, serene, unselfish. And so disease shows forth the tendency to Good in that it is itself a correction. The net result of experience ever urges man to Perfection; which is but another way of saying that the end in view is self-union, or the realization of the soul. We have waited long to learn that error and disease are inseparable; that physical disintegration is a certain and exact register of moral disintegration. It is the integrity of the moral and spiritual nature that is threatened; and there is no warning so sure, so compelling, as pain. In the light of this, the old-time death-bed repentance is giving way to a living repentance—a change of thinking—that shall bear fruit.

There is no privileged class; none are exempt. The thief robs himself of that which gold cannot buy. The ill-doer is all the time working against himself. There's no sowing thistles and reaping wheat. Observe how every man forfeits the equivalent of whatever he does unwisely, untruly, or unkindly, until sooner or later he sees it to be a losing game.

But the earnest seeker complains that the doctors frighten us out of our wits with their *microbes*, and the Christian Scientists with their *thoughts*; the one is to him as much a nightmare as the other, and between them he is at a loss what to

do: thus is he seemingly beset behind and before. Let him be resigned, then, to the love of God, and let come what will. By wholesome reasoning and a robust faith we are made proof against all conspiracies. If we must listen to dismal forebodings let us still bear in mind that there is an inheritance of health; that goodness and joy are contagious; that Love ever heals and Truth inspires. Because the steam that propels us may explode or the fire that cooks our food may burn us, are we to see only casualties and calamities as the outcome of that Beneficence which placed Energy at our disposal, to be saddled and bridled and ridden to market?

There is but one thing that we may never hope to escape, and that is the tendency to Good. As for our thoughts, if the one class work against us, the reverse will be to our credit; and so the remedy is always at hand. Where is there anything terrible in this? But the microbes—pouf! God does not hold man so cheap as that. The dogs of Stamboul are esteemed by the unspeakable Turk, not so much as dogs but as scavengers. They are excellent scavengers, albeit most unattractive dogs. Be charitable, then, to the microbe, in that Providence has in all love appointed him to the office of scavenger.

Neither be alarmed at the predictions of the soothsayers—the cheiromants, the phrenologists, and astrologers, pertinent though their disclosures may be. They may indicate such a defect or such a tendency, but the ultimate grandeur of your destiny they can by no means disclose. We are not bounded by the bumps on the head nor the lines on the hand, nor shall all the stars of the firmament constrain the spirit of man to be other than free. And though the moon affect us as it does the tides, it is but a little surface irritation after all. It is as good to be born into the sign of Scorpio as that of Leo, or another. There is neither day nor star, nor aught in the universe, inimical to the true interests of the sons of God. But in our second birth we are born into Eternity and reflect

the virtue of the zodiac entire, which is completeness and wholeness.

We are naturally biased, in our view of destiny, according to the outcome of our particular ventures. Men argue that life or marriage is a success or failure from the standpoint of their own experience; for, let them examine the case as they will, their own bias becomes the center about which all facts and statistics arrange themselves, like filings around a magnet. It is almost as hard to bring ourselves to believe the uses of adversity are sweet as it is to find the jewel in the head of the toad. And this holds so long as we lack perspective. But presently we are whirled away from our viewpoint, and perspective created for us, and as we look back the rough outlines fade.

There are people forever harping on the decadence of things—of manners, of customs, of the world in general: as if decay were not essential to all progress, to all renewal. It nurtures the seed and sustains the plant. The decadence of the Institution is indeed the main hope of Society. One says the cherries are not so large as when he was a boy. Ah, friend, 'tis not the cherry, but *you*, that falls short. The cherry renews with the spring, but you know no renewal. The gusto, the appetite, the optimism of boyhood have long forsaken you. Your barren eye sees a barren earth; your dwindling hope—your waning faith sees all things dwindle and wane. And so the cherries are not so large as once, nor manners so good, nor maids so fair, nor friends so true! Come, renew; and the old world will renew with thee—cherries shall be as luscious as of old and all things good with a new goodness.

Still others lament the decline in the influence of the classics. What, then, is classic save Truth, and for that matter the sun, and the wind, and the rain? These do not decline. Truth is ever new. The ancients had their day; shall we not have ours? What, then, is the desideratum? Not to absorb the classics, surely, but to *create the classic*. And if in our deference to the

musty Past we create no new classic, it is the tendency to Good that shall carry us out of the fatal miasma of the Past and give us health and vigor to build anew. It is this process that calls forth the lament. In the Arabian Nights tale they who looked back were turned to stone. It must have been true in life then as it is to-day, and illustrations are never wanting. China has kept her moral and intellectual eyes on her classic past, and she has turned to stone; her neck is twisted so she can no longer see ahead, but only backward. Observe now that the tendency to Good in the name of Progress is about to break the ossified neck and reset the head, that the eyes may once more look forward. Doubtless greed and avarice will be in evidence, but they can do no more than retard—they can never prevent.

Foremost of lamentations is over the supposed decadence of Religion. There is a wailing round about the crumbling walls of a creed that has served its day: much as certain of the Hebrews wail before those few stones—all that are left of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. A sorry spectacle, these faithful Hebrews, with their antique garb, their drooping curls, beating their venerable breasts and wringing their hands for a day that is gone—waiting and watching for the impossible and the inexpedient. For the day that is gone will never return—neither for Jew nor Gentile. The tendency to Good bids us welcome the revision of creeds and the “higher criticism;” bids us open our arms to the heretic and the liberal, one and all, as the heralds of the dawn of Religion.

This tendency, working throughout every man’s life, bids him choose constantly between one and another means or end; bids him often renounce—and thence come the crucifixions. But if he will not heed—will not renounce—there is friction, disappointment, and what not; and he says life is hard and things are all askew. In the *Kata-Upanishad*, Yama is made to say: “The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with

him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant misses his end." Here, of course, it is easy to see the working. The poor sot, the opium fiend, knows himself to be his own worst enemy, and, child of God that he is, recognizes an influence calling him for good. But he would fain excuse himself on the ground that his evil genius is the stronger of the two. Let him realize—and this is the divine possibility of the weakest—that such is not so, and he throws off his bondage. And though society rejects, God never does. It takes indeed a considerable force to resist this tendency. The weak are sometimes good in virtue of their lack of force to resist, and herein their very weakness serves them. Just so the strong may be vicious because of their misapplied force. Let such a man recover himself and use his force aright and he shall make his strength known.

There is so much inharmony, so much friction in our lives that we are oppressed to the point of suffocation, and say there is not air to breathe—that life is only tolerable for the rich or for royalty. We cannot see that kings die of fright and the rich for want of something real to do. But a wise view of our discontent shows here as well the tendency to Good working throughout individual and national aims. When we must be driven, friction is often the lash. Out of it came at last a revolt that led to the American commonwealth. Out of it, too, came the downfall of the Shoguns and the overthrow of a dual and arbitrary government in Japan: again, the opening of Japanese forts to the world, and so of Japanese minds to new ideas, and thence a new Japan, with a great destiny. And so in all history: always friction urging a rupture to the end that abuses shall be corrected and wise measures established, which shall vindicate the ever-watchful tendency to Good.

Friction forces the great man step by step out of the narrow environment into the larger sphere. He leaves the village, the store, the farm, and finds himself at the beginning

of a career. Then he is left to choose to what end he will use it—whether his aims shall be personal or universal. And if 'tis ambition he chooses, then it is friction again—the friction of disappointment, of injustice, of selfishness—that shall turn him once more.

There is a purpose in events; believe in it, and wait. The poet, the scholar, laments perhaps that he finds not that sympathy he thinks should be his. But let him look closer and see in the world's attitude that resistance he most needs, which shall help him make life into poetry and give substance to his verse, that it may be something other than moonshine and soap-bubbles. The musician must have experience of life, else how can he interpret? He must bring heart and soul to bear or there will be no depth nor feeling to his touch. Let a shallow person play Chopin or Beethoven—be it never so correctly—and what is the result? It has been observed that the prima donna must have known sorrow before she can touch the hearts of the people. Her sorrow has brought that quality to her voice which she can neither affect nor conceal. Thus the varied experience, the intensity of living, becomes inspiration to the virtuoso, which, when the spirit moves, communicates itself to his hearers. We have not learned to thank our stars, nor learned our stars indeed. He that is rescued from peril feels then a renewed sense of gratitude that warms his heart and sweetens his life. Sorrow draws us nearer to men in a common bond. The young preacher who has had no experience of life talks from his head and his books, and not yet from his heart, and his parishioners defer to the office rather than the man; for it is they who can instruct him.

But these exemplary souls, these Christian lives—why are they afflicted? Here again it is brought home to us that none are exempt—least of all the unwise: though sincerity and earnestness go far to atone. When we live to the Christ in ourselves and serve alone the immanent God whose service is true thinking, true seeing, true living, doubtless the afflic-

tion will pass. Resignation is the vice of these patient souls; resignation, be it said, to the outcome of their illusions. They mistake correction for affliction, and pray only that they may be resigned to it. Let us remember that even to serve God unwisely is no virtue; for what true service can there be other than love and wisdom? We prate of the Will of God, unmindful that in the nature of things the Divine Will cannot be other than Peace, Joy, Harmony. Let us be resigned then to these, and to these only. It passeth understanding how the service of poverty, illness, and gloom could be acceptable to the most erratic despot. There's room for common sense even in our prayers.

Are we to have no lament then? Shall we not mourn? "If ye keep my word," said the Master, "ye shall never see death." Only the dead see death—as only the *living* know Life. That we see death is evidence that there are fibers of our being that feel not yet the flow and impulse of Life. We have lived to the body, and so we mourn. But we shall yet live to the spirit—which passeth not—and so dry our tears. We shall live with our own in the spirit in the here and now, never more to part, and so fulfil that prophecy. But logic is no balm, and the best argument an impertinence to the bereaved. Wisdom only—wisdom to live truly, to draw near to the soul we call wife, or child, or brother—this alone will answer; and in that more abundant Life the fear of death shall pass.



No SORROW is for sorrow's sake, but for character's. Let us trust that, when we suffer, God is tuning us up to concert pitch, making us more earnest and serious and strong, fitting us for better ministry to others.—*James Buckham*.



BE sure, if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily, you will not be left without help when some mightier occasion arises.—*Jean Nicolas Grou*.

THE METAPHYSICS OF CHARACTER.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

"Character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable."—*Goethe*.

Character is the result of an unceasing application of our moral convictions to the movements of our mind. The evolution of character is the conscious assimilation and organization of the silent forces of the soul, and the application of the result to the vicissitudes of daily life. Being the archive of the history of the mind, character constitutes a record of every effort for growth. The genesis of character is the genesis of individuality. Character begins with the first feeling of "I," or ego-hood, in the entities of universal evolution. Deeper than opinion, creed, caste, color, knowledge, or any other attainment, character lies at the root of all manifested existence—at once its basis and crowning perfection.

Character, however, is not limited to the kingdom of man. Even the lower kingdoms are swayed by character. The very rock reveals the presence of this mighty force. That which causes one mineral to differ from another is character: character as *regulated*, not, as in man, a *regulating* force. Similarly with all the lower kingdoms of Nature, their modes of life and consciousness point to the presence of an intelligent power, trying to manifest itself through the conformations on those planes. Thus, from this point of view, character expresses the degree of available force attained by the entity through the modification of its form of life to the modes and methods of subsistence. But the character of man is of higher stamp. Through the superior refinement of organic structure, man is rendered more receptive to the impulses of life and growth, opening his mind to the rise of self-consciousness, and all the

complexity of mental and moral development consequent on the action of this new force. Awakening to a consciousness of his powers, man takes the molding of character in his own hands, either to further or to retard it.

The difference in character between man and the kingdoms below him is to be measured in degree only, not in essence. In unbroken ascent the evolution of character proceeds upward, reaching ever higher altitudes of consciousness. All along the course of this endless chain of evolution, the advance of life is always regulated by the process of individual receptivity. Whether in the rock or in the human being the foundation and growth of character are ever to be found in the degree of receptivity evinced by an entity to the force-currents of the plane on which it lives. By virtue of his keener receptivity, man attracts higher forces of life and consciousness to his mind. The merely vegetative existence, as found in the lower kingdoms, is through man raised to the plane of moral order; and the lever of motive, not yet present in the consciousness of the plant and animal, finds in the *self*-consciousness of man a fulcrum and field of operation.

The mind, from mirroring only objective (sensuously perceptive) things, is in man beginning to catch glimpses of subjective (supersensuous) things. This duality of perceptive power endows consciousness with a new perspective, enabling the ego to observe its mental operations from two opposite points of view—the self facing the self, or *self*-consciousness. Subjected to this complexity of mental action, the tenor of character is heightened and its upward growth intensified.

Even at this advanced stage of evolution, receptivity continues to be the gauging factor in the upbuilding of character. Man becomes that to which he is receptive. Like attracts like; and as the universe is the playground for psychic forces—moral and immoral, good and evil—it follows that the nature and bent of man's receptivity determine whether good or bad forces shall enter his mind. Love of the good and

pure will render the mind porous to these forces—will absorb, assimilate, and become one with them; while the opposite attitude—the love of evil—will open the mind to the numberless shades and degrees of forces that are destructive to moral existence. Hence the fatal necessity for the evil man constantly to increase in evil.

The play of these forces on the mind and the reaction of the latter on the daily events of life weave the fabric of character. No event is so insignificant that it may not add to or detract from the value of character. Every resolve, every motive—good or bad—forms a brick in this supreme edifice of life. Now and then the bricks are tested. The storms and cyclones of human passions, temptations, and allurements are the testers. If we build our character with “bricks of straw” the result will be ominous, and wreck and ruin testify to our mistake.

The universe surrounds us with good and elevating forces, and all we need to do for their possession is to receive them. But before we can *receive* we must *give*. Giving and receiving constitute the formula of universal growth. The strength conferred on the organism through healthy gymnastics has its ground in this principle of exchange rendered active in the system—accelerating the processes of discharge and absorption of muscular tissue. Giving opens the nature for receiving: the inlet presupposes the outlet. As the spiritual waves ebb and flow through the mind, brushing aside the false conceptions of life and destiny inherited from the past, deposits of self-conscious experience are stored up in the mind, furnishing materials for the rearing and upbuilding of character.

To give freely and to receive freely increase the growth and strength of character, make us large-minded and magnanimous, and give us a larger view of life. We gradually become inaccessible to fear and disappointment, regarding every event, good or ill, as a scene in the drama of life enacted for our instruction and benefit.

Nothing can assail character. Reputation and fame may suffer, but character is invulnerable. Being the center of our moral and spiritual gravity, character exerts a holding power on the ever-varying expressions of life. Like Atlas of old, with the earth on his rocky shoulders, character is the veritable "rock of ages," upholding the soul on its journey toward destiny. For this Titan structure to be impaired, man must do it himself. None but ourselves can hurt our character. With Stoic calmness we may watch the hosts of calumny, hatred, and falsehood hurl their dark forces against our character: unless we wilfully surrender, they shall spend their fury in vain. The man that suffers a loss to his character has himself to blame. He is his own traitor, being himself the guide for the hostile forces.

Yet the awful spectacle of characters in ruin meets us in every walk of life. But man is himself the vandal of his temple, and his destructive methods are as numerous as his vices. Carelessly indulging in impure thought; wistfully looking at sensually-suggestive scenes and objects; the harboring in the mind of a notion or desire to *possess*, without the justifying basis of legal and moral *right*; an unchecked thought of hatred; a desire for revenge, etc.—these are so many enemies in his own household, gathering strength and momentum while awaiting an opportunity to strike. Sooner or later it will come. A temptation of some kind, enveloped by conditions of special seductiveness, will be placed before the individual. The moment is ominous, and the soul to gain victory requires a guard of unimpaired moral forces—which is not at hand. The tempter makes his charge and the man may suddenly find himself disarmed and powerless—a pitiable victim for assassins fostered within his own bosom.

The yielding in thought is the first step, the yielding in action is the second, and the breaking down of character is the inevitable third. In metaphysics as in politics, the rule holds good: in peace prepare for war. The closest watch must

be kept over the almost unnoticeable work of the subtle foes that, under the most seductive disguises, have succeeded in gaining admission to our inner sanctuary. Some day they shall concentrate their efforts and hurl their collective force on some weak point of our mind, perhaps to cause the overthrow of our moral nature.

This would make a despondent picture, to most men, were it not that a far deeper and stronger energy inheres in moral than in immoral action. Small and apparently insignificant deeds of mercy, tolerance, and patience; a penny given in the right time and in the right spirit; a word of sympathy and brotherliness; a moment's forgetting of self for a fellow-man—these mean the engendering of potencies that may have the most far-reaching results. In a moment of severe trial, when the soul is fighting one of its decisive battles and the victory trembles in the balance, the moral strength acquired through those "small kindnesses" will crown it an immortal conqueror.

To suffer defeat in a struggle with temptation means a loss to the strength of character equivalent to the strength of the temptation itself. On the other hand, a victory adds a corresponding amount of energy to the character. When *Siegfried*, in the "Nibelungenlied," after a most severe battle defeats and kills the Dragon, he inherits its tremendous strength. So with temptations: if conquered, they turn into powerful allies in the strengthening and fortification of character.

Thus every incident in life, good or bad, can be rendered subservient to the growth of character. But character, to become a controlling factor in evolution, requires a force to hold together the various elements of which it is built. This cohesive force is the *will*. Will is the mover of the mind. If through *feeling* we discover elements for growth, and through thought analyze their properties in order to arrive at the judgment of their worth, then it is through *will* we melt them

into the mold of character, transfusing into the whole a quality of forcefulness and power. A great character must necessarily possess a great will, since it is through the unceasing application of the latter to our highest power of judgment that character ensues.

Thus behind every great character stands a great will, and the man possessing this powerful armament will necessarily make himself felt by his surroundings. Not necessarily in words, nor even in deeds, but in *being*. "Not what I *do*, but what I *am*, is my kingdom." Men may undertake much in their life, talk much and grandly, write books and erect mighty monuments to themselves in works of art and industry, and withal possess a worthless character. Example is good, no doubt, and a great teacher, but unless substantiated by a good character it leaves no lasting impression on the minds of the people. Partially unconscious to itself, the world demasks its spurious prophets and teachers, discovers their hollowness and lack of moral force, and, though perhaps admiring their eloquence and art, feels no inspirations from their work or words. If a man shall be of real service to his fellow-men, he must touch not only their senses and emotions but their hearts and souls as well.

A great character may be, like Moltke, a "grosser Zweiger," and of a retiring mood. He may, like Socrates, be persecuted and killed, or, like Christ, be crucified on the cross of infamy; yet he is never unnoticed. "His body is a Philemon-roof, covering the dwelling of a Jove."

When, a couple of years ago, an American clergyman paid a visit to Count Tolstoi, he learned something about that illustrious Russian not revealed in his writings. Waiting for the Count to return from the field, the clergyman after a while saw a man approach the house dressed in heavy boots and altogether in the attire of a farmer. No sooner, however, had the Count—for it was he—entered the room than the clergyman realized that he stood in the presence of one of earth's

mighty ones. A sense of loftiness, purity, and true majesty streamed out from every atom of his being. The farmer had disappeared and a monarch stepped into his place—a monarch in the sphere of mind; a ruler of the hearts and souls of men. What an illustration of the force and majesty of character—simple and artless as the innocence of childhood, yet invincible as fate and destiny—bringing to bear on its surroundings an influence at once ennobling, overpowering, and strengthening!

Resignation (self-denial) is an indispensable factor in the rounding out of true character. A strong character commands our admiration; a noble character commands our love; but the character combining both strength and nobility presents the flower, or rather the fruit, of mental and moral evolution. To reach this ideal the soul must strike out for higher levels of life. So long as we follow the promptings of animal instincts and sensual desires, our supply of material for the up-building of character will be wanting in quality. The great character requires finer material—material only to be found on life's highest altitudes: in the sphere of duty, virtue, and altruism. The ascent of life from lower to higher levels demand the opening of new channels of receptiveness and the closing of old. The whole sensorium of mind must be raised to a higher plane and connected with a new set of dynamics. This process entails more or less suffering; for to close the old sense channels means to deny the soul the delights and gratifications only obtainable through these channels: hence, sacrifice and resignation.

The "waters of life" cannot be stopped from moving onward—only their channels can be changed. Following the lines of least resistance, the life current flows in channels offering the easiest thoroughfare. So long as an individual lives on the sensual plane and turns his entire force of consciousness on selfish personal interests, his life current will never reach higher channels, and the character will remain sluggish, loose, untrustworthy—easily swayed and led astray.

The attainment of a strong and noble character necessitates the adoption of a system of living subjecting the individual to the rule of rigorous scrutiny, unhampered by sentimentality and false self-esteem. Self-analysis is of greatest necessity. The rehearsal before retiring at night of the events of the day, followed by the approval of the good and denouncing of the bad, is a very helpful method.

"Let sleep not come upon thy languid eyes
Before each daily action thou hast scanned—
What's done amiss, what done, what left undone;
From first to last, examine all and then
Blame what is wrong, in what is right rejoice."

Steadfastness of purpose adds another force to the character. Having made a promise, nothing should ever prevent one from keeping it. The breaking of a promise is a revolt against the whole course of moral order, reversing the dynamic action of character-building forces. Further, in the routine of our daily work we should never lose sight of the distinction between *end* and *means*, but regard eating, dressing, working, sleeping, etc., as means for the attainment of ideal ends. Eating for eating's sake and "art for art's sake" lead the individual to moral ruin, speedily engulfing him in the whirlpool of selfishness and personal indulgence. Only the act done with a view to universal ends can survive annihilation. Then beware of falsehood. Falsehood introduces mental and moral chaos in the mind. Passing through the human nature, the life current reveals itself in three successive stages of consciousness: thought, word, and deed. Entering the mind at first as thought, the current proceeds on its course onward to carry the thought-image into its appropriate expression, the word, but finds the course obstructed. Through the falsehood a word has been introduced in the thought channel that is foreign to the orderly unfoldment of the thought-process. The life current is thrown off its right course, followed by friction and inharmony in the mind. The result is

disastrous; to the character has been added an element of bewilderment and non-discernment, affecting the judgment of the individual by presenting things and events under the baneful influence of a distorted perspective. The false man will suffer to see the whole world arranged in, to him, false proportions.

Through calmness and resignation a force of highest order is added to the character. "*Ataraxia*," the unconditional surrender of the personal view of life to the universal, was the formula with which the Stoic dissolved the fears and dangers of life and death. Calmness is the suspension of emotional-sentimental activities, and the subsequent turning of the mind toward higher sources of intelligence; for the mind is a mirror, and may obtain within its range of reflection a picture of the whole mental and moral Universe. But calmness is the indispensable condition. Any commotion or ruffle of the surface of the mind blurs the world-picture by giving thoughts and ideas disproportionate significance. The more calm and imperturbable the mind, the clearer the vision, the deeper the knowledge, and more accurate the power of judgment—the strength and majesty of character being the final issue.

Fear and anger, the opposite of calmness, cause through the repeated perturbations of the mind a gradual undermining and dissolution of character. The repeated changes of the mind, from an attitude of withering and shriveling fear to mental combustions of anger, rend the mind-fabric to shreds and tatters; and, as it is from the mind that the character receives its constructive material, the result of such disturbances must be fatal to human destiny. Fear and anger are two aspects of the same thing: cowardice. The truly brave and morally strong man neither angers nor fears. His feeling of being mentally unconquerable, save through self-capitulation, gives rise to that poise of sublime magnanimity which is equally inaccessible to fear and anger.

Notwithstanding all its purity, integrity, and force, a char-

acter would be but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal were it not for *love*. "Through Will and through Love the Universe is conquerable." Love gives to character its universal usefulness. If *Will* constitutes the cohesive force of character—its holding, constructive factor—Love is its guiding, directing principle, turning its precious energy into altruistic efforts. Will is the mover, and Love the leader. Love is Life's preceptor. To become an artist you must love art; to become a philosopher you must love philosophy; to become a true man you must love humanity.

Thus, under the guidance of Love, the upbuilding of character is widened from the individual sphere to that of the universal. Touched by the spirit of love, all human endeavors become identical. From directing his attention to his own growth, man, under the promptings of love, turns his attention to the growth of humanity, shifting his center of gravity from the temporal to the eternal. In the variety of appearance he discerns the unity of essence, and in the surging sea of men the spirit of humanity is rising before him. Realizing himself as a visible part of an invisible Whole, he begins to regard his character as a focus for Divine light. The focus is temporary—the light eternal; and, when the rays that form the focus have fulfilled their mission by piercing and dissolving the shades of ignorance and mental night, they merge into that larger focus—the Light-source itself. Individual character, through love, merges into universal character—yet not to be dissolved and lost, but to be intensified and redoubled by the boundless wisdom and power available to each part through the identity and oneness in which it stands to the Whole. The focusing in each soul of the qualities, feelings, and powers of all other souls is the principle underlying the metaphysics of character.

By all that we morally admire, we are practically bound. To discern an excellence is to receive a trust.—*James Martineau*.

OUR THOUGHT-WORLD.

BY J. H. BROWN.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on," said *Prospero*, in "The Tempest," "and our little life is rounded with a sleep." If he had said, "is rounded with a wondrous waking," he might have come nearer to perfect expression of the New Thought view. To each his dream-world, his sense-world, his thought-world. "What business you have in this my particular dream I cannot understand," said the Duchess of Towers to Peter Ibbetson. Du Maurier's fairy-tale is a charming allegory. When we love we come into one another's life-dreams. Two lovers may be said with almost literal accuracy to be in the same thought-world. Love, the enchanter, has caused their horizons to overlap: their atmospheres intermingle.

There are other enchanters, however, than the god of love, of whom we do not hear so much. Yet such subtle and potent wizards are they as to weave spells more wondrous and more lasting than the spells of Eastern genii. These wonder-workers are the senses. These magicians of eye and ear and touch and taste and smell are the builders of worlds. He that is the fortunate possessor of these five slaves of the lamp is happy, or should be happy. It has been supposed that the senses were mere mirrors and echoes, as it were, of "phenomena." It is now known that what we call the world is "a mirror in which is reflected the soul."

But, it will be objected, what precisely is meant by a "thought-world?" "I understand," some one observes, "what is meant when the world is spoken of. It is in a sense doubtless a thought-world, because it is the subject of thought; but that is evidently not the meaning here intended to be conveyed." And pray, I ask, what do *you* mean when you speak of "the

world?" Simply what every one else means, is the rejoinder; —the earth, mankind, trees, animals, the sky, the stars, the sun and moon, mountains, winds, waters. These, I reply, are the general furnishings of the thought-world of each of us, because the minds of men in their main features are the same. But the error consists in supposing it to be the same world that is looked upon by all. For each individual there is in fact a different world, as each builds his own according to the power and quality of his thought.

It will perhaps be admitted that physical Nature may be a different manifestation to the man of high spiritual and mental attainment and to the man whose nature is low and brutal. The spiritual nature in the one being fine, the sense-consciousness is doubtless finer than in the other. The physical world of an ethereally imaginative poet like Shelley is a different world from that of the simple rustic whose vision is bounded by his fields. The eye with which an artist gazes on a landscape is a vastly different organ from that which a farmer turns upon it from a survey of his crops. The two men are actually living for the moment in different worlds, though occupied with the same visible foreground. It is the same throughout their lives. The landscape painter and the coal miner move in different worlds. The painter's eye is caught by fields and skies; the miner's is dominated by the dark necessities and accessories of his shaft. The fisherman lives in a world of firmament and sea, a familiar stretch of shore, and a more familiar cabin. The botanist's world is a world mainly of growing plants and "specimens." The banker's is a world of ledgers and financial and commercial calculations. How different the worlds of the priest and the politician, the astronomer and the plowman! Whilst those of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" were long ago declared to be "of imagination all compact."

In order to show with perfect clearness that each man's world is a thing of sense-creation, and not something external

to his thought, we must come back to our five magicians—the potent genii of sense-consciousness. And here let me ask a question: Is the color in the sunset, or is it in you? Is the sound in the violin? Is the heat in the fire? Is the perfume in the rose? Is the taste in the orange? In other words, are color, music, warmth, perfume, and sweetness, together with their supposed material bases of sunset, violin, fire, rose, and orange, external to the perceiving spirit, or have they existence only in his consciousness—in his thought-world? This is really a question of infinite importance. Upon the answer to it hang religious systems. Upon the answer to it may be said with perfect seriousness to hang the happiness of man. Upon the answer to it hangs the age-long riddle as to whether the universe is matter or spirit; as to whether it is guided by Divine intelligence or is the sport of chance, modified within limited radii by those secondary deities—the “physical laws” of the savant.

Search the physical organism through and through, and no record will be found of states of consciousness. Sensations, as such, are not registered in the body. They do not appear in the brain nor in any other portion of the physical matter. The image of an object, as physiologists know, is not perceived by the eye. The actual perception is supposed to occur in the brain, as a result of vibration on the visual organ. But the brain bears no trace either of images or of ideas. If you were to fasten your regard for a day on the Apollo Belvidere or the Madonna di San Sisto, no trace could be found in your cerebral matter of the divine perfection of form of the one or the serene loveliness and beauty of the other. But these are distinct forms; they are living colors. You seem to possess them in consciousness. They must exist somewhere. They exist indeed in your spirit—the builder, with the aid of your impalpable senses, of your thought-world.

If the world revealed by eye and ear and touch and taste and smell is not represented in any portion of the physical

organism, but is admitted to exist, subjectively at least, in that ethereal something called the mind, is it not equally true that the objective universe and its counterpart in the mind are the same—are spiritual, not material? We have seen that sense-consciousness, as such, has no intelligible material basis or correspondence in the body. Is it possible that the substantive realities of the objective universe, including the body, are equally immaterial thought-forms, their substance being spirit-substance and nothing else? That such is the fact there can be no longer any doubt.

On the structure of the senses depends the structure of the extra-organic universe. Let the cornea be shaped a little differently and the visible universe will be transformed. On the number of the senses and their keenness our vision of the universe depends. There are doubtless beings to whose sense of touch our solid earth would crumble like a lump of sand, and others whose passage through its opaque solidity would be as free as is ours through the yielding atmosphere. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that the fluid spaces of our atmosphere may afford tracts of intense solidity or seas of buoyant power to more ethereal spirits. Objects receive their substantiality mainly from the sense of touch. It is not so hard to realize that the manifestations of the other senses are immaterial, without any so-called material substratum. If one were endowed with sight, without the other senses, he would dwell in an ever-moving picture-gallery. Separate your touch-consciousness from your sight-consciousness for a moment, and this fact will become clear. The objects of vision, as Berkeley long ago demonstrated, furnish a written language, a grammar for the other senses. These pictured forms announce to us what may be felt or heard or tasted or smelt in passing among them. So with the rest. Endowed with touch, and deprived of the other senses, we should dwell in a world of blind feeling. If one were all ear he would be all sound. And, as with sight, each of the

senses, to one who has ever possessed them, is a grammar of signs for all the others.

Is it not clear that the objective universe is a sense-creation—a thought-world? Must we not admit that what we see and hear, together with the manifestations of the other senses, are vibrations of the spirit—are thoughts, as truly as the same sensations afterward recalled in memory are thoughts? We *now* are spirits. Our world is a spirit-world. Spirit-substance, or thought-substance, is the only substance. It is what we do, voluntarily or involuntarily as active spirits, and not something done to us by inert “matter,” that creates objectivity. As when we are burnt we perceive clearly that the *pain* is in us and not in the fire, just so clear is it that the *heat* is in us and not at all in the fire, except so far as the fire is also in us. Sensations are in ourselves, not in an abstract, uncomprehended, uncomprehending something back of them called “matter.” If you hold your hands, for a time, one in a vessel of cold water and the other in a vessel of hot water, and then place them both in a vessel of tepid water, the same water to one hand will seem cool and to the other warm—thus proving that these differing conditions are not at all in the water but in the percipient spirit.

But hear the greatest philosophic genius of his day, the illuminated spiritual apostle to the materialists of the eighteenth century, on this subject. Says Berkeley:

“The ideas imprinted on the senses by the Author of Nature are called *real things*; and those excited in the imagination, being less regular, vivid, and constant, are more properly termed *ideas*, or *images of things*, which they copy and represent. But then our sensations, be they never so vivid and distinct, are nevertheless ideas; that is, they exist in the mind, or are perceived by it as truly as the ideas of its own framing. The ideas of sense are allowed to have more reality in them—that is, to be more strong, orderly, and coherent than the creatures of the mind; but this is no argument that they exist without the mind. They are also less dependent on the spirit, or thinking substance, which perceives them, in that they are excited by the will of another and more powerful spirit; yet still they are *ideas*, and certainly no idea, whether faint or strong, can exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving it. . . .

"I do not argue against the existence of any one thing that we can apprehend either by sense or reflection. That the things I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least question. The only thing whose existence we deny is that which philosophers call *matter*, or corporeal substance. And in the doing of this there is no damage done to the rest of mankind, who, I dare say, will never miss it."

A man blind from birth who should be given sight would not suspect that the spectacle revealed to him was in any way external to himself. It would not occur to him that it might be without, as well as within, his consciousness. He would not even realize that the world was separate from his physical organism, as this would seem but a part of the general spectacle. He would be conscious only of appearances. And only by gradual experience in touch and locomotion would he come into an understanding of space, of distance, of extension, of the tactual (as related to and distinguished from the visual) properties of objects.

Causal power resides in us, though originating in God. And, after all, is the problem so difficult? May it not be thus stated and resolved by each of us?—

God is omnipotent. God is all. God is my spirit. His Spirit forms all the *substance* of my consciousness. Where is the need of "matter"—where the room for it? God exists. The innumerable hosts of his spirits, reaching above and below the human plane, exist. His ever-changing manifestations, or thoughts, appear in them. It is true there is a seeming duality suggested by the image of the thinker and his thoughts; but this is no real duality—plurality, rather—or God would not be one, but many. The thoughts of a thinker are stuff of his spirit, and he can form a conception even of himself only in his thoughts. He ever dies to live.

The importance of a clear understanding of this whole matter can scarcely be exaggerated. An authoritative exponent of the New Thought, while expressing opposition to the duality implied in the terms "matter" and "spirit," would yet appear to insist on this duality both expressly and by

implication. "Extreme idealists," he says, "on the one hand, and short-sighted materialists on the other, theoretically annihilate the entire universe and themselves by denying the existence of either mind or matter. . . . The two have evolved together."

Now, denial of the existence of matter by metaphysical idealists is not a denial of objectivity, as is here implied, but a denial of the existence of matter *qua* matter. That the universe exists is surely denied by none; but that it exists as a *mental content*, not a "material" externality, is, as I understand it, the affirmation of the idealist. And have the two "evolved together"? *Are* there two? As already shown, I think there is but one, and that one the Divine Mind in man, manifesting itself subjectively and objectively in all his consciousness.

Again, such expressions as "an unyielding outer world" and "to confuse the two sides of being is to surrender all intelligibility," used by the same writer and thinker, are surely misleading and a source of embarrassment to the student. Our physical bodies, as we know, form part of this "unyielding" outer world; and is it not the very central truth of Mental Science that the body in all its atoms is plastic to the power of mind? If matter, then, be a manifestation of mind, is not the outer world, equally with the physical body, subject to mental modification and transformation? The objective universe is not a manifestation of the Divine Mind *external to* and *apart from* the human mind: it is a manifestation of the Divine Mind *through* the human mind. And in the perfect clarity of this conception alone do we truly realize our oneness with God.

The constant lapse into the confusion of seeming duality is apparently due to the failure to realize continuously that the extra-organic is not the external. The extra-organic, or that which is exterior to the body, we know: anything exterior to ourselves we know not; for the universe is our mental con-

tent. The fact that the main portion of the phenomena of objectivity are involuntary also tends to foster the illusion that they are without the mind. But we have only to observe the subjective action of the mind to realize that a large portion of it is also involuntary. The physiologic activities of the body, too, are involuntary, and for the most part without conscious control. The fact that objective phenomena are involuntary and uncontrolled affords, therefore, no proof whatever that they have any existence outside the mind.

We need have no apprehension, then, that the fate forecast for us by *Prospero*, in the beautiful passage with which this article opens, can ever befall. A more glorious destiny is ours. Confidently may we say instead: We are such stuff as *worlds* are made of; and the power to unfold them shall ever be ours, in ever-increasing measure.



TO GET good is animal; to do good is human; to be good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves.—*James Martineau*.



WHEN the Christian churches shall have removed from their confessions the doctrine of endless punishment and cleaned their creeds from this dark stain, they may then with enlarged moral power insist upon the actual and inevitable consequences of wrong-doing.—*Rev. J. E. Roberts*.



WHAT we are all doing, as we stand in our lot, steady to our manliness or womanliness in our black days, is to tell, in its measure, on the life and faith of every good man coming after us, though our name may be forgotten.—*Robert Collyer*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

THE International Metaphysical League held its Second Annual Convention in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York, October 23d to 26th, inclusive, with afternoon and evening sessions and a morning session devoted to business and the election of officers. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: The Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York, President; Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz, Chicago, Vice-President; Warren A. Rodman, Boston, Secretary; Charles Brodie Patterson, New York, Treasurer; Mrs. Fanny M. Harley, Chicago, Assistant Secretary. It was voted to hold the next Annual Convention in Chicago. Mr. C. C. Post and Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld were elected to fill vacancies in the Executive Board.

When we consider the fact that the Convention was held at the close of a heated Presidential campaign, and that during one of the evening sessions, owing to a political rally, it was difficult for people to reach the Hall, the Convention must be voted a great success. That New Thought people are fully alive to the importance of these Conventions was clearly demonstrated by the numbers of people who came from nearly every section of our country.

In our limited space it would not be possible to mention the splendid addresses given by the different speakers at the Convention. Our readers will have an opportunity a little later to procure them in book form, as they will be issued with the annual report, which is sent to all members of the League and which others may purchase at a nominal price. Dr. Heber Newton, in his address

on "The Psychic Power of Jesus," demonstrated in a clear and masterful way that the same powers used by Jesus were being used at the present time for the benefit of humanity; that, as greater knowledge of the divine law of life comes to man, yet greater things shall he do. Professor George D. Herron spoke on "The True Nature of Power," and in his address showed conclusively that Love is the supreme power of the Universe. One must hear Professor Herron to appreciate his clear, logical, and forceful way of presenting his subject. Another address greatly admired was delivered by Mr. John Brooks Leavitt, who outlined the inconsistent attitude of the Church in denying away the very attributes Jesus claimed for his disciples and followers—that the works he did they should do also: showing that these works were not confined to any particular time or place, and that the true followers of the Master were known by their works. That Mr. Leavitt had the full sympathy of the audience was evidenced by the frequent and hearty applause. One of the most beautiful and inspiring addresses was given by Mr. John Jay Chapman, on "The Non-Resistance of Evil." In the simplest and most direct way Mr. Chapman pointed out the fact that the sayings of Jesus were always terse and went right to the heart of things; that only as one put them to the test would one find their real truth and value. He showed that the resistance of evil only tended to magnify it—that the real law of life was to overcome it through good.

The Thursday afternoon session was devoted to music and readings, and was most enjoyable. The artists who contributed to this entertainment must feel repaid for their efforts by the hearty appreciation of those present.

We cannot say too much in praise of the assistance rendered by the ladies, who, under the efficient leadership of Miss Adalin M. Gleason, decorated the Hall and received the guests of the

League. The beautiful banner, with the motto of the organization, "God, Freedom, and Immortality," which hung over the platform, was the work of Carrie E. Tiffany, M.D. The flowers and magnificent palms that were used in the decoration of the stage were furnished by the ladies of New York.

The election of Dr. R. Heber Newton proves conclusively the non-sectarian spirit of the organization; also, that there is neither enmity nor hostility toward church institutions, nor any desire on the part of the League to found a new church, and that the one and supreme interest of the League is summed up in the purposes:

"(1) To establish unity and coöperation of thought and action among all individuals and organizations throughout the world devoted to the study of the science of mind and being, and to bring them, so far as possible, under one name and organization.

"(2) To promote interest in and the practise of a true spiritual philosophy of life; to develop the highest self-culture through right thinking as a means of bringing one's loftiest ideals into present realization; to stimulate faith in and study of the higher nature of man in its relation to health, happiness, and progress.

"(3) To teach the universal Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and the all-inclusive brotherhood of man;

"(4) That One Life is immanent in the universe and is both center and circumference of all things, visible and invisible, and that One Intelligence is in all, through all, and above all, and that from this Infinite Life and Intelligence proceed all Light, Love, and Truth.

"(5) These simple statements are, in their nature, tentative, and imply no limitations or boundaries to future progress and growth, as larger measures of light and truth shall be realized."

Christians as well as non-Christians should be able to find points of agreement in the above declaration and reach a better

understanding as to their true relations to one another, and thus become more mutually helpful.

The election of Mrs. Annie Rix Miltz is a deserved tribute to one who has been and is doing one of the grandest works in the New Thought Movement—the founding of Homes of Truth where people that are sick in mind and body can go and have their needs ministered to. At some future time we hope to tell more of Mrs. Miltz's work.

Without doubt the next Convention will be in every way worthy of Chicago, the city that never does anything on a small scale. We look confidently forward to seeing not only the largest but the most enthusiastic gathering of New Thought people ever assembled in any city of our country. We feel that the work so successfully inaugurated will go on triumphantly spreading the gospel of peace and good-will among all men.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



BEAUTIFUL LEISURE.

(*Second Letter.*)

DEAR HEART: What is your sorrow? What is your trouble? What is the problem that is making all life seem dark to you—deep-shadowed and overburdened? For each soul has its problem—over all this great, round, beautiful world there is no heart that is wholly unburdened.

It was a great help to me when I learned that, even as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so, with each one of us, *our special problem revolves around our weakest spot*. Let me help you see just why to know this is a help.

Until we find the weakest link in a chain, and replace it by one that is of equal strength with all the other links, our chain is practically worthless. We dare not put it to any strenuous test. We can never tell how much it will bear. We can never tell

where or when it will snap. Thus the strength of every link that is stronger than the weakest is wasted, the surplus being just so much unused force. Even so, all the strength or power that is ours is of little use to us until we discover our temperamental weakness and intelligently go to work to build it up into strength. What we all need is, not strong links with weak links, nor great talents with corresponding lacks, but simple, beautiful, rounded-out characters.

All our lives we have heard this; always the stress of ethical teaching has lain upon the upbuilding of character. And this is well. But it seems to me that what needs to be emphasized in the new teaching is the bulwarking of temperamental weakness, because until we understand our temperament we do not know how and where to begin to build up our character. Besides, for one who is a failure in life on account of grave faults of character there are hundreds who fail through unsuspected and by no means always ignoble weaknesses of temperament. Indeed, oftentimes the world's failures are the most lovable people in the world.

A large proportion of the unhappiness in family life or in any close association that is enforced, not chosen, originates in temperamental non-adjustment; for it is frequently the case that upright, well-meaning people find it difficult to lead useful, happy, peaceful lives together when there is great incompatibility of temperament. Our sweetest companionship is with friends who like what we like, who feel what we feel, and who understand us with a deep inner sympathy that *knows*.

Hitherto comparatively little attention has been paid to this question of temperamental weaknesses; and it is pitiful to see how many people, conscientiously striving to live up to the highest they know, are baffled and often overthrown by weaknesses that they themselves do not discern.

There are three factors to be reckoned with: heredity, environment, individuality; of the three, individuality, of course, ranking supreme. Our temperament comes to us by heredity. The exact proportion in which our various inherited qualities make up our self, the individual, is, so to speak, an unforeseen result of all the chemical combinations of our progenitors and ancestors. Every babe born into the world is the inevitable effect of such

combinations and recombinations; yet, at the same time, every babe is a wholly unpredictable result—a new creation, an individual, a self.

Our temperament is born in us. It is so much a part of our self, it *seems* to be so truly our self, that we seldom understand it. Who among us knows himself? Not one man in ten thousand knows his own weakest link. But here we have the key: *our special problem revolves around our special weakness*. What, then, is our problem? What is mine? What is yours? Let us seek it thoughtfully, and when found let us face honestly and unflinchingly the special weakness it reveals.

Where is the man or woman who, in secret soul, is not conscious of innate capacity to be and to do better and higher and nobler than he or she has ever done or been? Why is it we all thrill at a deed of heroism or sublime self-sacrifice? Why, indeed, unless it be that in secret soul we know every such deed expresses our self in our best and highest? Is not this the secret of the race instinct of hero-worship?

Whether or not we know it of ourselves, we are all of us afire with spiritual aspiration, hidden deep though it may be under the rubbish of material desires. All of us are dimly conscious of possessing mental endowments and talents that but for some lack, the fatal lack we cannot place, might carry us to the heights of noble achievement. Ever up-reaching, almost yet never quite touching the divine fire—thus it is that, heroes and gods though we know ourselves to be, nevertheless, each in our own sphere, we are failures, more or less.

Somèthing has always held us back. Something has always made the far star of our ideal unattainable. What can this something be? Searching deeply and patiently within ourselves, invariably we shall find it to be some wholly unsuspected temperamental weakness. It may be a tendency to hurry and the twin that goes with it, worry. It may be a tendency to indolence, or to a restless, bustling, ineffective sort of activity. It may be a tendency to forgetfulness, to contradictoriness, to looking on the dark side, to want of consideration for the rights and feelings of others, to carelessness, to heedlessness; or to blunt, blind not-seeing, which is the direct antithesis of delicate

insight. It may be a tendency to self-indulgence in little and apparently harmless ways, a tendency to needless saving, or a tendency to *unwise* spending; it may be a tendency to fault-finding or to imputing *unworthy* motives; it may be any one or all of a hundred things.

I repeat that our temperament is born in us. As I understand the words, *temperament* is the constitutional tendency toward a certain disposition of mind, while *character* is the result of mental habits formed either consciously or unconsciously. A character formed unconsciously will be formed in direct line with temperamental tendencies modified by environment; but a character that is built up consciously by steadfast exercise of the will, by continued effort, will overcome temperamental weaknesses and undesirable environmental influences. To overcome temperamental weaknesses is a difficult thing to do, but it can be done. It is a task that requires an educated will—a personal will absolutely in harmony with the Divine Will.

To find our temperamental weakness and to overcome it is to emerge triumphantly from our trouble, our perplexity, our special problem that is making all existence dark to us, while all the time our hearts are aching with longing for the sunlight of love and joy and peace.

“What all the world’s a-seeking” is health, prosperity, and happiness. Sometimes I think harmony, plenty, power, prosperity, and happiness are all included in the one word *health*; for health means far more than freedom from bodily aches and pains. Health of soul manifests in health of body, while perfect health of soul and body must manifest in harmony of environment and in happiness.

We have a right to be happy. We are right to seek happiness. We have a right to *get* happiness, as we certainly *shall* get it if we seek it where it is to be found. After all, we do not “get” happiness, but attain it. Happiness is not a getting nor a having; “for a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.” Happiness is a state of consciousness—the consciousness of eternal life. It is attained by coming into touch with our *true nature*, our individuality, our eternal ego, the spiritual Self. True happiness is blessedness.

Now, in our Beautiful Leisure, let us talk over together the problems and puzzles that beset us and see if, together, we may not be able to solve them by discovering, each one for himself, our weakest link. Let us not be discouraged if we find that we have many weak links, and that they are very weak. For we know that every such weakness discovered, then grappled with and overcome, lies slain behind us. In our grand upward climb we are done with it forever.

It is interesting to see how alike we all are, and how everybody's problem revolves around one of two or three weak links. Your weak link is very much like my own. Mine is surprisingly like my neighbor's. Ah, then, dear Heart—yes, dear hearts all over the world—why should we find fault with one another? Why should we disparage? Why should we censure or condemn? We are all one: one in our weaknesses, one in our sorrows, one in our struggle, one in our glorious destiny, one in our *true nature*, one in spirit, one in the one and only Self. As ever, faithfully, I am,
YOUR LADY OF BEAUTIFUL LEISURE.



UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Music unwritten, mellifluous notes,
Grander than any that mortals e'er heard;
Solos upsoaring from celestial throats—
Songs to outrival a nightingale bird.

Music, low thrilling through lowliest lives;
Music unnoted and hidden away;
Down, down in pure hearts where beauty e'er thrives—
Sweetly as blossoms in zephyrs of May.

Music that only the angels, who love us,
Gazing adown in our souls, may there see;
Felt, yet unheard, by bright beings above us—
Echoed in hearts tuned to pure harmony.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

“A regenerate motherhood is the one indispensable condition of a regenerate childhood.”

From the first moment the little one is put into your arms, dear mothers, all the mother-nature springs to meet its need. But mother-wisdom must go with mother-love, and above all and beyond what the loving mother eyes see and hands feel must be the consciousness that the beautiful baby body enshrines a soul—that wonderful seed of Divinity which you have been given to nurture that it may bloom forth in the garden of humanity, a veritable flower of heaven, the offspring of its Father, God.

The gardener of earthly flowers does naught but make conditions right, seeing to soil, environment, temperature, etc., with the utmost care. And, lo! there one day bursts upon our delighted vision rare and beauteous blossoms, each different yet exquisitely perfect.

Why not consider the hidden germ, the soul of the child, as the seed, and put forth intelligent, consecrated care from the very first, that his soul qualities may blossom into expression—that he may stand before you and the world an individuality shining with the glory of the immortals?

As a seed the child needs warmth and light, and this goes from your heart to his as *love*. Love first and always is the sun that draws from his inner nature its wondrous beauty. With love, care (its developing power) is indispensable. The wise mother-gardener will see that even her own mental temperature, in the first baby days, is harmonious and soothing; that, as she shields the little one from harsh and sudden noises, she shields him from her own violent or sudden emotions, her anxieties or nervous fretfulness. And while he is yet in the dumb helplessness of infancy she is awakening his power of discerning between the sweet serenity of a well-kept mind and the turbulence of one that is governed only by impulse or accident. Herein lies his food for thought.

With the growth of intelligence the child needs an interpreter, and this becomes the next of the grand privileges of motherhood. The mother, with her tenderness, her sympathy, and her loving insight—with her patience and wisdom—stands as the connecting link between the inner and the outer world, the divine revealer of life's wondrous mysteries.

To make a child conscious of his own inherent powers is to give him the first key to himself. How to use and wisely guide and control these powers is the curriculum in the education of his childhood and youth.

* * *

"What shall I do with my little girl of four years old, who is bright as a sunbeam, most of the time, but has spells of almost uncontrollable screaming?"

Perhaps it is the result of prenatal influence. Undoubtedly it is a form of nervousness. Whatever the cause, go to the root of the matter, and not only make right conditions for her but teach her to make them for herself. Study her temperament care-

fully, and note things that irritate and things that please; also, mark the time when she is apt to have these spells. Probably she is a sensitive, delicately-organized child, easily wrought upon by outside influences. Keep her from all forms of violent or sudden excitement. See that she takes a nap *every* day at the same hour. If she is very intense in her interests and very active in her movements, a crust of bread, a "cracker," or a glass of milk ought to be given her between meals. Nervous, active children need food oftener than others; and they should be given their allowance *regularly*.

Put your child to bed early, and at the *same time* every night, no matter what happens. As my aunt used to say, when teaching me to knit stockings, "Knit into the middle of your needle, child, no matter what goes on!" "Even if the house is on fire?" I asked, determined to see how serious the matter was. "Yes, even if the house is afire," she said. And I knew the thing had to be done.

Be sure to have the last waking thoughts full of happiness. *This is very important.* Tell her a story or say a few words that convey one central thought to her mind, beautiful and striking—something she can grasp, remember, and apply to herself. For instance, tell her about the sun—how it is always on time, how it goes to bed and gets up at exactly the right minute, and this is why it can do so much for the world. Every person can be a sun in a certain way, but he must do everything on time, etc., etc. You can thus easily teach her the necessity of ceasing work or play at the right time, and soon she will be led into an intelligent understanding of how to manage herself when she is tired, and seek sleep before the nervous tension causes screaming. With her mind filled with happy thoughts she will easily fall asleep, and gain not only physical rest but a sweet influx of joy that will work miracles for her disposition as well as for her little body.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Sing a song of winter—bees are gone to sleep,
 Roses all are buried where the snow lies deep;
 Little children, dancing round the Christmas-tree,
 Laugh to see the snow where the roses used to be."

—*Edith Bland.*

GOOD-WILL and peace to men!

CHRISTMAS GOLD.

In the heart of the mountains the dwarfs were at work,
 Hammering and digging and melting.
 The earth they turned up was all yellow and bright,
 And it glittered again as it caught the light.
 What can it be—this metal so pure?
 It is gold they are working so hard to procure.

But one little dwarf was soon tired of work,
 And he crept to the mouth of the cavern.
 Nature's diamonds were sparkling all over the snow,
 And the brightness and warmth set the dwarf's heart aglow.
 "Oh, why should we work out of sight of the sun
 For man, who's ungrateful when all's said and done?"

But, hark! afar off an inspiring sound—
 The Christmas bells pealing and ringing.
 He sprang up at once—to the town quickly ran.
 Of course none could see the diminutive man.
 What a pity it is that these little dwarfs dear
 Can only be seen for one day in the year!

He found all the people were thronging to church,
 And he straightway decided to follow.

He listened spell-bound as the gospel was told
And the preacher proclaimed the sweet story of old.
"Why should to-day of all days in the year
Be the one we should try our poor brethren to cheer?"

"Did not God on this day send His dearly loved Son
To a nation ungrateful and sinning?
He spent all His life in our service, and then
He died by the hands of those murderous men.
Help me, my brethren, this Christmas to bear
The burdens our Saviour has asked us to share."

The service was done; he saw crowds of the poor
Outside were expectantly waiting,
And alms were distributed freely to all;
Provisions in plenty were served in the hall.
"I see, now, at least," said our dwarf, "there's some use
For the gold that is often a means of abuse."

And away to the mountains he scampered once more,
Since when he's a diligent worker;
And he sings to himself as he works underground:
"The use and the pleasure of work I have found;
And if only one heart I can ease from its pain,
I will never long after the sunshine again."

J. S.



THE LITTLE MOTHER-HEN.

One Thanksgiving, not long ago, some friends of mine who live out on Schooley's Mountain, in New Jersey, asked me to come and share their roast turkey and pumpkin pie; so I turned my back very willingly on the noisy city, and before many hours was curled up on the rug with three little people and the dear old collie, before the wide, old-fashioned fire-place in my friends' country home. To tell the truth, I went to see these little people

quite as much as I did to see their papa and mama; and they knew it, and claimed their full share of me without delay.

"An' to-morrow you'll come to the barn wif me an' see my new calf, won't you?" Max pleaded; while Ted, the baby, began to "Moo, moo," and bury his fat fingers in old Shep's hair, and roll about over the rug in delighted anticipation of being with us.

"And my kittens in the coal-bin in the cellar," added Jessie, the oldest of the three, "and my mother-hen in the straw-stack—"

"She made a nestful of eggs there," Max explained, "an' she's sittin' on 'em, an' she never gets tired."

"Most always—oh! *almost* always," Jessie went on to tell me, "hens make nests in spring and summer-time; but my mother-hen just loves little chicken babies, and she wanted some so much I guess she thought she couldn't wait till winter was gone. So she made a nice warm nest in the straw-stack, on the sunny side too—isn't it funny she could know which is the sunny side?—and now she's been sitting on her eleven eggs for *nineteen* days, and every day when I wake up I count it over and think off another day, and Mama says in about two more days the shells will begin to crack and the little chicken babies will come out."

"Did you know chicken babies came out of eggs?" Max asked me.

During the night it grew very cold, and when we opened our eyes in the morning it was on a world all wrapped in the soft white snow, with some stray flakes still drifting down out of the dull gray sky. But the children were used to that, and even Ted put on his high rubber boots and fur-collared coat and went with us to see the kittens and calf, and, last of all, the mother-hen on her nest. Poor thing! We found her almost buried in the snow—her beautiful red comb all black and frosted and her bright eyes dull and heavy with cold and suffering. She had never once left her nest through all the long bitter storm. The tears trembled on Jessie's lashes, and the boys looked on soberly while I brushed the snow from the glossy feathers and put my hand down into the nest to see if the eggs were chilled. But they were "warm as toast" in that snug straw home, and actually two little chicken babies were already out of their shells. Nothing did *they* know of the cold white world of snow outside, unless the mother had

whispered it to them if they tried to put their little yellow bills out from under her warm feathers.

Max offered to run back to the house for a covered basket and some old woolen cloths, and we put mother and babies and eggs and all into it and wrapped them up close and warm.

"So that the babies that are still asleep in their little egg-cradles won't know anything about the snow," Jessie said.

"'Cause if they knew how cold it was they might make up their minds not to come out at all," Max added, trudging along by my side.

When we reached the kitchen we bathed the mother-hen's comb and put some salve on it, and then made her a nice nest in a box down in the cellar not far from Jessie's kittens. They were the happiest little family you ever saw. The old hen clucked away to her two yellow babies and settled down on the other nine in the most contented fashion—only standing up every now and then to turn the eggs over and over, this way and that.

"She must be trying to get them right side up," Jessie explained.

"But isn't eggs the same all round?" Max asked, very much puzzled.

The next morning, when we paid a hurried visit to the cellar before I went back to my work in the city, six more bright eyes peeped out from under their mother's black wings at me, and all the other eggs had curious cracks and holes in them.

"And see—they are all on the upper side," Jessie said. "Maybe that's why the mother-hen turned them over—I guess she knows a good deal about her babies even before they come out of their funny shell cradles. And I s'pect she loves them almost as much as my mama loves us—don't you?"

"She loved 'em so much she losted her red comb for 'em—didn't she?" Max reflected. "They'd have freezed sure if she'd left 'em, even for a minute—wouldn't they?"

"But then that's just what God makes mothers for, I s'pose," Jessie said, thoughtfully. "He can't be everywhere all at once, maybe; so He sends us mothers to look after us for Him—don't you think so?"

It must have been the mother-hen's story that helped me with

my work for days to come, and lightened the dull hours for me in my city office. At all events, I seemed to find many more things to be thankful about than ever I had before that Thank-giving visit.

ESTHER HARLAN.



TWO LITTLE LADS IN WHITE.

In a little back room, in their trundle-beds,
Lie two little lads in white;
With their dimpled hands in the palms of Sleep,
They have followed the sheep that the shepherds keep
On the drowsy hills of Night.

There's a wind up the street, and snow on the roof—
My two little lads in white;
But the fields are green in sweet Slumber-town,
And the breeze as light as a love-breath blown
In the valleys of dreamful Night.

There's a beard of gray on the dying Year—
My two little lads in white;
And he moans and he groans as he drags his way;
But the hair is of gold, and the feet are at play,
In the fields where *you* roam to-night.

The sheep stay not, and their bells lead on—
My two little lads in white—
To the silver spires of old Bethlehem-town,
Where the opaline light of a Star comes down
From the sapphire sea of Night.

And voices call from those heights afar—
Dear two little lads in white—
As sweet as the croon in the heart of a shell;
And "Peace and good-will" is the message they tell
To the shepherds that watch through the Night.

The shepherds are gray like the dying year—
My two little lads in white—
And they go from the hills their feet have trod,
To bend o'er a Child from bosom of God,
Where it sleeps in the lap of the Night.

Sweeter than myrrh is the love-breath blown—
Dear two little lads in white—
By the Mother, pale, where the Child lies low;
And the wise and the good, as they come and go,
Bring tribute of gifts through the Night.

And so as I think of the trundle-beds,
And my two little lads in white,
Of their faith and dreams in the meadows of Sleep,
Of the Voices sweet, and the Star and the Sheep,
Of the Child that was born that Night—

I send up my heart to that little back room,
To my two little lads in white,
Who came down to me from the bosom of God,
From the fair hills of Love a dear Mother trod—
And my soul is a song to-night.

JAMES HEDLEY.



TAKE SOME.

The room was aglow with light and cheerfulness. The wood fire sparkled and crackled away in the merriest fashion, and the brass and irons were so highly polished you could see your face in them. Outside the snow was falling in the dearest little flakes, and inside, a tiny, dimpled, snow-white baby lay in its cradle by the fire. Near the snow-white baby was a brown-eyed, sturdy little boy.

"Baby sister," said Frankie, for that was the boy's name, "this is Christmas Day, and we are going to have the grandest plum-pudding—oh-h, *such* a fine one!"

But baby sister was asleep. What did *she* care for plum-puddings? She preferred milk. All the same, it was a glorious plum-pudding, and at dinner Frankie enjoyed his share of it.

"You must take some of the pudding to the Monroe children," said Mama.

So Frankie hopped into the pleasant, light-falling snow. His coat was buttoned up to his chin, and in his hands he carried a covered dish that was right generously supplied with plum-pudding.

"I'm a kind of Jacky Horner," said Frankie. But if he was, he was certainly the right kind—don't you think so? For he shared his plum-pudding with the other boys, and with the girls too.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.



THERE was a schoolmaster, Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.

He made it a rule,
When ent'ring his school,
To his urchins to bow;—
And well he knew how.

"For there may be some great men before us,"
Said respectful old Master Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.

—*St. Nicholas.*



AFTERWARD . . . he grew to understand . . . that things go right more easily than wrong; that it is *always* worth while to try; that there is *nothing* too good to be true.—*Esther Harlan, in "The Little Beech-Tree."*



You may always tell a boy's disposition by noticing his treatment of his sisters.—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE KEY TO MAGNETIC HEALING. By Prof. J. H. Strasser. 201 pp. Cloth, \$5.00. Webb Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.

From the standpoint of the devotee of pure Mental Science, this high-priced book is unfortunately titled. To our mind the author misuses the word *magnetic*, and in the somewhat extravagant claims put forth in the preface and elsewhere is apt to repel many believers in "health without drugs." The vital telepathic factor in all true healing is clearly recognized and explained, and the teachings are generally excellent; but to characterize a *thought* as a mere "magnetic vibration" is to come perilously near to conceding the materialistic position. The great secret of the healing potency of mind lies in the fact that its emanations are endowed with the immortal principle of *intelligence*, which is never automatic nor mechanical, and not necessarily intellectual, but always and essentially spiritual. "Vital magnetism," like mere suggestion, may be employed in "curing," but *to heal* requires the application of the principles of spiritual science. Prof. Strasser's book is a really good work on mental healing, considered as a whole, and should be so named; for the massagist, the "hand-layer," etc., are surely entitled to the exclusive use of the adjective "magnetic."

TOLSTOI: A MAN OF PEACE. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. 140 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is a character sketch of the unique Russian sage that will be enjoyed even by those who have little sympathy with Tolstoi's ideas on social and theological reform. But it is really two books in one, for the last fifty pages are devoted to a reproduction of "The New Spirit," by H. Havelock Ellis, which is a sympathetic discussion of the personality and political theories of the Muscovite philosopher. The volume is timely and pertinent to the spirit of this transitional era. Dr. Stockham's observations are the result of a personal visit to Tolstoi's home, which was effected through the Count's interest in her suggestive book, "Tokology";

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J. E. M.



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GIFT
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—From the Preface.

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MIND.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 4.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE.*

"God is Love." It is a very brief proposition, very easy to utter, but so profound that its extent is incalculable. The history of the world, viewed from one aspect, has been little else than a history of sanguinary struggles arising from the conscious or unconscious denial of this proposition. Countless schemes of false and artificial theology have grown out of its negation. Man's standard of conduct toward his fellow-man will never be higher than his conception of God's standard of conduct toward himself. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition were perpetrated by men of good intentions, who honestly believed that they honored the God they worshiped; on the throne of the universe they saw an omnipotent despot who so hated the ignorant and heterodox world that he doomed the unrepentant to everlasting fire, and in faithfulness to their mental idol, their narrow superstition, they sought, by terrible cruelties, to force their fellow-men to submit to a conception of the Eternal which their deeper instincts led them passionately to deny. The inquisitors were, at least, as merciful as their God. In the words of the poet, "Their faith unfaithful made them falsely true."

* This contribution embodies the substance of a sermon delivered by Canon Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey some time ago. Permission to publish it in MIND was given by the distinguished speaker to Editor Patterson, who had the pleasure of listening to the discourse while on his last visit to England.—J. E. M.

Upon this inspired declaration, God is Love, in all its grandeur, with all its tremendous issues, I would ask you to fix your attention. It is the one golden clue that can save the anxious heart from losing its way in the tangle of complicated theology; the one truth which can irradiate with divine hope the darkest problems of life; the one contemplation which can ennoble our dealings with our fellow-men—which defines clearly our relation to the Eternal, encouraging us to wait and work trustfully, patiently, hopefully, because measureless love united to measureless power holds and watches over our ultimate destiny. Of course, there will be periods when this transcendent epitome of the Universal Soul passes unheeded over an unroused heart; again, there are circumstances and conditions, times of “*sturm und drang*,” times when the insoluble riddle of this painful earth and the infinite confusion that perplexes human life yield to no consolation short of an intense, unalterable conviction that “Love is the root of creation, God’s essence;” that from inmost to outmost one love is pulsing; and when the strongest, noblest exercise of the human faculties will be to force the mind, the will, the heart right through second causes, till it is face to face with the primal, omnipotent, generative Cause, and there to rest in the revealed definition, God is Love.

The finite cannot measure the Infinite by geometry; the conditioned cannot contain the Absolute; the limited cannot hold Boundlessness. But it is absolutely clear to the reason of the true thinker that back of all, responsible for all, there is one all-containing Universal Soul. It is not only because, as J. S. Mill says, there is the “strongest inherent probability in favor of the universe being ruled over by a sovereign intellect.” It is not only because it is an ascertained fact, as certain and as noteworthy as any of the physical discoveries made through the microscope and the scalpel, that man is a worshiping creature, that, as Cicero says, there has never been a nation so barbarous as not to have been conscious of an inborn sense of

some mysterious agency stronger than itself that made for righteousness. The evidence of God lies deeper than demonstration. Every ultimate truth is beyond proof. You cannot prove the ultimate truth of life, of feeling, of love. Their demonstration is in the act of living, the act of sensation, the act of loving. You cannot prove the ultimate truth of the being of God; but He is known by divine action; and divine action is very secret, and its recognition constantly lacks language in which to express itself. As a profound French thinker once replied when he was asked to define God, "When you do not ask me I know. When you ask me I cannot say." It is God's intense nearness that makes him imperceptible to the senses and undefinable in language; but the *spirit* knows his nearness and feels his pressure as the body feels the beat of the heart. True, the soul of man craves far more than this; it is much to be able to conceive God as the Supreme Intelligence; it is something to have progressed beyond the standard of Pythagoras, who, when he was asked, what is God? demanded first two days, then eight days, and at last, after enlarging again the power of reflection, declared himself unable to reply; it is much that the serious and scientific mind of the latter part of our century, by mastering the laws of the universe, has scattered materialism to the winds by the Röntgen ray and telegraphing without wires, abolishing the supposed antagonism between reason and revelation; it is no slight boon that the doctrine of evolution has substituted reverent agnosticism for blatant atheism by the admission that, as the non-conscious cannot produce the conscious, evolution must have been preceded by an involution implying intelligence, supremacy, universality, though it be unknowable. All this is well; this way sanity lies; and in the piping times of peace, when the heart is at rest, it may be sufficient. But, when weighted with a recognition of responsibility, when crushed with a consciousness of alienation, when trembling under the anticipation of an impending sorrow, when heart-broken under the knowledge of

sin, when wounded by a confidence misplaced, the logical and philosophic affirmations of the existence of God can no more truly comfort the wounded spirit than a problem in geometry accurately solved could satisfy the pangs of hunger. We want something more. We are athirst for a conception of the Eternal that will satisfy the human longing for justice, sympathy, consolation; and the assurance of an impersonal Abstraction, an unknown Universal Soul, whom the agnostics tell us is also unknowable, does not satisfy the thirst. We may regard it with curiosity, with admiration, with a certain sense of satisfaction; but over our moral existence, over all that is best, brightest, purest, holiest, and most needy in our human nature, it can exercise no power. To believe in it, to fear it, and to love it with all the heart and soul and strength is, at least in times of pressure it is to me, an utter impossibility.

Just here, scattering to the winds all mere speculation, solving all problems, and reconciling all paradoxes, sweeping away the whole legion of superstitions and inadequate conceptions of God, comes in the grand definition of St. John, unfolding the full, true revelation of the God of Christianity. God is no mere First Cause to be apprehended by scientific research. God is no Royal Patron whose good will is to be purchased by praise and flattery. God is no abstraction to be apostrophized in clever essays by agnostics. God is no demon to be propitiated by having his frowning face sprinkled with the blood of an innocent victim. God is the responsible Father of humanity, to be loved and trusted by his children. God is the omnipotent Self-Evolver, whose relationship to those sentient beings whom he evolves is of the closest, tenderest, truest. God is the Almighty, unerring, wise friend of every human being, with limitless resources adequate to every possible emergency. And the epitome of his character, the all-inclusive definition of his nature, is contained in the single sentence, "God is Love."

Justice, mercy, sanctity, providence, creative energy—these may be and are some of his aspects; but Love is himself. And

that he may set at rest any questions as to whether his ideal, his conception of love, is different from ours, he, the self-existent, primal Cause of all, as he has conditioned himself in natural phenomena that men might recognize him as the Universal Intelligence, has projected into an incarnation his moral character, revealing the love, tenderness, self-sacrifice of Almighty Fatherhood through the workings of a human mind, and the words of a human voice, and the action of a human life, so that when in faith we gaze on Jesus we are looking on the sacrament of the Absolute.

The fact that we *are* is proof that God meant us *to be*, and the absolute guaranty of the ultimate success of his plan. There exists not one, whatever may be the secret burden of his or her heart, who is not a part of the purpose of him whose name is Love. To you, who have tasted something of the cup of bitterness that seems inseparable from earth's education, who know something of temptation with its mocking victories, of conscience with its bitter accusations, of doubt with its dark agonies, of bereavement with its bitter heartache—is it not a glorious revelation that God is Love; that in the infinitude of that love our little lives and the lives of those we love are safe; that if we wander love will seek us till it finds us; that bad as we now know ourselves to be he will vindicate his omnipotence and accomplish the good pleasure of his will in us? Is there not something in the conscious security of a conviction such as this, which should tide us over our dark times and lift us into a life of higher virtue that shall be worthy of such a heritage?

Secondly, do not the darker mysteries of life, when seen under the electric blaze of this revelation, lose some of their painful intensity? Since God is Love, the existence of evil is elementally necessary for the ultimate consummation of the most perfect good. The disease and pain and disappointment, which mar the happiness of mankind; the cruel inequalities and injustices of earth, which seem to belie the hand of Providence—these are seen under the light of this revelation to be blended

with tones of love and purposes of perfection; to be effects and contrasts which, bitter as they undoubtedly are, are working together for good, on the whole, in the upward evolution of the race.

Again, starting from this axiom, the moral sense within us justifies us in repudiating all conceptions of God, by whatever authority they are put forth, which are not in harmony with the definition, God is Love. For example, it would be utterly contrary to the first principles of truth, justice, and holiness, that God should be Love while men are on this side of the grave, and that he should turn to hate and be impotent for good when they are on the other. There cannot be two wholly different characters in God conditioned by the position of his offspring. A glimmer of this truth wrung from the brave heart of Martin Luther the exclamation, "God forbid that I should limit the time of acquiring saving faith to this present life. In the depth of divine mercy there may be opportunities of winning it in the future state." I confess I do not know a truly thoughtful, really spiritual person who would not say "there must be," not there "may be," such opportunities. Under the magical influence of the Golden Key, "God is Love," passage after passage in the Scriptures, previously stiffened and solidified as apparent denunciations of hopeless doom, are seen to be luminous with the promise of ultimate restitution and purification.

The God of Love, side by side with fiery denunciations of wilful corruption, has declared that the redemptive work and mediatorial reign of the "Jesus aspect" of God shall ultimately eventuate in the final subjection of all rebellious wills to the Father's Will.

Is there danger, think you, in publicly accentuating this golden thread of universal hope based upon the revealed character of God? Shall we tempt any to continue in sin because God is Love? The question answers itself. Certain persons, you say, believe in endless torment and are yet living sensual lives. Well, if this hideous belief has not kept them from sin

there cannot be much harm in removing it. But the fact is that there is always a possible fringe of peril round the skirts of every truth. Truth sets free, and when slaves are first emancipated some of them will turn liberty into license.

St. Paul felt it keenly when first the gospel of love was proclaimed to a law-shackled Church. His solemn "God forbid" is the measure of his anxiety as to what was called Antinomianism, or the heresy that if you were once in Christ you could sin with impunity. Charles Kingsley was disturbed by it when he said "there is always the peril lest we should cast that which is holy to the dogs of criticism and our pearls before the swine of frivolity." But the Antinomians did not silence St. Paul; neither did the dogs and the swine who barked and grunted at Charles Kingsley hinder his reforming tongue and pen.

But in truth they wholly mistake the teaching of the larger hope who, because we would vindicate the character of the universal Father from the slander that he has created millions of immortal souls with the absolute foreknowledge that they would suffer endless torment, would therefore assume that among the resources of the God of Love there is no room for the fiery process which is called the second death.

God is Father, Educator, Perfecter; therefore, there must be for those who persistently refuse the pleading of God's love, the utter destruction of all that hinders, even if it reaches to Soma and *psuche*—body and soul—not to pneuma, or spirit; no destruction of pneuma is possible. A child of God grows up perhaps selfish, impure, prayerless. There is a steady, continuous conquest of the higher life by the lower; he sinks down till the power of truth and goodness has no influence on his wayward will. In his state of hardened impenitence, of darkened reason and conscience, there remaineth for him no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment. In the sight of the angels of God he is a madman, and to God's madhouse he must go. For his own sake and for the sake of

others he must be removed to another sphere of education, where, pulverized by the storms of judgment, he may be taught to lay down his weapons of rebellion. But love is eternal, and love will preside over the process; for God's omnipotence is involved in the cure—and God is Love.

Two conclusions are obvious. First, "Be ye imitators of God." By this shall we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. For one who professes to believe that God is Love, to creep like a craven through life without stretching out one hand to soothe the restless sobbings of a world steeped in selfishness and sin, is for him to deny his creed and court his doom. See what your creed is; it is this—God is Love. This is the Supreme Being whom we are bidden to imitate; that is why we are in the world, to make it sweeter, holier, happier. Is not that the meaning of our Lord's command in that perpetually misunderstood parable of the unjust steward, which may be paraphrased thus?—Make to yourselves friends by the consecration of all the gifts, talents, and manifestations of the earthly life to the service of others: that when these gifts of the natural life fail, they, the friends you have made and who have preceded you into the spirit world, may receive you into everlasting habitations. So, all that you have got of eloquence, or insight, or sympathy, or money, or position, or talent of any kind, all the natural and the temporal, all, in short, which in Oriental hyperbole is here called the mammon of unrighteousness, only by contrast with the gifts of the Spirit, all is yours in trust for others; and if you have been a faithful steward, if you have lived as though you believed God is Love, then others, such of them as have preceded you into the spirit world, will meet you, and thank you, and bless you, and uplift you, and testify for you in the everlasting habitations.

Finally, if the riddle of life is too much for you, if the mystery of evil tortures you too keenly, if, like J. S. Mill, you cannot, simply cannot, reconcile Omnipotence with Love, then

—may I say it?—I have passed through the storm and know it; then, as it were, set your teeth and force your emotions to obey your head. Say God is Love. I can't feel it and I don't feel it. But, logically, it must be so. Eternal Love, working out a preordained purpose of ultimate perfection, and using evil, moral and physical, as one of its instruments, is the sole hypothesis that adequately accounts for all the facts of life. Every alternative solution involves some fresh fallacy of confusion. Philosophically, too, it is inevitable; the laws of philosophic thought, as taught by Descartes, demand it, because the aggregate of goodness and love in the world, and there is much more goodness and love than the reverse, can only be the mirror of an Archetypal Source, and that Source is God.

HIS SAINT.

Never was a holier saint,
Though she was so droll and quaint,
And so dearly, queerly sweet,
That a witch was she to meet.
Yes, so rarely, sweetly whole
Was her truly angel soul,
And so beautiful was she
With a beauty strange to see,
That all heaven was in her face,
And her lovely ways of grace;—
As the wise men watched the skies,
So her lover watched her eyes
For the wisdom of the Lord,
And the summons of his word.

—Contributed.

THE highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats, it is only going hand in hand with Him.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE.*

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

A dogma is a phrase that condenses much thought. It is a short way of stating a great truth, and is supposed to recall that truth to the mind. Like a talisman, it is to be repeated—Open Sesame—and some great mystery of life is unlocked. A dogma is like a key to a map, or a thread to a labyrinth. It is all that some man has brought back from a spiritual exaltation in which he has had a vision of how the world is made; and he repeats it and teaches it as a digest of his vision—a short and handy summary and elixir by which he, and as he thinks any one else, can go back into his exaltation and see truth. To him the words seem universally true; true at all times, and in any aspect. Indeed, all experience, all thought, and all conduct seem to him to be made up of mere illustrations, proofs, and reminiscences of the dogma.

It is probable that all the dogmas were originally shots at the same truth; nets cast over the same truth; digests of the same vision. There is no other way of accounting for their power. If the doctrine of the Trinity signified no more than what I can see in it, it would never have been regarded as important. Unless the words "salvation by grace" had at one time stood for the most powerful conviction of the most holy minds, we should never have heard the phrase. Our nearest way to reach the meaning of such things is to guess that the dogmas are the dress our own thought might have worn had we lived in times when they arose. We must translate our best selves back into the past in order to understand the phrases.

* An address before the Second Annual Convention of the International Metaphysical League, held in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, New York, October 23-26, 1900.

Of course, these dogmas, like our own, are no sooner uttered than they change. Somebody traduces them, or expounds them, or founds a sect or a prosecution upon them. Then comes a new vision and a new digest. And so the controversy goes rolling down through the centuries, changing its form but not its substance. And it has rolled down to us, and we are asking the question, What is Truth? as eagerly, as sincerely, and as patiently as we may.

Truth is a state of mind. All of us have known it and have known the loss of it. We enter it unconsciously; we pass out of it before we are aware. It comes and goes like a searchlight from an unknown source. At one moment we see all things clearly; at the next we are fighting a fog. At one moment we are weak as rags; at the next we are in contact with some explaining power that courses through us, making us feel like electrical conductors, or the agents of universal Will. In the language of Christ, these latter feelings are moments of faith; and faith is one of the very few words that he used a great many times in just the same sense—as the name for a certain kind of experience. He did not define the word, but he seems to have given it a specific meaning.

The state of mind in which Christ lived is the truth he taught. How he reached that state of mind we do not know; how he maintained it, and what it is, he spent the last two years of his life in expressing. Whatever he was saying or doing, he was always conveying the same truth: the whole of it. It was never twice alike and yet it was always the same: even when he spoke very few words, as to Pilate, "Thou sayest it," or to Peter, "Feed my sheep;" or when he said nothing, and wrote on the ground. He expressed it not only because he could not help expressing it, but because he wished and strove to express it. His teaching, his parables, his sayings show that he spared no pains to think up illustrations and suggestions; he used every device of speech to make his thought carry.

Take his directest words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy

God;" "The kingdom of God is within you;" "Love your enemies." One might call these things descriptions of his own state of mind. Or take his philosophic remarks. They are not merely statements as to what truth is, but hints as to how it must be sought, how the state of mind can be entered into and in what it consists. "Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." "That which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." Or, more prosaically still, "If any man shall do his will, he shall know the doctrine." To this class belongs the expression, "Resist not evil."

The parables are little anecdotes that serve to remind the hearer of his own moments of tenderness and self-sacrifice. The Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the Repentant Sinner—these are illustrations of Christ's way of feeling toward human nature. They are less powerful than his words and acts, because no constructed thing has the power of a real thing. The reply of the Greek woman who besought Christ to cure her daughter, "Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs," is one of the most affecting things in the New Testament. It is more powerful than the Prodigal Son. But you will see that if the Prodigal's father had been a real father, and the Greek mother a personage in a parable, the power would have been the other way.

And so it is that Christ's most powerful means of conveying his thought was neither by his preaching nor by his parables, but by what he himself said and did incidentally, which expressed his doctrine because his state of feeling was his doctrine. The things Christ did by himself and the words he said to himself—these are Christianity: his washing the disciples' feet; "Forgive them, for they know not what they do;" his getting crucified.

I have recalled all these sayings and acts of Christ almost at random. They seem to me to be equivalent one to another as a thousand is equivalent to a thousand. They are all messages sent out by the same man in the same state of feeling. If

he had lived longer, there would have been more of them. If you should summarize them all into a philosophy, and then reduce that philosophy to a phrase, you would have another dogma.

The reason I called this lecture "Non-Resistance," instead of using some more general religious title, was that I happened to be led into reëxamining the meaning of Christ's sayings through his phrase, "Resist not evil; but overcome evil with good." It came about in the course of many struggles over practical reforms. I had not the smallest religious or theoretical bias in entering the field of politics. Here were certain actual cruelties, corruptions, injurious things done by particular men, in plain sight. They ought to be stopped.

The question is how to do it. First you go to the wrongdoers and beg them to stop, and they will not stop; then to the officials in authority over them, with the same result. "Remove those officials" is now your conclusion, and you go and join the party that keeps them in power; for you intend to induce that party to change them. You now engage in infinitely long, exhausting struggles with the elements of wickedness, which seem to be the real cause and support of those injuries which you are trying to stop. You make no headway; you find you are wasting force; you are fighting at a disadvantage; all your energies are exhausted in antagonism. It occurs to you to join the other party and induce it to advocate a positive good, whereby the people may be appealed to and the iniquities voted down. But your trouble here begins afresh, for it seems as hard to induce the "outs" to make a square attack on the evil as it is to get the "ins" to desist from doing the evil. Your struggle, your antagonism, your waste of energy continues. At last you leave the "outs" and form a new party—a reform party of your own. Merciful heavens!—neither will this new party attack wickedness. Your mind, your thought, your time is still taken up in resisting the influences that your old enemies are bringing to bear upon your new friends.

I had got as far as this in the experience and had come to see plainly that there was somewhere a mistake in my method. It was a mistake to try to induce others to act. The thing to do was to act myself, alone and directly, without waiting for help. I should thus at least be able to do what I knew to be right; and perhaps this was the strongest appeal I could make to any one. The thing to do was to run candidates myself and ask the public to support good men. Then there occurred to me the injunction, "Resist not evil," and the phrase seemed to explain the experience.

What had I been doing all these years but wrangling over evil? I had a system that pitted me in a ring against certain agencies of corruption and led to unending antagonism. The phrase not only explained what was wrong with the whole system, but what was wrong with every human contact that occurred under it. The more you thought of it, the truer it seemed. It was not merely true of politics: it was true of all human intercourse. The politics of New York bore the same sort of relation to this truth that a kodak does to the laws of optics. Our politics was a mere illustration of it. The phrase seemed to explain everything either wrong or mistaken that I had ever done in my life. To meet selfishness with selfishness, anger with anger, irritation with irritation—that was the harm. But the saying was not exhausted yet. The phrase went over into physiology and showed how to cure a cramp in a muscle or stop a headache. It was true as religion, true as pathology, and true as to everything between them. I felt as a modern mathematician might feel who should find inscribed in an Egyptian temple a mathematical formula that not only included all he knew but showed that all he knew was a mere stumbling comment on the ancient science.

What mind was it that walked the earth and put the sum of all wisdom into three words? By what process was it done? The impersonal precision and calm of the statement give it the quality of geometry; yet it expresses nothing but human feel-

ing. I suppose that Christ arrived at the remark by simple introspection. The impulse that he felt in himself to oppose evil with evil—he puts his finger on that impulse as the crucial danger. There is in the phrase an extreme care, as if he were explaining a mechanism. He seems to be saying: “If you wish to open the door, you must lift the latch before you pull the handle. If you wish to do good, you must resist evil with good, not with evil.”

It is the same with his other sayings. They are almost dry, they are so accurate. “Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart:” the analysis of emotion could hardly be carried farther. “How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God:” here is neither exaggeration nor epigram. “Thy faith hath made thee whole:” a statement of fact. “Knock and it shall be opened unto you:” this is the summary of Christ’s whole life down to the time his teaching began. He had knocked and it had been opened to him. He had wished to make men better, and, inasmuch as he wished it harder than any one else before or since has wished it, he got farther than any one toward an understanding of how to do it. The effectiveness of his thought has been due to its coherence. He was able to draw the sky together over any subject till all the light fell on one point. Then he said what he saw. Every question was shown to break up into the same crystals if subjected to the same pressure. Nor does his influence upon the world present any anomaly. It is entirely due to ordinary causes. Every man’s influence depends upon the depth of his will; for this determines his power of concentration. The controlled force that could contract Christ’s own mind to so small a focus brings down to the same focus other minds of less coherence. This is will; this is leadership; this is power.

In spite of his will, however, there were plenty of things that Christ himself could not do, as, for instance, change the world at once, or change it at all except through the slow

process of personal influence. He could not heal those who had no faith, or find his followers except by going into the highways and hedges after them. His whole life is as valuable in showing what cannot be done as in showing what can be done. If you love your fellow-men and wish to benefit them, you will find that the ways in which it is possible to do this are not many. You can do harm in many ways, good only in one.

The world is full of people who want to do good, and men are constantly rediscovering Christ. This intelligence, superior to our own, possesses and utilizes us. There is always more danger of his influence being perverted than of its dying out; for as men begin to discover the scope and horizon of his thought they are tempted to becloud it with commentary. They wish to say what he meant, whereas he has said it himself. We think to explain something whose value is that it explains us. If we understood him, very likely we should say nothing.

The mistake Christians make is that they strive to follow Christ as a gnat follows a candle. No man ought to follow Christ in this way: A man ought to follow truth, and when he does this he will find that, as he gropes his way through life, most of the light that falls on the path in front of him, and moves as he moves, comes from the mind of Christ. But if one is to learn from that mind one must take it as a lens through which to view truth—not as truth itself. We do not look at a lens, but through it.

There are moments in each of our lives when all the things that Christ said seem clear, sensible, relevant. The use of his sayings is to remind us of these moments and carry us back into them. The danger of his sayings is lest we rely upon them as final truth. They are no more truth than the chemical equivalents of food are food, or than certain symbols of dynamics are the power of Niagara. At those moments when the real Niagara is upon us we must keep our minds bent on how to do good to our fellow-men—not the partial good of material benevolence, but the highest good we know. The thoughts and

habits we thus form and work out, painfully plotting over them, revising, renewing, remodeling them, become our personal church. This is our own religion; this is our clue to truth; this is the avenue through which we may pass back to truth and possess it. No other cord will hold except the one a man has woven himself. No other key will serve except the one a man has forged himself.

Christ was able to hold a prism perfectly still in his hand, so as to dissolve a ray of light into its elements. Every time he spoke he split open humanity as a man might crack a nut and show the kernel. The force of human feeling behind these sayings can be measured only by their accomplishments. They have been rearranging and overturning human society ever since. By the most unlikely means of quiet demonstration in word and deed, he unlocked this gigantic power. The bare fragments of his talk open the sluices in our minds—they overwhelm and recreate. That was his method. The truth, which he conveyed with such metaphysical accuracy, lives now in the living. Very likely we cannot express it in dogmas; for such intellect as it takes to utter a dogma is not in us. But we need have no fear for our power of expressing it. It is enough for us to see truth; for if we see it, everything we do will express it.

AT MY SHRINE.

God dreamed a dream of a lovely soul,
And you are his dream come true;
That I for battle be made love-whole,
God sent me to kneel to you.

—Contributed.

THE belief in the eternal existence of man's soul is as old as mankind itself.—*Strabo.*

SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY J. M. SAUNDERS, PH.D., LL.D.

Apparently there is no direct connection between a fine picture, a cultivated voice, and the artistic display of a theater. Yet all these tend to render mankind more social, more refined, and more prosperous. What could better tend to fix on the mind of youth a true spirit of devotion than the cloud and graven tablets of Sinai, the sacrifice of Abraham, the martyrdom of the apostles, or the crucifixion of Jesus? What impressions could be more forcible upon the patriotic spirit than the death of Cæsar or of Gessler, or the public execution of an oppressive king? What more indignant sentiment could arise against oppression than the judicial murder of Mary Stuart, or of Raleigh, or of Sidney, or of Hayne?

American history is filled with illustrations of the heroism of Washington. He crosses the Delaware in an open boat to rescue the cause by an act of desperation. He is at prayer amid the wintry privations of Valley Forge. He is protected by Providence when plain men arrest André, then on his way to consummate the destruction of American independence; and these men refuse the bribe of guineas offered by the dangerous spy. He receives the sword of Cornwallis in one picture, and in another lays down his own upon the altar of a liberated country.

How, then, are children taught by the eye the sacrifices that men have made for the cause of liberty? And how are they taught the rewards of a grateful people for the services of virtue? Thus the pictorial illustration of the statue and the canvas inspired the freemen of Rome and Greece and Holland and England with a devotion to the fame and an emulation of the virtues of those whose actions had deserved to be perpet-

uated by the highest designs of Art. Thus the perfection of modern invention has transferred to the cheaper medium of the school-book, the chromo, and the magazine copies of the works of the most renowned artists of ancient and modern times.

There may be no obvious connection between music and social utility; yet the divines of all ages have employed the agency of this art to dispose the soul to accept the reasonings of abstract truth. It has been by a mortal metempsychosis taken from earth to explain the harmonies of heaven. It has been even assigned as one of the enjoyments of a soul emancipated from the sordid cares of earth. The culture of modern music involves the study of the higher order of mathematics, and, however curious it may seem, the principles of color and painting and the chords of harmony in music are governed by analogous laws of combination and of contrast. It is perhaps in the lyric music of nations that the most practical impression is produced upon the actions of men. All nations have their battle-songs, their great national hymns, their odes descriptive of the scenes or sentiments of their people. India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Persia have produced their songs of devotion or triumph. The most impressive history of the Hebrews is found in the songs of Miriam and of Solomon. Germany, France, England, Spain, the United States—but why specify when there is not one without such an expression of national pride, sorrow, or success?

We might even add that the dance has been adopted by most nations in ancient times, as it has been also by savages, as expressive of religious or war-like sentiment. Molière has perhaps gone somewhat too far in assigning to the dance a political significance when he makes his professor of dancing ask, "Have you never heard of a statesman who has taken a false step?—assuredly, how could he then have taken a false step if he had been taught to dance well?"

The drama, written or acted, should be assigned a high po-

sition for its useful influence upon society. It was with the Greeks what the modern press (and more than the modern press) is in its open censure of wrong. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes taught reverence for the gods, contempt of riches, devotion to virtue, and applause for great deeds. In modern times the drama has been rendered useful and illustrious by great authors in all languages. Many of their works come next after the books of natural religion. Goethe, Schiller, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare—all are classical; all are canonized in the public admiration of the people to whose improvement they were dedicated. Then let us see how each of these arts may contribute to the prosperity of a people.

Drawing, painting, and engraving are applied to the manufacture of all that we use. Cloths, porcelain, and all textile fabrics owe their beauty to the figures impressed upon them. Iron, stone, and wood are formed with the proportion and embellished with the figures of Art. We even see the best works of the best masters multiplied and placed within the observation of all by the improvement in the modern arts of manufacture. Music is in like manner made popular by adaptation to words of various languages. It is in every form brought within the range of popular enjoyment. The anthems of religious worship, the gems of the best masters of music, are so reproduced in every community as to present instruction and pleasure to every order of society.

From this popularization of the fine arts arises the development of native genius. The sculptors and painters of Italy derive the first suggestions of culture from the fact that Florence, Rome, and Naples are each a magnificent gallery or studio—at once a primary and principal school of art. The musical perfection of the theater diffuses itself among the people, and forms a body of untaught pupils from whom are not only recruited the coryphæi and choristers, but from which springs often the higher grade of artistic talent and genius

of composition. The dramatic authors have undoubtedly done much to improve the patriotic, religious, and literary aspirations of the people. Many elaborate essays, orations, and even sermons are indebted to dramatic authors for some happy quotations. Perhaps there are no better masters of the abstract philosophy of our nature than those dramatists who owe the best effects of a plot to a thorough study of the moral influences upon human action.

Of the dramatic profession it is difficult to speak without exciting dissent from those who form their opinions from individual abuses of the theater. Certainly the beauties and truths of the drama would fail of much usefulness were they not translated and presented to the popular mind by artists capable of explaining and perpetuating them. The stage has been in all earlier ages an ally of liberty, virtue, and religion. Even in the earlier days of Christianity scenic exhibitions of leading incidents in scriptural history were enacted with the sanction of the Church, and even at the present day in some parts of Europe faint allusions to these events may be perceived in the ceremonials and processions sanctioned and enjoined by the Church. There may be drawn from the acted drama much that is useful in forming manners and deportment. The gesture and action of the English and American school, while perhaps somewhat exaggerated, will serve to impress the importance of correct emphasis and pronunciation. Many dramatic artists are in these respects models for the Senate, the hustings, and the pulpit. Perhaps there were never finer natural dramatists than Wesley and Whitfield. They moved the people to tears or anger at will. Nor have the most eminent in all those professions which address themselves to forming the opinions of men been indifferent to the school thus afforded them. The spectator may also see upon the stage striking representations of the ridiculous in the absurd characters presented. The great object, however, must be with each to draw from dramatic reading and acting all the advan-

tages of instruction without contracting any of the immoral effects that may be incidental to either. A good and resolute tone of principle and intellect may accomplish this desirable result.

It will then be seen that the great and kindred arts of music, painting, sculpture, and the drama contain principles of refinement and of public usefulness in every way deserving the thought of the moralist and the scholar. To regard them as the sole enjoyments of a higher class, and the society of their professors as the sole pursuit of an educated mind, would be an error; to condemn them as frivolous and tending to moral degradation would be perhaps a greater error. It should be the object of every well-regulated mind to give the fine arts their proper place on the pyramid of learning, but not to forget that they are in every respect useful in forming the material and adjusting the proportions upon which that pyramid must be projected.



A MAN strives to know the everlasting right, to keep a conscience void of all offense. His inward eye is pure and single; all is true to the eternal right. His moral powers continually expand, and by so much more does he hold communion with his God. As far as it can see, his finite conscience reads in the book the eternal right of God. A man's power of conscience is the measure of his moral communion with the Infinite.—*Theodore Parker*.



OH, what a world this would be if the perseverance of the saints were made of as enduring stuff as the perseverance of the sinners!—*Parkhurst*.



It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a will or consciousness existing somewhere.—*Herschel*.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

BY S. F. MEACHAM, M.D.

What kind of a world is this we live in? Is it purely a material world? What is it, if it *is* material? Would we know any more of its origin and destiny if we knew it to be material only? Who can limit the power and possibility of matter? Is it not constantly displaying unheard-of, undreamed-of powers? Would mind be any the less mind, or life any the less living, if we called them material? Who has the faintest idea of what matter, apart from our ideas, really is? Matter outside of mind—what is it? Separate all our ideas of force—everything coming to us out of the heart of action and whatever is left would be matter itself. What *is* left? Who can even conceive?

But let us see just what kind of a world the scientific men of the materialistic realm tell us we are living in. This cold, windy evening, I and my scientific friend are seated by a comfortable fire—our conversation started by my remarking that Nature is a splendid colorist, and pointing as proof to a beautiful collection of varicolored house-plants. My friend called my attention to my mistake by remarking that there was no color in the plants. The plants were simply a definite collection of atoms and molecules of matter in constant whirl and swing; their movement was transmitted to the ether, and the effect of ether waves of certain rapidity and length, falling upon our nerves, awakens in the brain what we know as color.

Trying another tack, I remarked, "What a terrible racket those window-shutters keep up!" "Wrong again," said my friend. "Those shutters make no noise; they simply cause waves in the air, which in turn vibrate the ear-drum and through several modifications finally stimulate the auditory

nerve, which stimulation, on reaching the brain, awakens what we call sound. The outside world is perfectly silent."

But the suggestion of the (to me) creaking shutter and mourning wind was that of icy fingers and frosty breaths, and, mechanically turning to the laughing fire, I exclaimed: "This, at least, is solid comfort. The warmth from this fire is certainly to be depended upon." "Once more you are deceived," said my friend. "You seem to be in a mood for making mistakes this evening. There is no warmth in the fire. Chemical changes alone are there. Once more, nothing but moving atoms and vibrating (or waving) ether. These awaken the nerve impulses that finally become heat."

Frantic, at last, I turn to the window, and as I gaze upward into the clear and sparkling heavens, magnificent with smiling moon and glittering stars, I exclaim with sadness: "You will at least leave me these! The heavens are surely not deceiving me—mocking me with illusions! They are not gilded ghosts of deluded fancy?" "Alas!" says my friend; "vain hope! These too are deceptive; no light there; only waves of ether."

Is my friend sane? Yes; he is voicing the say of the material world at large. The outside world has no light, no sound, no heat. The rose has no perfume, and the fruit no flavor. What *are* these, then? My long-time friend, come and tell me what these things are! States of consciousness only. And what are these, pray? Once more "that sad refrain"—dancing atom and dissolving mass; so that all the beauties of heaven and songs of earth, all the sweets of love and grandeur of thought, are at last atomic motion and ethereal wavelet, more commonly spoken of as matter and force, or matter and motion.

Weight, too, you tell me, is but consciousness of muscle-strain, or resistance to my motions; and form is not, outside, what I think it is. So "where am I?" Do none of these things really exist after all? If they do, where? And my friend is compelled to say—"in my mind." Well, my friend, supposing

you take from me all these things I have been in the habit of calling sensations, such as heat, light, sound, etc., with the inference from them, what have I left? Nothing, you say. Well, what do I really know, then, according to science? Sensations and inferences from them, one or more degrees removed. And what are the inferences made from? From sensations primarily. And what are all these sensations? *Mental states*. Well, my friend, how do you come to suspect what is beyond these states or outside of them? By inference. Which is more likely to be correct—the thing given or the inference from it? The thing given. And what is the thing given? Once more, a mental state.

Can we, then, by any hook or crook, get outside of mental states? What kind of a world do we really live in? Apart from theory, and guess, and speculation, and dream, what do we really know? Mentality, and mentality alone. "But," says my friend, picking up a fancy stone lying on the floor by his side, "here is something not mental." What is it? A stone. How did you become acquainted with it? Through my senses. What did they tell you? Of something round, heavy, colored, etc., that I know as a stone. And what are these round, heavy, and colored properties, as you know them? Are they outside or inside the mind? Inside, you say; then they too are mental. But what is really beyond them? Surely there is something acting as *cause*. Truly; but what is that something? Here is the rub. Who really knows? Is not everything with regard to it speculation? And, seeing that our only instrument is the mind, is it wise to speculate the speculator out of existence—from the information furnished by the speculator himself? Is this not deliberately chopping off the limb on which we stand; and what but suicide can result from such a course? Is such a course necessary?

What about birth, growth, disease, and death? What of our environment and the doctrine of evolution? Truly—what of them? Where have we gotten our information relative to

them; or, more properly, what do I know of any of them, save my own mental states? Do I know that your birth and growth and death are as I see them? At birth, you were, to me, a particular form, size, color, etc., but these, *all that I really know of them*, are mental. What was the *you* outside of my mentality? Was it another mentality? If not, how can I know what it was, seeing that states of mentality are all I really know?

So here we are at last in a thought-world by the material route of sheer necessity; unable to get out of it; unable to see, or hear, or think out of it; and, I sincerely hope, doomed to remain in it eternally. Is it not time to stop making light of Mental Science, and to spend what time we have in a little hard thinking—trying to see clearly and understand more fully just what influence that external world has on us and we on it? This is really the important question. After determining on this, let us speculate all we choose as to the what, and how, and whither of the outside and inside.

States of consciousness are the entire world to me. Keeping this in mind, we might stop a great portion of the speculation as to the world *in itself*, and the mind *in itself*, and turn our attention to that other and more important question—the growth and happiness of the souls of men; how the circulation of mind and mutual influence of each upon all, and all upon each, are kept up; and how by normal, healthy suggestion (pointing to the best and not the worst things in sight) we would sooner or later develop a race better morally, intellectually, and physically.

Let us first try to learn our own latent powers and possibilities, and then, if any time is left us, speculate as to “things-in-themselves.” But a thorough knowledge of self would, we believe, show the utter uselessness of the other, *external* knowledge, so much sought after; for happiness of self and others is our being’s end and aim, and is attainable only by knowing self (mind) and the laws that govern it.

MIND IS MIGHT.

BY W. S. WHITACRE.

That every human is endowed with life
Is manifest. To some is given more,
To some is given less of that we call
Vitality. To those who have the least
Of it we do ascribe the terms *ill-health*,
Disease, and *sickness*—in its various forms;
While those whose vital powers are full and strong
We designate as having health; and health
We all desire. That Nature's law is health
Is not denied. 'Tis natural for man
To be possessed of vigor, strength; but oft
We find the law reversed, and see instead
A man in name, but man in nothing else—
A shameful travesty on that which God
Created first in image of Himself.
The Infinite One conceived a thought, and, lo!
A man stood forth, a spirit in a house
Of clay, equipped with attributes of God—
A thought of God, and hence of Him a part.

God thought and spoke—man was; and Nature's law
By His decree was fixed, by which the life
Of the created one should ever move
In harmony with his Creator. Life,
The life of man, is coëxistent then
With God, the great First Cause of all. Then why
Should man, offspring of One so great and good,
Depart so far from His harmonious law
That, like a broken thing, he drags himself
About as one encumbered with a load,
Or lieth down upon his couch undone?

It should not be. Though prone, by "Adam's fall,"
To sin, and dissolution by and by,
He yet might live so much in harmony
With Love Divine and with His righteous law
That life and health would course thro' every vein;
That strength of mind, and body—each
Would bring to him the purest and the best
Of all there is in Life.

Then, brother mine

(I thus address the whole of humankind),
If you are sick in body, and desire
Return of health, and that immunity
From ills that both afflict and sap the strength
Of muscle, nerve, and brain; if weakness, pain,
Or any abnormality present
Itself to you in subtle form, and seek
Admission to the sacred realm of that
Which Scripture calls the temple of the soul—
The flesh, the body corporal—I say,
If dire disease would make yourself its prey,
Have none of it. Cast out the unclean thing;
Let sit enthroned the soul in its abode
Of flesh and blood—and let the soul commune
With Life that flows from out the mystery
Of Silence. Let the conscious mind assume
Control of every part—each part attune
To Nature's harmony. First, seek repose
From all distracting care; then use the power
That dwells inherent in the soul of man
To harmonize within you every note
Discordant. Let the faculties of Mind,
With firm intention bent, direct the force
Creative from its source to part diseased—
From brain to cord, from cord to nerve, from nerve
To tissue; sending forth in rhythmic wave
Suggestion's subtle power. And then invoke
The Spirit's aid, whose thought you are, whose law
Is life, whose constant care is over you.

Now, persevere in all that has been said;
Give heed to common sense in diet, sleep,
And bathing—taking care especially
To keep the channels of the body clean,
The spirits calm, the thought and purpose pure.

Your mind, however, must not dwell too much
Upon the labor here imposed, but find
In some external theme, in some pursuit
Outside of self, employment for your time
That will redound to other people's good.

IF our minds are resolutely set on an ideal good, and if we follow this with an inflexible patience and persistency, then, though we may often blunder in our choice of ways and means, somehow the grace and sweetness of our inner life will pass into our children's hearts.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

HALF the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and their hearts praying for his victory.—*C. J. Perry.*

It is in our living relation to one another that our love and our trust spring up, and throw a divine light on all our conduct. It is in our living relation to God that our love and trust in him must take their origin, and not in the intellect alone.—*John Dendy.*

"HERE are our lives, shut in, limited, self-absorbed; and here are the messages of God, knocking at our door, and between the two only one barrier, the barrier of our own wills. Religious education is simply the opening of the door of the heart."

GETTING WHAT WE DO NOT WANT.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

It is affirmed repeatedly that most persons obtain sooner or later what they have earnestly desired and persistently struggled for; and there is no better working hypothesis. Thousands are daily marching on to success under this banner. Those who have fought a steady battle with obstacles, and have overcome them—victors over the mundane conditions that press so heavily against us all—we are glad to crown in public places. Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, Jack-the-Giant-Killer, Galahad, Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress"—all the paladins of story and tradition are but mythical representatives of the one mortal Hero triumphant through the might of his extraordinary innate powers. The divine potency materializing in the human is everywhere revered. We feel a permeating sense of encouragement in the mere presence of a fellow-creature who has demonstrated the fine possibilities—baffling, elusive though they may be to most of us—that do pertain to this planet of ours.

But what of those who strove with equal valor and failed signally by all human reckoning? One man won the race from Marathon to Athens in the recent Greek games. One came into the Stadium, panting, close at his heels—probably the merest trifle kept him in the rear; he had undergone all the training, all the toil, all the agony, but he lost. One contestant died in training for the race; his fiber was not tough enough. Several fainted by the stony roadside when the final trial came, and their names are forgotten even in Greece. All these lost what they wanted, and received only the part they did not enjoy.

A few years ago we were reading with avidity the diary of poor little Marie Bashkirtseff. We followed with sorrow her meteor-like passage across the art world of Paris, until her star set prematurely in a dreary, clouded sky, with no discernible silver lining. Vital, radiant with ambition in her early teens, Marie believed her genius and her charms to be alike irresistible; she confidently expected to stand on the pinnacle of fame before long, and from it to reach out her hand condescendingly in marriage to a wealthy duke, at the least. If some "glass of supreme moments" could have revealed to her at this time the Marie she was to be in her last year on earth, she might have died of "heart failure" from the shock. She would have seen in the prophetic mirror a pallid specter of her girlish self, weak, suffering, and deaf; her pride and vanity humiliated in their tenderest points; her paint-brush dropping from her weary hand; deserted by her quondam lovers, real and imaginary; with only an encouraging smile from her brother artist on his couch, the dying Bastien le Page. What she craved she never got, and all that she loathed, dreaded, and fought against with her failing forces overwhelmed her in a destroying flood. Only a unique mausoleum, a few pictures, that painful "journal," and a mother's love commemorate this brilliant girl to-day. Her name is oftenest used to point a moral—and she hated a moral.

We make a mistake in viewing such instances as a finality. It is illogical to suppose that stress and strain of mind and soul, resulting *here* in failure and death, have no outcome anywhere; that they are brought to a sudden stop and are then lost. Every material expression of energy disappears from our reckoning only to work on in the deep silence of finer spheres; this much science has ascertained beyond a doubt. The inference is that the tremendous impulses, throes, and efforts of another kind, which appear to end fruitlessly by the individual's passing out of this phase, project him further along his path of development in the next sphere of being;

they have given him an impetus he would otherwise have lacked.

That a vast number of people obtain sooner or later what they have earnestly desired not to have, and persistently struggled to avoid, is as true as the reverse proposition. Many women who hoped to be wives and mothers—central figures in refined homes—find themselves stranded in middle age in the Alpine solitudes of distasteful boarding-houses, their occupations limited by untoward circumstances. Proud spirits who have often said to themselves, "Anything but dependence or chronic invalidism for me!" are brought in conflict with these evils later on. Some who are distinctly intellectual and aspire to mingle with the kind of society that imparts a mental stimulus are placed by the logic of events in irrevocable proximity to dullards and gossips. Youths who chafe at monotony have to spend their lives in quiet drug-stores. Men who yearn to hunt buffalo, to fight Indians, and to range the wild West have to content themselves with driving mule-carts in the East or with keeping dairies in provincial towns that have stopped growing. Tragedians by taste and ambition, but with voices not heavy enough and facial expression not varied enough to meet the inexorable demands of the stage, have to make a living by becoming janitors or policemen; and so on *ad infinitum*.

These disparities between the ideal and the actual, the desired and the possessed, become amusing at times. A young lady of my acquaintance, for instance, declared that there were two things she never meant to do—marry a widower or a man of the name of Jones; yet she married a widower of that name.

We have all noted men who extravagantly admire a classically molded form uniting themselves to girls of a slate-pencil figure; and we know tall maidens who have consented to wed Liliputians after laughing at short men and even avoiding them as partners in a dance. Marriage, more than any

other relation, abounds in striking antitheses. In addition to the throngs that accept in it precisely the qualities and the situations they previously regarded with the most decided opposition, a still greater multitude think they are getting just what they want at the time the bonds are contracted—only to discover later on that it is by no means what they desire.

This is sad. Surface views of humanity are much more likely to arouse our regrets than to excite us to smiles; the enforced acceptance of the undesired and the dreaded, a gradual process of disillusionment, and a quenching of hope and ambition seem to meet us on all sides. But if we look deeper and longer into the nature of things, look into our destinies and into those of the friends we know best, we nearly always discover that we have gained something priceless through what we had to take without wanting it—a boon, pleasure, or privilege that would have escaped our grasp had we secured first what we wished. Our maturer experience also reveals to us a host of people that are being wrecked, on this plane at least, by the very fulfilment of their own wishes; and a solemn conviction fastens itself upon our minds that the majority of mortal longings are illusions of the senses.

Do we know, after all, what we really want? Our wishes are by no means fixed stars; their orbits are eccentric and continually changing. It is certain that we do not know what we *need*.

No transformation scene in a fairy tale is more wonderful than the changes in this life of ours. Plodding along the often difficult track of the years, a vision sometimes comes to us suddenly—the vision of what we used to be and of what we are, and a realization that by some blessed jurisdiction we have been allowed to gain the spirit, the vital essence, of much that we longed for and thought we were hopelessly denied: the only difference being that it has come to us by another and a better route than the one we would have chosen.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

Some years ago the National Reform Convention demanded religion in our public schools, and about the same time the Women's Educational Union presented a memorial to the Chicago Board of Education asking for compulsory reading of Bible lessons in the public schools. The demand for ethical training is one that every mother and father in the land echoes most heartily. Even Huxley declared that for his child he would prefer religious training with a strong dash of theology to no religious training at all. The need of ethical training is painfully evident, and this need exists in equal degree in schools that have compulsory Bible lessons and schools that do not have them.

A noted Presbyterian minister once said to me: "Our State schools are utterly godless; their whole tendency is downward."

"These boys are thoroughly unprincipled. They lie; they cheat; they haven't a spark of principle." So said a teacher to me not long ago, and his pupils were from the best families of his town.

Every teacher worthy of her calling realizes that the development of a child's conscience, the creation of ideals of purity and truth and justice, the building of a moral stamina that shall keep him in the straight and narrow way, are of as much importance as the acquisition of any grammatical, geographical, or historical knowledge. But how to develop, create, and build these things without offending the theological prejudices of fathers and mothers is the problem that confronts her daily. How easy it is to offend the orthodox parent only a public-school teacher knows. I remember one day the subject of dis-

cussion was "vivisection," and the children wandered off into a train of anecdotes about their pet animals. Finally one of them asked me if animals had souls. I gave it as my personal opinion that they had, and the next day several irate fathers and mothers came to the superintendent with the complaint that Miss C—— was "teaching heresy" to her pupils! No wonder that our public schools are mostly treadmills crushing out the individuality of both pupil and teacher!

Many years ago I had charge of the highest grade in the public school of a Southern town. The families from which the pupils came represented nearly every variety of Protestant belief, and there were several Jewish children among them. I had tried the "chapter in the Bible and the Lord's Prayer" manner of opening school long enough to be convinced of its uselessness, and I asked permission of the superintendent to try something else.

In my search for this "something else" I must have been guided by these words of Darmesteter: "One thing only in the world is certain—duty;" or the same thought as expressed by Renan: "Good is good; evil is evil. To hate the one and love the other no system is needed." I collected a large number of quotations from the literature of almost every nation and age—brief sayings in prose and poetry, embodying in varied forms the essence of all religions. To-day it would be something from Shakespeare, to-morrow from Confucius, the next day from the wisdom of Solomon; and side by side with these would often come the words of Christ.

Every morning at the opening of school I wrote on the board one or two of these quotations, and the pupils copied them into tablets kept for the purpose. The name of the author was always given and facts about his life recalled; unusual words were defined and difficult passages fully explained. After the quotation for the day had been thus disposed of, I would call on the pupils to rise and recite those they had previously learned. I have seldom seen a more impressive exercise than

this became, as, week after week, they entered more fully into its spirit. The bright, expectant faces turned to the board as I wrote, the eager hands raised for recitation, the earnest faces illumined by the presence of a beautiful thought, and the wisdom of the ages falling from the lips of youth! It does not require a metaphysician to tell the good that must result from storing the memory with ennobling thoughts and making them the attuning force of each day.

One morning I wrote on the board this from Emerson:

"Keep near to thy childhood, for in going from it thou art going from the gods."

"Do you understand it?" I asked. Every one looked puzzled. The thought in Emerson's Orphic wording was beyond their mental reach. "What saying of Christ's does it resemble?" I then asked. Instantly some of the faces brightened and several hands were raised.

"Except ye become as little children, ye can in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven," said one girl.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said another.

The Bible verses were copied along with the Emerson quotation, the former illumining and explaining the latter, and in this way they came to understand that the spirit of Christianity was likewise the spirit of the world's best literature.

Of course, such an innovation produced much comment. A startling rumor was circulated that in Miss C——'s room a volume of Longfellow's poems had been substituted for the Bible, and that Miss C—— "didn't believe in prayer." The superintendent bade me stand my ground, and the result more than justified his confidence.

As I look back to that year's work I realize that I builded better than I knew. In that first fifteen minutes of each school day I came into deeper and more intimate relations with my pupils than ever before in my experience as a teacher. They revealed their characters in their understanding and choice of

the quotations. One clear-browed boy used to delight in that fine passage from Dante :

"O noble conscience, and without a stain,
How sharp a sting is trivial fault to thee!"

Another was fond of repeating Calif Omar's somber warning :

"Four things come not back : the spoken word, the sped arrow, the spent life, the neglected opportunity."

Another I can see now, with head thrown proudly back and form erect, declaiming Shakespeare's—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The girls displayed a preference for Tennyson, Longfellow, and the Biblical quotations. One sweet-faced girl used to put fresh heart into all by repeating Susan Coolidge's lines :

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you."

Nellie E—— was fond of this, from J. G. Holland :

"I hold this thing to be grandly true—
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

In short, the name of nearly every pupil is associated in my mind with some choice morsel of literature for which he or she betrayed a preference; and both parents and pupils have often told me of the moral help these thoughts have given and still give.

I know that some excellent people would prefer the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy or the first chapter of Matthew, as an opening exercise, rather than a passage of the highest wisdom and most ideal beauty from any secular source. The

Bible is to them a kind of fetish, and the reading of a chapter is an incantation warranted to keep off the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the Devil for that particular twenty-four hours. Yet we have only to look back to our own school days and recall the tableau that arranged itself during the period of chapter and prayer to know that no ethical culture is likely to result from the perfunctory and formal reading of a chapter in the Bible and recitation of the Lord's Prayer. You remember how the devout ones, always girls, stood with bowed heads and closed eyes, which *would* open occasionally for a glimpse of the fun that was going on. Tommy Brown would be industriously studying his spelling-lesson, John Jones arranging a trap for the upsetting of little Sam Jenkins when that urchin should take his seat, and Mary Smith, the "bad girl" of the school, would be making faces for a select group of gigglers. Sham reverence or total irreverence or indifference marks the conduct of the public-school pupil during the orthodox religious exercise that commonly opens school.

It may be said that the Bible reading need not be "formal and perfunctory"; that the teacher should explain the text and apply its precepts. Woe to the teacher who attempts such a thing! When each member of the school board and each parent represents some Scylla or Charybdis of exegetical belief, where is the teacher with enough pilot skill to avoid shipwreck? A book whose pages are the battle-ground of sectarianism cannot, in its entirety, be used as a text-book of religion and morals in a common school.

The demand of the Women's Educational Union is not the demand of the most enlightened Protestants—Protestants who recognize that the spirit of the Bible is more valuable than its letter, and who understand, with Ruskin, that "the word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding, nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plow or steam press, but is nevertheless being offered to

us daily, and by us with contumely refused, and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked."

The first thing I saw on entering a school-room recently was a large chart on which were printed the Ten Commandments. I never before realized the awful immorality of the moral law. There were the crimes—murder, theft, lying, adultery—placarded before the eyes of those innocent children, each word suggesting an ugly mental picture to be photographed on the conscious and subconscious minds of the pupils. And this is called "religious training"!

There are teachers, too, who think that memorizing the names of the books of the Bible in their exact order is a profitable "religious" exercise, and to be able to name them backward is a proof of a high order of spirituality. What would be thought of a Browning club that began the study of the poet's works by memorizing their titles forward and then backward? Out of all the poetry and wisdom that the Bible contains the average teacher will select such portions as are entirely empty of ethical instruction, and his teaching will be wholly on the negative plane—a series of dreary "thou shalt nots," all appealing to the child's lower nature.

If our public-school teachers were thoroughly imbued with the New Thought, there would be a wonderful moral uplift in the world of education. Think what it would mean to have a child's moral training conducted wholly on positive lines, as in kindergarten work! No kindergartener ever gives a child a negative precept. He does not say, "You must not steal, or lie, or murder;" he says: "Love one another;" "Love is the fulfilling of the law." He does not say: "Thou shalt not commit adultery," but "Blessed are the pure in heart." He does not warn against bad thoughts: he fills the mind so full of good thoughts that there is no room for the bad.

To hold up an ideal of truth and beauty before a child's mind; to train him in habits of right thought; to teach him the relation between body and mind, and the effects of right and

SOUL GROWTH.

BY M. MORTIMER JOHNSON.

There are people in this world struggling in darkness. They do not absolutely reject any of the current theories regarding existence after death—some of these they consider very possible, even probable; but you cannot prove it—and they do not know.

These are the people who pass through all the phases of mental restlessness and longing that inevitably accompany the soul growth of great natures. It is from these that we hear most often that twentieth-century question, "Is life worth living?"—does the amount of pleasure and joy one experiences in this little seventy years of earth existence compensate one for the sorrow, the sadness, the misery that is sure to come into the life of every human being sooner or later in a greater or less degree?

If we are placed upon this planet, within certain environments, without so much as "by your leave," and at the end of a paltry threescore years and ten hustled off again to be judged for all eternity; if there is but a single chance for this soul of ours to make success or failure—then the answer must be *No*. But if, on the other hand, this soul life upon earth is no more than a page in the work of eternity; if in order to become what it now is in man it has struggled up from the blind, indistinct force of the mineral world through the life of the plant and the sensibility of the animal; if, having at last reached its present state of conscious individuality, it now has for the first time the power of determining consciously at every step the degree of its spiritual advancement—the answer must be in the affirmative. For, if this is truth, to take up the burden of life voluntarily—to take it up in the sense of strengthen-

ing and developing this soul life within to such an extent that the progress attained in this step will be recognized and felt in the next—is an object in existence vast enough to inspire one to any height of self-sacrifice or heroism.

We find this world made up of three kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal—all of which exist under and are operated by the same just, unchanging, not-to-be-evaded laws. One of these is the law of cause and effect—that no effect is possible without an adequate cause; another is the law of change and progression—that everything in the Universe moves, from the tiniest atom to the planets themselves: that there is absolutely no such thing as inertia in matter.

We discover that we are here imprisoned in a body of clay with eyes to see with, ears to hear with, hands to work with, and a something else called *reason*—a principle that has seemingly been given to man alone to use to the best of his ability. Now, it is out of the question for the human mind to conceive of something springing from nothing, and we must accept as a first principle the fact that *all that is is effect*, and that everything that does exist could not exist without an anterior cause equal to this effect. But, after recognizing this, no reasonable being can avoid seeing the uselessness of asking what the cause was, what form the first originally assumed, or what motive—what ultimate design—determined the action of our Creator.

Material evolution, under the law of change and progression, has already become an acknowledged scientific fact. The science of cosmogony teaches that this planet gives proof of a passage from a gaseous to a solid state; that millions of years elapsed before it became cool enough for its surrounding vapors to be condensed to water; that the combination of its elements, which were at first the simplest, became more and more complex until it reached the form that is the basis of all physical life, and then evolved in an ascending series the progressive chain of plants, animals, and man. Embryology says the vegetable and animal kingdoms are of similar origin; that

the same cells are present in the parts and tissues of both. Biology tells of the mutual relationships of plant, animal, and man, and the identity of the law governing the being of all.

Now, every human being has within him, in a greater or less degree of development, a moral nature—not in the sense of a high idea of right and wrong, or even a correct realization of what is best; but, no matter upon how low a level a man's nature is manifested, there is scarcely a human being that does not consider one action better for him to perform than another. That action may be in the lowest sense vicious, but to his perverted imagination the gratification and advantage that accrue to his self-interest appear to him good; and he commits the act, not because he considers it bad or wrong, but because in this case, from his depraved point of view, the best to his self-interest appears right. This love of the best, even when distorted and perverted beyond all recognition, is the moral spark inherent in the entire human race. And this spark divine, this impress of infinite origin, this hall-mark of God, which manifests itself externally in different degrees, is what we call *soul*. "And tho' but an atom or larger part, it shall endure."

Nature does not move in jumps; she moves gradually, eternally—and the evolution of the soul is not an exception to the rule. It has taken eons to evolve and organize material humanity; and it is but reasonable to suppose that something of so much greater value—as *soul*—should take at least as great a length of time to become developed and spiritualized.

There is a double evolution, which is spiritual as well as material, going on constantly, the two having traveled together and equally from the very beginning. The spark divine manifested itself first as universal energy, motion, the soul of the mineral world; then as life (a step higher) in the vegetable kingdom; traveling up and on, it became sensibility in the animal, and finally a conscious entity in man. And this spark divine, which has struggled up from blind, indistinct

force through the nether worlds, tends unceasingly toward an individual, spiritual existence—with a consequent recognition of its own divinity within.

There are some who have already reached the point where the knowledge of an Infinite Being is part of themselves; they have that God-given faith which is independent of all orthodox beliefs and yet includes them all. To these, the *raison d'être* of existence is already made plain. But there are others who have not even arrived at the point of recognizing their souls, however faintly, and who simply drift through life, bothered by no inward queries as to the how, why, or wherefore of existence. They are satisfied to be, and not to bother.

Now, let us take it for granted that you and I have arrived at a state of soul-progression in which we are able to recognize the divine, progressive principle within, and our responsibility for working out a higher destiny. If we recognize the fact that the soul is an entity—a something that in order to thrive must be nourished and strengthened and developed in the same order that we feed our physical bodies, excepting that the soul (being spiritual) must be fed on spiritual things—then we can no longer plead ignorance. When life thrusts this fact into our minds until, as George Eliot says, it becomes present to us as remorse is present to the guilty or as a mechanical problem is to an inventive genius, then the moment has arrived when “necessity is laid upon us;” and to neglect the warning given by one who had traveled far on the road, to “take up the cross and follow me,” is the fatal step backward in the round of existence. It is neglect of the soul life—our spark divine.

The soul must be fed while cramped in this material prison, and we must remember that we cannot select its diet to suit ourselves from temporal things. Nothing of the earth, earthy, will help or satisfy it in any way. It is spirit, even though it be pent up in mortal clay; and it must be offered spiritual food.

The true tonic of the soul is *love*—that love which feels the

beauty of all the wonderful works of Nature, from the birds of the air to the blended colors of a sunset; that all-pervading love which perceives infinity in everything—from the bush by the wayside to its brother man: with its concomitant, self-sacrifice for others' pleasure. This is one of the rounds on the ladder of being by which we may struggle up toward immortality.

MY experience of life makes me sure of one thing, which I do not try to explain—that the sweetest happiness we ever know comes not from love, but from sacrifice, from the effort to make others happy.—*O'Reilly*.

AS THE bird's restlessness declares him native to the fields and sky, so man's impatience with the limitations of his knowledge declares him native to the infinite inheritance of expansive reason.—*John W. Chadwick*.

NO MAN, woman, or child can tell what may grow out of their present fidelity. Perhaps it may be our chief judgment in the other world to learn how much has grown out of our unfaithfulness.—*Channing*.

THE Egyptians were not a people of very high intellectual development, and yet their religious system was strictly associated with, I might rather say founded on, the belief in immortality.—*Gladstone*.

GOD is the common Father of us all, but more especially of the best of us.—*Plutarch's Lives*.

ATHEISM is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.—*Plato*.

MATA THE MAGICIAN.

BY ISABELLA INGALESE.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW PATIENT.

After an excellent seven o'clock dinner, I retired to my comfortable study to enjoy the rest that I could thoroughly appreciate at the end of a day spent in driving over the hills and dales of the country surrounding the picturesque little city of Jamestown, where I had established myself as a practising physician. I was a young bachelor, just starting out upon the rough and rocky road that leads to fame and fortune. By careful management I had been able to get through college with fair success, and, while still undecided as to where to settle, an old physician suddenly died in this small city—situated so near the beautiful Lake Chautauqua—and a friend gave it as his opinion that I would do well to go there and take the doctor's place. I did not deliberate long upon the suggestion, but packed my belongings and shortly was established in a comfortable office in one of the principal streets of the city.

The days preceding the eventful evening with which this story opens had been unpleasant ones. It was the thirtieth of November. The wind blew cold and raw, and occasionally a few snow-flakes fell in warning of the storm that had been threatening for some time. Settling myself in my reading chair, my slippered feet resting upon the fender, *The Evening Journal*, a box of good cigars, and a bowl of egg-nog on the table at my elbow, I felt comfortably indifferent to the advancing storm. The fire in the grate burned brightly, its warm glow filling the room with cozy cheer; and, while I listened to

the howling of the wind outside my snug quarters, I hoped that I would not be compelled to go out again that night.

While in the midst of my reveries the bell rang and my office boy announced a caller. Trusting it was some one for a prescription only, I entered my office and found a little girl awaiting me. She informed me that her "Guru" was in bed and had sent for me. I looked at the child in surprise. In appearance she was an odd little creature—not more than ten years of age, I thought—with eyes like purple pansies and shining golden hair. Her face was shaded by a monstrous hood that seemed much too large for her; but the sun-glinting curls hung below it, and the wind had blown them into a tangled mass.

I asked her who had sent for me, and she repeated her first assertion—that it was her "Guru." I was at a loss to comprehend her, and once more questioned her. She stepped nearer to me and very distinctly said:

"Guru is in bed and sends for *you*. No one is ill. Are you coming? I cannot wait longer."

Thinking of my bowl of egg-nog and the warm fire, I pushed aside the curtains and saw the snow falling rapidly. Then, turning to the child, I asked:

"Who is your 'Guru'?"

Her quaint appearance amused me. When she had drawn her long cloak together and had deliberately arranged the ties of her hood, she replied:

"My Guru is he who has always cared for me. I know no other father."

At last I understood that a *human being* was in need of a physician. It was not a pleasant prospect—that of leaving my glowing fire to plunge out into the storm and darkness of that miserable night. But I was poor, my reputation was yet to be made, and here was, perhaps, a new patient. On asking the child if I should need my horse, she replied:

"No, sir—not if your legs are as good as mine."

Putting on my hat and overcoat and taking my medicine-case, I followed the child out into the storm through which she fairly seemed to fly. The night was very dark and the snow blew so persistently in my face that I could scarcely see where we were going. Occasionally my companion disappeared for a moment, and then again I saw the flutter of her cloak and knew she was not lost. We dodged round corners and down back streets until we reached the portion of the city known at that time as the "Boat Landing." It was a lonely place at any time of day, but at that hour of the night it was said to be positively dangerous. I began wondering if I had not been indiscreet in neither taking my horse nor leaving word with my office-boy as to my whereabouts. I was about to refuse to go further, when my small guide suddenly stopped, asked me to wait a moment, and then disappeared. I shivered and looked around me. This adventure was by no means a pleasant one. I had waited for perhaps ten minutes, when I heard the voice of my companion, saying:

"Will you come through, sir?"

Vainly I looked for a gateway in the high board fence before me. Then I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and heard her say:

"This way, if you please."

Thus guided, I saw an aperture in the fence, about three feet from the ground. The child was standing in it and was holding a door open, waiting for me to enter. I hesitated, while all the blood-curdling tales I had ever heard about persons being enticed into dens, to be robbed and murdered, came into my mind, and I wondered if such would be my fate if I went on. Then came again the child's voice, asking:

"Why do you not enter?"

Ashamed of my cowardice and resolved to see the end of this adventure, whatever it might be, I placed my hands upon the sill of the doorway and sprang through. Instantly the door slammed shut behind me, and I found myself in a large

inclosure that seemed to be private grounds—so far as I could see in the blinding storm. In one corner stood a building that I concluded must be the house the child lived in. She had vanished from my sight; and I was about to knock upon the door for admission when it opened, disclosing the girl holding a lamp in her hand. She invited me to enter.

I stepped into a room scrupulously clean. The floor had been scoured till it could be no whiter. The furnishings in this apartment consisted of a small cooking-stove, three or four kitchen chairs, a long cupboard standing against the wall, an old-fashioned settee, a cross-legged table, and an antique clock with weights and long chains reaching to the floor. The windows were covered by heavy shades, and the door was of massive oak ornamented by an ancient brass thumb latch.

After taking a survey of my surroundings I turned my attention to the girl, who had thrown aside her wraps and stood before me—apparently much older than I had supposed her to be. She was about fifteen years of age, and, though short in stature, was developing from childhood into womanhood. Her complexion was wonderfully fair, with exquisite coloring; her teeth were like little pearls; her perfect lips were red as rubies; and over all were those golden curls that the wind had blown into the most abandoned confusion. Her eyes were wonderful; they were large and reminded one of purple, velvety pansies; and they were given a darker shade than they otherwise would have had by the long, dark lashes that fringed the pretty, snowy eyelids. Her eyebrows were dark and delicately arched, giving to her forehead, by deep contrast, the appearance of pure white alabaster.

So absorbed was I in contemplating this bit of feminine loveliness that my patient and errand were entirely forgotten, until the tinkling of a little bell in another room brought me to my senses.

The fair vision stepped to the china-cupboard and touched a small button; the ponderous thing immediately swung out of

sight, and the girl motioned to me to enter the next room. Removing my damp coat, I at once stepped forward and then stood spell-bound at the picture before me.

CHAPTER II.

MAGICIAN OR LUNATIC?

Never shall I forget the scene my gaze rested upon. The room was at least forty feet square, and the floor was covered with a green velvet carpet into which my feet sank at every step. Near the further end was a couch, and upon it lay an old man. Recovering my composure, I stepped to his side, but sprang back in horror. The pillows upon which his head rested were supported by a mass of serpents, coiled and intertwined in such a manner as to form the whole head of the couch. From the center of the mass the head of the largest reptile was raised, and, with open mouth and fangs visible, seemed about to spring at me. Not being especially friendly to the snake family, the sight of so much serpentine ugliness was appalling, and I was about to rush from the room when the thought suddenly came to me that *these* snakes were stuffed. Reassured, I turned again to my patient.

He appeared to be at least one hundred years of age, with hair snow white, eyes deeply sunken, and skin—seamed and crossed with wrinkles—of the color of old parchment.

I bade him good-evening and attempted to feel his pulse; but, drawing his hand away from mine, he began speaking in a peculiarly musical voice—a voice that did not sound like the cracked and trembling tones of an aged person.

“Young man, I did not send for you to prescribe for me,” he said; “I do not need your medicine. It is in quite another way that I desire your services. Be seated upon that chair.”

Somewhat surprised, I obeyed and prepared to give my attention to what he was about to say. He waited for a few

moments before speaking again, and, during the interval of silence, I had an opportunity to look around at the strange objects in the room. There was no lamp nor chandelier nor any other means of illumination; and yet a soft blue light, very beautiful, I thought, but decidedly uncanny, filled the whole apartment.

On one side of the room were arranged book-cases filled with volumes that I knew were very old. Some of them had no bindings and were composed of parchment sewn together. Others were bound in leather and showed much usage. Between the book-cases and the couch stood a small table. Its top was composed of many different kinds of jewels and precious stones set into cement; and in the weird blue light they sparkled and shone with a strange luster. At the further end of the apartment was a large mirror, decorated so profusely with vines and flowers that it reminded me of an entrance to a bower of climbing roses. And when I looked for the door through which I had entered, nothing but a blank wall appeared in its place. So far as I could see, there was neither entrance nor exit to this wonderful room. Glancing upward, I observed that the ceiling was composed of windows, and concluded that it was through these that the air and sunlight were allowed to enter. At this point in my observations my patient drew my attention to himself by remarking:

"My young friend, if your curiosity regarding my surroundings is gratified, perhaps you will now give your attention to me. I am about to drop this old body. It has served me well for one hundred and twenty-five years; but it is pretty nearly worn out and I am greatly in need of a new one. It was to tell you of my plans and to ask for your assistance that I sent for you to-night; and, since the time for my stay is so short, you will pardon me for bringing the business in question to the point at once."

I began to believe my patient was a lunatic and needed my professional services. After a pause the old man continued:

"I know you very well, although you do not know me. I knew your grandfather, your father, and your mother. It was through my influence that you were advised to settle in this city. I know what planet you were born under; what your character is, has been, and will be. Your blood is of good old stock, strong and pure, and I like you.

"You followed Mata here against your will, and against what you believed to be your better judgment. As you supposed, you came to visit a sick man. You were mistaken. I am not sick, although—you would say—I am about to die. These old eyes will never see the sun rise again; and it is now nearly midnight. I have much to tell you and must do so before leaving my body, because it is easier to communicate with you now than afterward.

"Mata is my own great-great-grandchild. She also has good blood; but I have not the time now to enter into the details of ancestors and family prestige. All that is written down in manuscript for you to read at some future time. There is no one with whom I can trust her but yourself, and you will marry her here to-night before I go. The marriage contract is written, ready for you both to sign. I do not desire the services of priest or magistrate, because I have no respect for either. A marriage is a promise between two persons to live together according to any manner in which they can agree; and a rule that would apply well in one case might not in another. Therefore, the marriage promises should be specified, and a written contract should be created for each union. Marrying people by the same ceremony indiscriminately, regardless of the dispositions or individual development of the contracting persons, is a great mistake. You are thinking that you are a young physician and cannot support a wife."

Such evidence of his ability to read my thoughts was most surprising to me; for, strange as it may seem, I was thinking precisely this, and before I could form a reply he continued:

"You need not trouble yourself to speak, because I am read-

ing your thoughts as I read my volumes in yonder book-cases; and, since the time is so limited, I will do the talking.

"Mata is too young to be your wife—save in name—for some time to come. She should be sent to school for five years and then she will be fitted to assume the duties of wife and companion. I have kept her with me since she was six months old. Other than myself, she knows no father or mother. I have taught her to call me *Guru*, a Hindu word meaning 'teacher.' She speaks grammatically in English, French, Italian, and German, and understands Sanskrit well enough to read it; but she knows nothing of mathematics, nor of music, painting, drawing, nor of any of the little feminine arts. She has never had the companionship of women nor of other children; she cooks our simple food, consisting of rice, cracked wheat or corn, and, as you see, keeps the house scrupulously neat. She mends the gowfs I provide for her ready made, but knows nothing of the world outside the fence inclosing these grounds.

"Personally, I have been a student all my life, and have traveled over all the world seeking knowledge. I have gold in abundance, and jewels that, if sold, would bring a large fortune; but I must leave all this material wealth with you, since, where I am going, it will be of no use to me. Now I am coming to the most important part of my instructions; listen.

"You and Mata will stand before me and promise to keep the contract you are about to sign—I see that you are trying to decide what to do with this madman; and yet, deep in your mind, you are not sure that I am mad."

At that moment I was actually thinking thus, and yet, however strange and sudden it may seem, the thought of a possible marriage with Mata was not disagreeable to me; but that the grandfather was mad I had not the least doubt. However, I did not reply to his remark, and he continued:

"My young friend, you will find that every word I have

spoken to you is true; and although you may not realize the fulness of the truth for many years to come, you will do so ere you lie where I do to-night. In the course of my studies in arts and sciences that have long been forgotten by the world, I have learned that the souls of men return again and again to earth, assuming at each return different personalities—more commonly called physical bodies—and in this manner do they acquire, through these varied experiences or earth lives, the knowledge that must be gained before perfection can be attained by them. As I have previously remarked, I am in need of a new body, since this one is badly worn and, like an old machine, has become useless and unmanageable; so I make this proposal to you. Marry this child, send her to school for five years, and at the end of that time assume the relationship of husband and wife. The first child born to you will be the personality that I shall possess during my next appearance upon earth.”

Here the old man closed his eyes and remained silent. What should I do? Shut into this room at the hour of midnight—with a madman—and none of my friends having the slightest conception of my whereabouts, my heart thumped like a hammer against my ribs; my ears buzzed and the blood coursed rapidly through my veins. While I was trying to decide what to do, the picture of the girl in the next room seemed to rise before my mental vision, and, notwithstanding our short acquaintance, I felt that, should I ever marry, it would be she whom I would desire for my wife. But fame and fortune were to be won first, and marriage at present could not be considered for a moment.

While my mind was racing round like a whirlwind, trying to decide upon some course to pursue, the old man began speaking again, and, from his words, I knew he was indeed able to read my mind like an open book—as he had declared in the beginning. I had heard of such powers being developed sometimes, just before death, as if the mind gained then a deeper

insight or knowledge of things before unknown to it. But, never having been a witness to a circumstance of this kind, I was decidedly skeptical, even to the point of unbelief; so my preconceived notions received a fearful shock when he said:

"Yes, that is partly true; you have fame to win but not fortune, because I am leaving enough for you and Mata. You cannot take her for your wife in reality now, and there will be plenty of time to decide, within the next five years, whether you want her or not. Her character is as lovely as her face. I have written her horoscope and yours, and the stars have told me you are fitted for each other.

"Come, say quickly; what will you do?"

CHAPTER III.

A CONTRACT OF MARRIAGE.

Before I could reply the tinkle of that little bell again sounded, and seemingly the wall opened and the girl entered the room. The old man called her to the bedside.

"Look at her!" he commanded. "Do you not think her fit to be your wife?"

The pale blue light at that moment burst into the brightest refulgence, lighting up her golden hair till she was surrounded by a halo of light. In speechless wonderment I gazed at the picture she made, until it seemed that all the beautiful tints of the rainbow were blended into a background for her form. Her beauty was exquisite. I thought I was standing in the presence of a being from another world and bowed my head in reverence. The old man spoke to her:

"Mata, will you sign the contract I have prepared?"

"Yes, Guru; I shall do whatever you bid me," she replied.

He looked at me and waited for my answer. I knew I must speak, but my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. My

lips formed the word *yes*, but no sound came forth. He understood, and said:

“Very well. Go to yonder table and press your finger upon the large carbuncle in the center of the circle of moonstones.”

As one in a dream, I obeyed him. When I touched the glowing stone the table split into two parts and underneath was a box containing papers, heaps of jewels, and canvas bags filled with coin. Immense wealth lay before me. The old man said:

“Bring to me the paper that lies topmost—the one that has not been folded.”

I brought it. Then he asked the girl to bring a quill pen and some ink from a drawer in one of the book-cases. She obeyed him. He raised himself to a sitting posture and requested me to read the paper aloud. My voice had now come back, and I read:

Contract of Marriage.

We, the undersigned, do truly and solemnly agree to fulfil the conditions named in this contract; to live together as husband and wife so long as we can both agree to do so. There shall be no obedience required of either contracting party. Each shall have possession and full control of his or her property, to do with as may seem best to each without interference from the other. The husband shall not rule the body nor the actions of his wife. The wife shall not rule the body nor the actions of her husband.

If the time should come when the husband desires to be released, then the wife shall not hold him longer to this contract. If the time should come when the wife desires to be released, then the husband shall not hold her longer to this contract.

Should children be born of this union, and the contracting parties desire to separate after the birth of such children, then the mother shall have the care of them until they are of an age to choose which parent each desires to live with; the father and mother submitting willingly to such choice as their children may make and contributing equally toward the support of those children until they shall reach an age capable of self-maintenance.

To fulfil all these aforementioned conditions, we do most solemnly agree in the presence of this witness.

Signed,

Signed,

Signed,

When I finished reading the contract the old man asked :

"Will you sign that paper?"

I signified my willingness by an inclination of my head. He dipped the pen in the ink and offered it to me. I took it and wrote my name. He dipped it again and offered it to Mata. She took it and also signed. Then he took the pen and traced below our signature the name: "Crapo De Anno," and wrote:

"Sole witness to this Contract of Marriage between Frank Bennet and Mata De Anno. Entered into by them on the thirtieth day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-five. And now may Divine Love bless and maintain, forever and forever, the *reunion* of these two souls.

"A-U-M."

Then, settling back upon his pillows and closing his eyes, he lay silent and motionless for several moments. Presently he opened his eyes, and said:

"I have a few more instructions to give. This house [looking at me] is deeded to you; and you may keep or sell it as you choose. The books are very old. The parchment volumes were written one thousand years ago and are very valuable to me. I desire you to box the furniture in this room, and provide a safe place for its keeping until you have finished the house for which I have left full directions in the manuscript of which I have previously spoken. You will then fit a room exactly like this one for my occupancy.

"Under this couch is a secret vault, in which a casket is prepared for the reception of this old body. To enter the vault, remove this couch and press your toe upon a white knob you will find in the floor under the edge of that rug. A large trap door will then swing aside, disclosing a stairway leading directly down to the vault. Carry down the body, place it in the casket, turn the handles at the head and foot as far as you can, and leave the vault for one hour. Then return, take what is left of the body, put it into the vase that stands in the corner on the floor, seal it, and, when you have boxed the articles of furniture, place it among them. And now I am going to leave

you. Please attend to these directions to-night; and when you go, take Mata with you."

I felt as if I were recovering from a nightmare; but Mata stood watching her grandfather, apparently unmoved. He closed his eyes, composed his limbs, and, while I kept my fingers on his pulse, it beat slower and fainter until it stopped altogether. When his breathing ceased, I turned to her and was about to speak. She raised her finger and whispered:

"Hush! He is just passing out."

Looking in the direction she pointed, to my amazement I saw a bluish-white, vapory cloud that seemed slowly gathering above the old body. It swayed for a few moments and then, assuming the outlines of a human form, it stood out distinct and clear—the perfect counterpart of the old man, every feature being plainly visible.

Speechless, I stood before this apparition. With eyes that seemed looking into my very soul, it returned my astonished gaze with a smile of love and tenderness. Then it slowly faded from our sight. Mata was the first to speak, and in a tone of sadness murmured:

"Good-by, Guru, until you come again."

And now there came a strange sensation in my head; it could only be compared to that of lifting off the cover of something. Instinctively my hand went up to my scalp. It seemed stationary, and I felt relieved. Then I counted my fingers. The usual number was there. Evidently my optic nerves were doing their regular work. The girl had seemed to notice nothing unusual in either my manner or appearance, so I concluded my reason had not left me.

I had been horrified at what the old man had said concerning his intentions regarding a future reëmbodiment. My own ideas had never been quite clear as to what the human soul is, and I had been rather inclined to take a materialistic view of death.

That a soul, that intangible thing that nobody had ever seen

or could analyze or describe, could come back to this earth and enter into another body—that too of an infant—seemed preposterous to me. I felt that so unreasonable an idea could not be entertained for a moment by a rational man. And here this apparition had upset all the theories that I had been arranging to my own satisfaction for years. I was left without a shred of my old belief to hold to, and my mental condition was chaotic.

As the soul of the old man faded from our sight the refulgent light, which had been produced in some mysterious manner, began to dwindle until there was but a dim twilight in the room; and the thought that perhaps I should be left in darkness to finish the work assigned me hastened my movements. Turning toward my companion, I asked if we had not better proceed at once with the caring for the body, since it was already growing dark. She replied:

“Guru will not expect us to obey his orders in darkness; the light will last as long as we shall need it.”

I asked her whence the light came. She shook her head.

“I cannot tell you,” she replied. “That is Guru’s business; it was always so in this room. When he desired light, he willed it and it came.”

I moved the couch and found the small white knob he had described. Pressing my foot upon it, instantly a door swung out of sight leaving an aperture in the floor about six feet square. There were the top steps of a stairway, but the bottom was entirely hidden in the shadows below. I asked Mata to bring a light. She replied:

“When you descend light will be furnished as you require it. No lamp will be needed.”

I hesitated. That the girl was truthful, I had no doubt; but that her promise of light without any visible source would be fulfilled, I did not believe possible, and I did not feel equal to the taking of that lifeless form in my arms and carrying it down into that Egyptian darkness—after all that had occurred.

Deciding to put her statement to the test, I invited her to accompany me to the underground room first, and with apparently perfect fearlessness she passed before me.

When she stepped upon the top step of the stairway, the whole vault was flooded with the weird blue light that had pervaded the room above. Every object was distinctly visible from where I was standing. In the center of the vault stood an iron casket, unlined, and resting upon a huge, square, box-like apparatus, the composition of which I was unable to determine. At the head and foot were two crank-shaped handles, and I observed that small copper wires passed directly from each into the box below and disappeared under the casket.

It was a ghastly-looking thing, and seemed an uncomfortable couch for the last resting-place of the old man; but, since he had desired and provided it, there was nothing to be done but to follow his directions.

The room was devoid of furniture. Not even a chair or table was there, but on the floor in a corner stood an odd-looking vase. It was bowl-shaped at the bottom, with handles on either side to lift it by; the neck or top was drawn in till the opening would scarcely admit my hand. Beside it, on the floor, lay its cover, representing a small serpent coiled, with its head raised in the center to form a handle. Two emeralds, glowing and sparkling in the unnatural light, formed its eyes, and gave me a decidedly creepy feeling—for the thing seemed positively alive.

Mata stood beside the casket, with the look of abstraction on her face that I had observed at the time her grandfather died. Suddenly she remarked:

"Guru is anxious that this work shall be completed before the sun appears. He is not pleased with this delay."

As she finished speaking, the same spiritual form that had appeared in the room above stood before me. It was straight and well formed and looked about thirty-five years of age. That it was the etherotype of the corpse, I could not doubt, and I

began to realize then that the physical body of a man is but a husk for the kernel—the covering of the real individual.

But my meditations were suddenly brought to an end by a gesture indicating a desire that I should proceed. Hastening to the upper room, I took the motionless form in my arms, and to my surprise found that I could carry it with perfect ease. It seemed like a featherweight to me. Placing it in the casket, I composed the limbs and then asked Mata if she desired to take a last look at her grandfather. She raised her eyes to my face in surprise, as she said:

“My grandfather?”

“I understood him to say he was your grandfather.”

She looked at me wonderingly. “Do you believe the envelope to be the message?” she asked.

I did not reply, and she continued:

“My grandfather stands yonder waiting for you to proceed—I think we have lingered too long at this task.”

I seized the handle at the head of the casket, but was unable to reach the one at the foot at the same time. Mata saw the difficulty and turned it for me. The effect was wonderful. In a few moments the great square block on which the casket rested became fiery red, and then turned to a white heat. That the body was to be reduced to ashes, and that it was for the reception of those ashes that the vase had been prepared, I began to understand. And when the whole plan of cremation became clear in my mind, it seemed that I would go mad. Rushing up the stairs, I found the door to the next room closed. Possibly my face partially expressed my nervousness, for Mata followed me immediately and asked:

“Are you ill? You look very pale.”

With as much composure as I could command, I asked her to open the door. She pulled a cord that hung from the ceiling, and the magic door opened. I ran from that room, opened the outer door, and plunged out into the storm.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A SERIAL STORY.

MIND begins the new century with an innovation that we are confident will be heartily welcomed by the majority of our readers. We present, in this number, the introductory chapters of "Mata the Magician," a metaphysical story by Isabella Ingalese, with whose name the friends of the magazine are not unfamiliar.

While we do not, as a general rule, publish fiction, yet we are not unaware of its value as a means of imparting lessons that in other garb might seem unattractive if not abstruse. Many historical novels contain more information than the authentic histories of their times. Students of astronomy, geology, and chemistry find the works of Jules Verne indispensable. No adequate knowledge of the evolution of the British Empire can be obtained without a perusal of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, despite their Tory bias. And in many modern volumes of fiction, especially those of Victor Hugo, can be found accurate descriptions of mechanical inventions, military campaigns, and crises in the actual history of nations.

But it is in the realm of prophecy that the novelist finds his most distinctive field and contributes in greatest measure to the progress of the world. There is scarcely an expression of inventive genius that has not been, suggestively at least, foreshadowed in some work of fiction. The novel writer can *afford* to be outspoken. Being an "imaginative" worker, he is protected from the incredulity and ridicule that so often enervate and discourage other pioneers of thought. He alone can deviate from the beaten path and explore new fields without incurring the anathema

of the bigot or the censure of the sciolist. In a word, the storyteller is frequently an evangel of truth—an expounder of the ideal that points the way to the real.

This prophetic quality is a distinguishing feature of "Mata the Magician," in which all the requirements of a first-class work of fiction are met. It is a synthesis of the occult teaching of the West, with a sufficient admixture of Orientalism to give it a weirdly mystical color. On the phenomenal side, it suggests the possibilities of psychic development, many of the incidents being based on actual occurrences in the experience of the author. Philosophically, it epitomizes the principles of the New Thought in a way that comprehends at once their adaptation to individual needs and their utility in social growth. It is a work of intensely human interest and genuine literary merit, reflecting the occult achievements of the past and furnishing foregleams of the Spiritual Science of the future.

"Mata the Magician" will appear exclusively in *MIND*, in liberal monthly instalments, throughout the year 1901; and we are convinced that, as the story develops, our readers will agree with us in pronouncing it an instructive contribution to the literature of romantic mysteries.

J. E. M.

TRUE OPULENCE.

Opulence does not mean merely riches; it means far more. Money is simply one phase of it, or, we may better say, the result of it. It is its shadowing forth on the material plane. While true opulence necessarily brings material prosperity with it, nevertheless it is a state of mind, not a material condition, as so many imagine. It is what we all insensibly seek; for, when obtained, "all things shall be added unto us."

It may be objected here that there are many rich men that manifest scarcely a spark of genuine love and have almost no

spiritual development, so deep are they sunk in materialism—so entirely do they come within the category “of the earth, earthy.” These may even have acquired wealth by unjust dealing, by cruel oppression and extortion. Why, you say, should these men manifest opulence? Nevertheless, they possess it in some of its manifold forms, such as energy, foresight, fertility of resource, etc. These must reap their harvest, and in time be pictured forth in the world of matter. Their possessors have no faith in spiritual laws, it is true; but they have a blind (though none the less unquestioning and thorough) confidence in their own ability to meet any and all crises. The moment this confidence is shaken, however, they are apt to lose all they have gained, since they have no firm anchor for this faith. And frequently, when a man of this stamp has amassed a fortune, it is more like a millstone round his neck than otherwise; for he does not know the true, as well as truly pleasurable, way to spend it—that is, by helping others. He imagines that, since by his own strenuous efforts his fortune was made, it should all be expended for his own peculiar and personal ends; and in carrying out this idea he never obtains true satisfaction. There is always something just above his reach that, Tantalus-like, he feels he must have, and that eludes his grasp. This restless reaching out is caused by the revolt of the God within him against materialism—the desire to express the highest attributes of Being. Until these are expressed, there are never present the deep-seated joy and content that come to the man that lives up to the best he is conscious of.

Then, too, it may be said that many writers, historians, poets—many spiritually-minded and cultured people—are almost entirely without means. They possess the higher qualities that make for opulence, and, as far as mentality and spirituality go, are opulent in the best sense of the term; but they lack the energy, the foresight, the prudence perhaps, that are indispensable to the material picturing forth of opulence. Yet how incomparably richer and grander a genius like Columbus, poets like Homer and Dante, than men whose only boast is that of material riches! Who of the thoughtful and wise, if they had to choose, would not prefer to be one of the former class? Not that money should be undervalued, nor that we should not give due credit and

admiration to the perseverance and energy that, starting at nothing, have thread by thread woven the gigantic fabric of a huge fortune; for money is a great and good thing if used wisely. It is only a curse when misused—when applied to oppression and wrong. It may and should be simply a stepping-stone to culture and benevolence.

The truly opulent and successful man is a compound of both qualities. He has all the grit, the energy, the perseverance, the forethought of the materially successful man, as well as the highest and noblest of inspirations and motives. He cares not for money in itself, knowing it to be just so much metal or paper; yet he strives to make it, since to help himself and others it is necessary to do so. However, he will not debase himself in order to gain in a monetary sense, since he knows by so doing he loses in moral stature. He prizes his own integrity far more than he does a few paltry dollars; therefore, cheating and "sharp" business practise are impossible to him. And others, assured of his honesty and squareness, instinctively deal justly by him. He does not have to pinch and scrape, for he has faith in the assurance of that unfailing supply. He fears no "rainy day," and *dares* to spend or invest his last cent, since he is certain that to-morrow will bring with it the sure solution of all problems. This faith, however, does not make an idler of him; for he knows he must do his part—that the "Lord helps him that helps himself." And he does not hesitate to consecrate his best efforts to the cause of ennobling and uplifting humanity—by his deeds, his thoughts, or his writings. He has the poet's eye for the beautiful in Nature, art, or sentiment, and makes it his own. And, most of all, he has an all-pervading sense of his relationship to his Creator and to his fellow-man, and calls every man his brother—if not in blood, yet in spirit. Such are a few of his main characteristics. Such a man cannot fail. "All things" *are* added to him, for he seeks first the "kingdom of God and his righteousness."

How, you say, can one attain to true opulence? By simply following the example of Christ. Christ was the truly opulent man. Think only loving, peaceful, just thoughts, and let your actions be inspired and directed by the God within you. Reject all unworthy thoughts as soon as they come into your mind. Confide

yourself entirely to the Father's loving care, knowing that to-morrow will only open up new vistas of peace and joy. Regret not the past nor worry about the future, but live entirely in the present, and live every moment as if it were your last, utilizing it for the highest you are conscious of. Let the majesty and beauty of the soul shine through its veil of flesh!

EDWARD M. DAWSON, JR.



ONE'S SPHERE OF ACTION.

To each of us his sphere in life, and each in his own sphere;—this is the law of Nature and of life, according to Nature's decrees. Are we following this law in arranging our plans for living aright? Do we ask often and long until the answer is unmistakable as to our place and purpose in creation? Until we do find *our own sphere* and *become firmly rooted in the life of that sphere*, the peace that is lasting does not come to us. This is because we are not working out our own life, but are patterning after the life of another, or of others, perhaps. We become tranquil only when we have found *our own*, and *live* the life best suited to our individual needs and talents. While parts of a grand Whole, we as individuals have each a distinct purpose to fulfil, in order to make the grand Whole a possibility in expression as in essence.

Let the Silence reveal to us distinctly our real needs—the life that is for us to outwork. Lay our plans for living this life, and let all lesser needs adjust themselves to the main purpose. We must be strong, be vigilant, and let *nothing* swerve us from our purposes.

Life is a stage upon which each man plays a part. Find out definitely your rôle, and, like a genuine actor, throw yourself body and soul into that rôle. Keep the leading idea of your life uppermost, and your whole life will adjust itself harmoniously to your poise in your own sphere. Seek first your kingdom of heaven—*your harmonious poise*—and “*all things*” else shall be added.

MATHILDE HOEHN TYNER.

THE SILENT ROOM.

The silent room is one of the new features of an up-to-date establishment. Its presence is not so much an indication of added luxury as it is that some place has at last been set aside in answer to a long-felt need of the nervous American woman. It is to afford a retreat to those who lead busy lives, when they find themselves almost overcome by the rush of things about them. They then seek its seclusion, and for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes every day go into a stillness that cannot but prove both mentally and physically refreshing. In fact, the idea of going into a silent room is to throw off the things about us that are unreal, and to let those things within us that are real find expression.

Although fashionable women have been the first to appreciate its desirability and to introduce the silent room into their homes, it can be safely prophesied that they will soon be found in all houses where the family income and space make them possible.

The first requisite of the new apartment is that it be situated at the top, or in some part of the house where it will be free from all noise. Unless the room is naturally a dark one, it should be heavily curtained, as much light is distractive to continuous thought, and it is not desirable to have the decorations conspicuous. Green, uncovered by any conventional design, or some equally restful color, is a good choice for the side walls.

Few pieces of furniture seem best to suit a silent room, and they are generally in accordance with the taste of the individual by whom it is to be used. A comfortable chair and a footstool, a couch, perhaps a table and a few books, are enough to dispel any sensation of loneliness, and if simple in character they will not attract the eye or attention. When one has any distinct talent, it is well to have it suggested. A piano would appeal strongly to a musician and a desk to one that is literary. Again, several have been heard to say that they had the room absolutely dark, and sat in it for a certain length of time every day, with a slate and pencil on their laps. If not of other value, the habit of concentration that is formed is good and strengthens the mind.

How much the teachings of the New Thought have had to do

with the advent of the silent rooms in fashionable houses is not certain. From whatever source, however, they have come, it is evident that they are bent on a long stay and will no doubt be a blessing to their overstrained visitors. Those who number them among their apartments are already noticed to possess a poise and calmness of bearing that are most pleasing.—*Cleveland Leader.*



P E A C E .

Thy sword and armor, soul,
 This night,
 Give to the angel here,
 In white.
 From blood-red battle call,
 Be still:
 Swift march the armies of
 Love's will,
 The captive common life
 To free,
 And this white angel leave
 With thee.

GEORGE D. HERRON.



It is not *hereafter* only that God invites men to dwell with him; and whilst walking in this world, indifferent to none of its concerns, careless of none of its interests, with all the marks of its citizenship upon us, our spirit need beat against no earthly barrier, nor, to find rest, need we fly away; and yet all the while be building upon the everlasting foundations, and more and more have our conversation in heaven, whilst only keeping close to the spiritual aspects and opportunities of every mortal day!—*John Hamilton Thom.*



God's word is an anvil that has worn out many a hammer;—*Beza.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

Our department has received a cordial welcome, as a number of letters from widely divergent centers abundantly testify; and because of which our heart is warmed and eager for the work before us. Thank you all.

And now, mothers and fathers, your questions will be considered and answered in as clear, practical, and helpful a manner as possible, and with all the knowledge, experience, and spiritual illumination that the writer can bring to bear upon them. Bear in mind, however, that, while we recognize the eternal *perfection* of the spiritual germ in each child, we are meeting him where we find him—in the body—and endeavoring to teach him his relation to that body and the world in which it dwells, as well as the spiritual world within his soul, whence come his own light, strength, knowledge, and power. To that end we must acquaint him with himself and show him how he may truly understand his relation to environment and conditions, and thereby direct and control his mind, morals, and body.

Now, Mrs. C., to your problem. You say: "Little Raymond refuses even the weakest tea, because his teacher says tea will eat out the lining of his stomach. Bert, who is two years older and has absorbed some of the New Thought ideas, tells him **very** emphatically that he can eat anything he likes and it won't hurt him if he doesn't think so."

Both boys need additional instruction. It is the old story—

"a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A partial view of any subject creates either fear or bigotry.

Little Raymond needs to be taught the nature and use of food, the kind of food that builds good, strong, wholesome bodies; and you, who wish him to know the workings of the One Law, could find no better illustration than the wonderful way in which the Infinite Wisdom has provided for the maintenance and upbuilding of the beautiful machine we call the body. Tell him something of the processes of chemistry that go on every time he eats; how the food is put into the stomach, where it is instantly acted upon by forces that may well be called fairies, so magical is their work: for they pick the food to pieces, separate that which makes blood, bone, muscle, and fat, combine different elements, and do their work so perfectly and in such harmony that a strong, beautiful body is the result. The food is either the right kind or the wrong kind. If it is the wrong kind, these little fairies cannot make a healthy body; so it is necessary to have some knowledge of the right kind. Tea is not good for the growing body, because it over-stimulates; therefore, it ought not to be taken into the stomach.

If you put this matter on the same basis that you would put the instruction concerning housebuilding, you would find him choosing the right materials for his body without any thought of fear; for the question of eating and drinking would hinge upon *what is best—not what he is afraid of*. Given a right conception of the wonderful temple of God, as Paul calls the body, and the laws that govern it, the child will consider it the great gift God has given him and take care of it with reverence and faith. Overcoming is to be accomplished through knowledge, and "knowledge is power" in every department of life.

As to Bert, he is right in saying "one can eat anything he likes, and it won't hurt him." But he must go further and see that this means anything that is consistent with right bodybuilding.

The same truths given to Raymond are good for Bert also, but there is another thought worth commenting upon in Bert's assertion. That insistence on eating "anything you like, because it won't hurt you if you don't think so," would, to human nature

in general, be a subtle temptation to eat to excess; and excess is intemperance. Nature teaches moderation in everything. The little carrier pigeon, though it may drop exhausted after weary hours of flight, cannot be induced, under any circumstances, to taste a morsel of food, nor more than barely *sip* the refreshing water, until it has slept and rested. This is one of the grandest temperance lessons. It is true, the mind can gain victories over the stomach; but is it not far better to give it a higher task than to look after a gluttonous stomach? Teach the boys the glory of mastership. He only is master that does the wisest thing because he knows it is the wisest, and he chooses to do it *because* it is the wisest. He that "conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." Here, therefore, is your opportunity to teach the children the beauty and use of ideals, and to let them see the important part *motive* has in the building of character. Give them as broad and complete a knowledge as possible on all subjects, and inspire them to *choose* thoughts of the good, the true, and the beautiful for daily living. The secret of all our tutoring is to evolve in the minds of the young a conception of the true and masterful life, and stimulate them to exemplify it.

You are right in saying that "love, mixed with patience and kindness, does more to make children mind than any other means."

Yes; one other book for children; besides the "Story of Teddy," has my name on its cover. It is "The Cup Bearer," and has been considered quite helpful. It has a department called "Sunny Sundays," besides stories and other matter written from a New Thought standpoint. There are several other good books for children. Mrs. Perry's "Tora's Happy Day" is a beautiful story, and Sarah W. Pratt's "Tim's Fairy Tales" and Mrs. Fillmore's "Wee Wisdom" are excellent.

And here is a letter from Mrs. J., of Cleveland, who asks if we "can't have a Mothers' Course—something very plain." Bless you, that is what we are aiming to have just as soon as we can write it—a Correspondence Course for Mothers who live in all the corners of our grand old earth and all the spots between. We will let you know when it is ready. My space is filled. Good-by.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

—
"It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
And not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth."

•••••

THE NEW CENTURY.

A new century's almost here,
Greet it, dear children, with a cheer!
Make a resolve with all your might
Through all the year to seek the right.
Do not let anger get control,
Nor other things that fret the soul.
May the coming century see
What sweet, good children you can be!

M. L. C.

WHAT KIND THOUGHTS DID.

It was the week before Christmas. The sun had drawn some clouds over his face and had seemed to forget all about the people on the earth. The air was cold and biting and the streets were muddy and cheerless.

A little girl was walking along Fourteenth street, in New York, looking at all the wonderful things that filled the shop windows. The great Kris Kringles, the beautiful Christmas-trees laden with tinsel and toys, almost made her forget that her clothes were very thin and that the slush was creeping in through the holes in her shoes. A big blue-eyed doll, with long yellow curls, smiled at her from one window, and all at once a great wish began to grow in her little heart—if only she could buy that doll for her sick sister! But what a heap of money it must cost! "So, of course, there's no use wishing," she thought; and she tried to put it out of her mind.

That one little, unselfish wish, however, proved to be a whole streetful of use by-and-by. When it left the little girl's heart it drifted about in the chill air, for a minute or two, feeling rather strange until it met a sister wish that was also floating about. This had gone straight from a mama's heart to a great rocking-horse in the window and right next to the doll. How happy it would make her little boy! In fact, there were a great many wishes hovering about that corner, and most of them had something to do with Christmas. The little girl's wish began to feel very much at home.

"Let's all get together," it said, "and see if we can't be of some use to somebody."

So they joined hearts, these Christmas wishes—nearly all had begun in a loving, unselfish thought, you know, that made them very warm and very much alive. As they traveled through the air other glad thoughts and Christmas ideas joined them until the whole street seemed full.

Presently the sun peeped out to see what was going on, and when he saw the happy wishes flying about through the air, like so many golden butterflies, it reminded him of summer, and he smiled broadly at the thought. Some of the shoppers thought that

the weather had moderated. Others, who had come out just to buy things for themselves, changed their minds—they hardly knew why—and bought Christmas gifts for other people instead. None of the people with whom the streets were filled really saw the Christmas wishes as clearly as the sun saw them; but they felt them, each in his own different way. And, as Christmas Day grew nearer, millions and millions of more wishes and hopes and happy plans and secrets filled the air and made everybody gentler and more loving and unselfish without their knowing why. One of these crept into the heart of a rich woman, who knew the mother of the little boy that would be so happy to have that rocking-horse—and can you guess what happened Christmas Eve? And another found its way into the busy brain of the man for whom the little girl worked who so wanted that big doll.

Before Christmas morning ever and *ever* so many glad things happened, and cross thoughts melted away out of people's minds, and they felt jolly, gay, and good-natured, hardly knowing why. But the Christmas wishes knew, and they were happy too.

Every thought we think, you know, goes out into the world and mingles with other people's thoughts just as readily as does the breath that comes from our mouths mingle with and impress the air all about us.

I wonder if each one of us can't help this year to fill the air with glad, unselfish, golden thoughts; for then we are being of nearly as much use as the sun himself can be.

ESTHER HARLAN.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

"To the beautiful land of 'Do-as-you-please'
I am going to take you to-night;
You shall sit on the top of this fluffy young cloud,
And go riding with me out of sight.

"Now, you must take nothing but smiles with you there—
To this dear old town, Do-as-you-please,
Where the 'I-don't-care' people laugh all day long,
While their children play under the trees.

"Now, here we go flying, up, up, and along;
Mother Moon lights each step of the way;
Then down with a bump into Do-as-you-please,
Where the motto is, 'Have your own way!'

"The fences are made out of peppermint-sticks,
With a choc'late on top of each one;
The houses are masses of fruit-cake so nice,
And each corner a big sugar-plum.

"At the sides of the streets stand beautiful trees,
Hung with all kinds of cookies and cake,
But there's no one at all in Do-as-you-please
To tell you just how much to take."

Just then came a voice from a far-away land,
That spoiled all of these wonderful dreams,
As somebody's mama the shades drew aside,
Letting in a whole throng of sunbeams.

And somebody's stockings hung there by the bed,
Bulging out in the funniest way,
While out on the floor, with a harness of red,
Stood a rocking-horse prancing and gay.

Then Johnny looked into his dear mother's face,
Full of smiles for her own little lad,
Who recalled that no time in Do-as-you-please
Had he been for *one moment* so glad.

CARRIE BLAKESLEE HUMPHREYS.



HOW GOD WORKS.

All beautiful things are impressions of beautiful thoughts. Thoughts come to us in silence. We do not hear any disturbing sounds preceding them; they just come along silently, and rest in our inner consciousness if we entertain them.

That is the way thoughts work; that is the way the grass, vegetables, fruit, and flowers grow. They don't make a noise about it; they don't say: "Look at me! Am I not pretty? Am I not clever?"

We recognize pretty things and wonderful things. If we do not see them or recognize their value, it is because we lack that value in ourselves.

Each one of us possesses the qualities that make a perfect being; but not everybody we meet may have developed the best within the inner self. It must grow as a flower grows. I wonder if any of the little people who read this have ever seen leaves and vines grow and flowers unfold? I have, and I will tell you something about it.

A few years ago I spent the summer at a country place. We had a large hothouse on our grounds for the culture of hothouse grapes—the Black Hamburg, Muscat Hamburg, and several other very choice varieties.

The hothouse was closed up in the winter time. The vines were unfastened from the frames that supported them; they were wound in fine straw, and laid down on the ground, and then covered over with more straw and with sand. This was done to protect them from the frost.

In the spring, after the frost was out of the ground, the grapevines were taken up from their long sleep, the straw removed, and the vines tied up to the trellis again. They were perfectly bare of foliage. You might look upon them as dead wood, they seemed so bare and dry. But wait and see what they did while I was looking at them.

The gardener worked up the soil about the roots, put on some new soil and fertilizer, and then sprinkled the soil about them plentifully with water.

A hothouse, you know, is made entirely of glass, except the skeleton wood-work that supports and joins the panes of glass. The sun, shining through the glass, furnished heat several degrees warmer than the air out of doors, and the moisture and heat together furnished the right conditions to make the new vines start out of the dry wood.

The first thing I noticed was what looked to be tiny, pale-

green buttons here and there over the vines. As I stood watching them, in almost breathless interest, I saw them swelling a little larger and larger until they burst open. Little points then appeared, and as they unfolded, point after point, I discovered they were grape-leaves. The colors were beautiful, shading from a very delicate green to rich bronze-green. They appeared to jump with great joy that they were liberated from their long winter sleep into the glad warm sunshine. The leaves and stems kept stretching out, some faster than others, and then little tendrils came out, looking like little fingers that reached up to the wires on the trellis and began to curl round them to support the new vines.

While I stood watching this wonderful expression of Nature I felt that God was talking to me. A great joy possessed me that I never had experienced before. From that time I date my first understanding and knowledge of God. Godly thoughts create something beautiful. They come in silence; they work in silence, as I saw the grape-vines grow—an expression of God's thought.

MARIE LOUISE COUSE.



DOING.

The little word *do* is one of the smallest we first learn to spell, and yet it is a word that can bring about the greatest gladness in all the world. This is the very thing we were born for—just to *do* something.

The clouds that seem like so many beautifully painted pictures hung from the sky, or like little balloons with red and gold fire in them, are not simply to look at, beautiful as they are; but their purpose is to gather up little drops of moisture. When they have about as great a weight of water as they can carry, and find a place where a cornfield looks as if it needed water to make it grow, or where a potato-patch looks thirsty, it opens its little sack and down comes the blessed rain.

The little crawling worm has its work to do, and so it burrows in and out of the ground until the earth becomes soft, and then the weeds and grasses grow.

It seems as if the little bird on the tip-top of the tree—how we love to watch it!—had traveled all the way up from the South, simply to call on us and sing us a song. But if we could only understand those bird-notes they would tell us of fields and fields of grain and of fruit-orchards where he must help the farmer clear out the insects and bugs. This is just what the bird has to do, and it does it with a merry grace; for it sings before its day's work and it sings at night after the work is done. The birds are happy little workers. Oh, the world is full of just such sweet little *doers*!

But some folks never seem to find out what God, the good Father of us all, sent them to do, or—can I even so much as think it?—perhaps they don't *want* to do it. Then, of course, for every one that neglects to do what God meant he should do, somebody else will have to do that work. This is why there is so much trouble in the world.

Now, it is very important that we should find out what we can do best, for this is always the thing God meant we should do; and about the easiest way to find out is to be willing to do whatever is nearest at hand. You know, we are all the children of God, and children inherit the traits of their parents. But God, who made this great world and all that is therein, and hung countless other worlds all about us, can do anything, because He is omnipotent. As His children, you and I, then, can do anything that is good, if only we desire to do it. So it all depends upon whether we want to be like a shining light in the world. What will *you* do, dear child, especially at this merry Christmas time, to gladden this beautiful world that God sent you to work in?

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



WE should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.—*Cicero*.



HITCH thy wagon to a star.—*Emerson*.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY. By Rosicrucia. 145 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Eulian Publishing Company, Salem, Mass.

This is a truly metaphysical work in which the anonymous author meets the material scientist on his own ground. He declares the manifestation of immortality to be a logical necessity of evolution, and proves the principle to be inherent in life itself—not a redemptive or conditional “gift.” Discussing in the terms of exact science such subjects as energy, consciousness, life, love, truth, wisdom, and divinity, the author describes the Karmic law of growth in a most lucid manner—minimizing the “unknowable mysteries” of materialism and revealing the *unity* of Nature throughout its varied planes. We wish this work could be placed in the hands of every theologian, for it would assuredly open the way to a clerical consideration of the New Thought principles in their entirety—thus promoting the union of true religion and science, and relegating theology to the limbo of intellectual speculations. The volume is a text-book of the new spiritual ideals, barren alike of dogma and of mere emotion.

BRAIN IN RELATION TO MIND. By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. 143 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. The Meng Publishing Company, Chicago.

That the medical profession, as a body, is gradually abandoning the materialistic dictum that “the brain thinks,” is becoming increasingly evident to readers of its literary output. The author of the present illustrated volume, whose standing is first class, clearly perceives that the mind is an entity that exists antecedently to the formation of gray and all other tissue; that it decides the number, shape, and depth of the convolutions, and has faculties that correspond to functions of the brain. In this he is far in advance of many of his confrères who place thought in the same category with digestion and nutrition. Yet to postulate the existence of a *soul* back of the developing mind requires no straining of logic; and when this is conceded, and the attributes of this immortal entity are understood by doctors, we may look

for a radical reconstruction of the conclusions of *materia medica*. The facts presented by Dr. Christison are very valuable, especially those relating to cell growth and the functioning of the brain as the *instrument*, rather than the organ, of intelligence.

A SERIES OF MEDITATIONS. By Erastus C. Gaffield. Edited by J. C. F. Grumbine. 107 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Order of the White Rose, publishers, Syracuse, N. Y.

The ethical and psychical relation of spirit to the human organism is here outlined by a deep student of the occult. The process of reincarnation, of which evolution is the principle, is one about which many vague and incoherent ideas are current in the literature of alleged mysticism. But this beautiful volume is a marvel of condensation, the "meditations" being presented in simple and direct form—as hints to the student of metaphysics and guideposts on the path of spiritual science. The author knows whereof he speaks, and evidently has access to a storehouse of psychical information. To those having lingering doubts as to the reality of an unseen universe the book is especially commended, and theologians desiring to learn something of what is *known* concerning the soul of man should not neglect its perusal.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PSYCHOMETRY: Its Science and Law of Unfoldment. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Second edition. 53 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Syracuse, N. Y.

OUR DIFFICULTY—And the Way Out of It. By Daniel W. Church. Paper, 41 pp. The Berlin Carey Co., publishers, Chicago.

SEEK WISDOM. By Leo Virgo. 28 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Unity Tract Society, publishers, Kansas City, Mo.

THE HERESY TRIAL—Of the Rev. B. F. Austin, M.A., D.D., including the famous sermon favoring Spiritualism. 62 pp. Paper, 25 cents. The Sermon Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada.

"Let a man hope for any great and noble thing—high success in business or in art, the love of true woman, his children's growth in every spiritual grace, the advance of some good cause, the triumph of some vested wrong, the triumph of some glorious principle, the opportunity of an immortal—and the strength and greatness of that hope will pass into his soul."—J. W. CHADWICK.

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MIND.

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MARCH, 1901.

No. 6.

VALUE OF THE UNBALANCED MAN.

BY CARINA CAMPBELL EAGLESFIELD.

If the statement were made that the world owes a lasting debt to its "unbalanced" men, it would doubtless be received with derision; but a careful reading of the lives of men eminent in history brings startling corroboration of this truth. We speak of the progress of the world as something that can be measured; and we note its growth, its different phases, and frequent abrupt vicissitudes. Now, if we measure this progress by the influence of certain men, we feel that at certain times it has moved swiftly and at others has stood almost still. Why has this pace been so uncertain, if not because it was fixed by the influence of a master mind—a controlling power?

Nothing is so uncertain as the appearance of a genius. We say that the times bring forth the man; but what are the times, if not the furious energy of the man that has come to break down the old order and bring in the new? The sentiment of the people must be back of every movement; but the enthusiasm and faith of the people must have a leader before definite work can be accomplished. Much of this work seems to lie outside the province of the evenly balanced, conservative man, and can be done only by one who in uncalculating fervor fails to estimate the normal relations of things. The man of genius may be balanced or unbalanced, though the prepon-

derance of unbalanced geniuses is one of the most startling conclusions that the student of human nature is forced to make. No one has ever succeeded in giving a pregnant definition of *genius*, and no psychologic meaning can be attached to the word. The attempt to define exactly what a balanced man is would lead to a still more difficult task, namely, the exact definition of *sanity* and *insanity*; but the comparison between the value of the unbalanced and the balanced man may lead to a clearer perception and deeper knowledge of our indebtedness to them.

The value of the unbalanced man was known to the ancients, and our modern classification is the scientific confirmation of their intuitions. Aristotle observed that many persons become poets, prophets, or sibyls under the influence of mania; Plato, in his "Phædo," affirms that "delirium is by no means an evil, but when it comes by the gift of the gods is a very great benefit." Seneca, Cicero, Horace, and Democritus have all left statements showing their recognition of the value of certain abnormal states. The intimate connection between sanity and insanity has always been known. It is not a new idea, though it seems comparatively new to ascribe insanity to every genius, as Lombroso and Nordau and others have done. Moreau preceded Lombroso in his startling conclusions, and in 1859 made the first modern statement that "all genius is a neurosis."

The unbalanced man of power must undoubtedly have genius, and the main difference between him and the unbalanced man without genius is one of efficiency. The unbalanced genius does work; the ordinary unbalanced man accomplishes nothing. He is the so-called crank, the faddist, and his energy results in nothing that can benefit or uplift mankind. We are not considering him at all, for he may be said to have no value; whereas the world could not well do without the tragic energy of its unbalanced geniuses. Dr. Hirsch thinks it "preposterous and unscientific" to assume a so-called

normal man, and that "anything that departs from the normal is diseased." Is the conception of a normal man unscientific? I think not, though observation finds so few of them that no hard and fast rules can be laid down in defining what normality means.

The mental life of the men we call geniuses presents no other psychical conditions than those of ordinary men, except the difference in quantity. Health and disease are not different forms; the only question is whether the vital action of the organism is prejudiced or the performance of the individual deranged. When we establish that, we may call the man sane or insane, balanced or unbalanced, keeping in mind always that the point of view of the observer must differ, being influenced by many causes—as nationality, climate, period, and age.

Though the unbalanced man has done lasting work in every department of letters and art, it would seem that his special nature accomplishes most in the work of reform and revolution; and it would be difficult to imagine how the same results could have been brought about by a different kind of man. In every crisis of human affairs men have been raised up with special qualifications for the work. The hour strikes for a great reform and the man appears upon the scene, equipped and eager for the fray. It is he who gives the key-note to rallying thousands, who sounds the bugle, and whose voice is heard in clarion tones above the hesitant multitude. So perfectly adapted to the work do these fiery reformers seem that we seldom feel that they have aimed beyond the mark or have hastened the overthrow of institutions that might otherwise have peacefully passed away. To them may be applied the dictum of Emerson: "Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot or fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency."

Such men are the vital factors in all revolution. Progress

has been wonderfully hastened by these despots of genius, these haters of forms, these natural enemies of everything conservative; and it is true, as Emerson further noted, that "all progress, every institution, may be regarded as the prolonged shadow of some man of genius—Islamism of Mohammed, Protestantism of Luther, Abolitionism of Clarkson, Garrison, and so on." If these ardent zealots had not been unbalanced, if they had been capable of seeing the enormous difficulties in their path, they would have fainted by the way. If they had realized their own weakness or incompetence, where would have been their indomitable courage? Among such men rise up the sublime figures of John Brown, Garrison, Clarkson, and Phillips. Must we call them unbalanced? Can we assert that we did not need them just as they were?

Great progressive movements have frequently been brought about by insane or semi-insane men. The religious reformer, Juan di Dios, was subject to attacks of mania and had visions. His mission was to help the poor. He begged for them, and showed himself a reformer also in his manner of treating the sick. He has been called the creator of the modern hospital system and the founder of casual wards. Cola di Rienza's career is also an example of what can be done by the unbalanced man. His wild enthusiasm, furious energy, and unbridled ambition place him among the men whom Maudsley and Lombroso have dubbed *mattoids*. This is a new word, but it does not describe a new state. The word *degenerate* has also acquired a special meaning through the studies of the famous Magnan, who has classed "degenerates" as superior and inferior; and the former he calls the unbalanced men. Maudsley speaks of them as follows: "In such a person every single mental faculty may have attained a degree of development that surpasses the average; yet the proportion of the different mental factors to one another may be so abnormal that the mental balance is destroyed and the discord so prominent that the person, though of high mental development, may be mentally

deranged." This definition is now generally accepted, and under it we may classify such reformers and political revolutionists as Mohammed, Savonarola, Loyola, St. Francis of Assisi, and Oliver Cromwell, and such social enthusiasts as Fourier, John Humphrey Noyes, and leaders of Mormonism.

Mohammed had visions, and after prophesying usually fell into a state of imbecility. His hallucinations, his delusions of grandeur, his fanaticism, his religious honesty—all were exaggerated; but these traits will be found to be held in common by all religious reformers, and in none more strikingly combined than in Cromwell. He, too, suffered from hallucinations; his faith in his own star was gigantic, and he seemed to be governed by laws not applicable to the average man. The disordered fancy, the superstitious and vaulting ambition, of the great general, Wallenstein, show the abnormal trend of his character. But could either he or Cromwell have performed his self-allotted task if breadth of charity, moderation, or wisdom had ruled their conduct? In both cases times were out of joint, heroic measures were needed to cure the body politic, and the calm, well-ordered mind could not have brought order out of chaos nor victory to the fighter.

I except Luther from this list of unbalanced reformers; and for these reasons—which, however, are not recognized by Lombroso, who considers Luther's hallucinations and visions the mark of a disordered mind: Luther's homely virtues, the touch of the commonplace in his rugged character, his overflowing humor—all seem to me to balance the exaltation of his spiritual nature; and I cannot disassociate sound common sense from my notion of the man. Now, common sense is so uncommon a trait in reformers that I know of none save Luther who possessed it.

Scientists have hastened by whole centuries the unfolding of truth, and have forwarded the progress of mankind enormously. But their lack of balance has in itself been their strongest weapon, and their studies have tended to the atrophy

of all faculties not needed by them. This devotion to special lines of investigation has produced men of very one-sided development—abnormal, yet who could say insane? They are the *pioneers* of science; they rush forward regardless of danger, and give up their lives without a tremor for the sake of truth. The chief characteristic of the scientist is his doubt of things. We owe much to the doubter, yet when he goes so far in his skepticism as to endanger the delicate adjustment of his faculties he becomes unbalanced and incapable of taking the view of the average man. The average man, whose character is frequently more evenly balanced than that of the genius, is too apt to conform to the prevailing mode of thought and fashion, and progress would be much slower had we to wait for him to take the lead. It is his nature to be passive—questions do not disturb the even tenor of his life; whereas science is as full of questions as the small schoolboy, and Nature is made to answer them.

The value of the specialist is being recognized more clearly every day; yet we lose sight of the fatal influence of his work upon himself in our gratitude for his humanitarian efforts. The incessant use of one set of faculties, to the exclusion of all the rest,—the unwearied devotion through years, often a lifetime, to one line of thought,—results in a surprising condition of brain atrophy. Darwin, who is truly the high priest of modern science, recognized this growing atrophy of his own faculties, and observed, with the calmness of the pure scientist, how his tastes and the enjoyment of certain things gradually left him. His love of Nature, and his appreciation of literature, music, and painting, gradually disappeared; and he affords a most striking example of a powerful and sane mind working almost exclusively in one direction. He called himself a machine for collecting facts, and in this sense he was; but what facts they were! His value is beyond cavil, and a study of his mind proves him to have been the most unbalanced scientist that the last century of one-sided geniuses can show.

Geometricians and astronomers have often been singularly unbalanced. Newton was lacking in many tastes and had many peculiarities; Balayai, who has been called the geometrician of the insane, invented the fourth dimension in Anto-Euclidian geometry; Giordano Bruno declared that he was "illuminated by superior light; a messenger from God, who knew the essence of things; a Titan who would destroy Jupiter." Insane students of Nature were Swammerdam and Albrecht von Haller. Cardan's autobiography proves him to have been insane; it is one of the most curious of human documents. The celebrated physiologist, John Mueller, was insane and committed suicide; and Codazzi, the reformer of Euclid, was a raving maniac. The monotypic specialist thinks nothing of devoting a lifetime to the solution of one problem. Otto Bechman studied the kidneys exclusively, Mayer the habits of ants, Fresnel the action of light, and Pasteur and Koch have immolated themselves on the altar of germs.

The list could be extended indefinitely, since the results of their labors are known to the world; but the peculiar value of minds that can make such astounding contributions to science, and yet keep within the fatal limit of insanity, is not sufficiently recognized. It is their lack of balance and inherent tendency to specialize that have made them preëminent. Take from the scientist the special capacity that has distinguished him, and there still remains a capable, moral, and wise man, who holds his own with dignity in our social mechanism; but let the same test be applied to the gifted degenerate and there only remains the criminal or lunatic. Character is the supreme test of a sane being, and it is never found among the insane.

Conquerors have been almost without exception unbalanced, and it is the moral qualities in which they have been most deficient. Lofty intelligence and brilliant intellect have distinguished them, but the moral sense has been abnormal or blunted. Alexander the Great, who was a drunkard and of

maniacal temper, Julius Cæsar, Peter the Great, Charles XII. of Sweden, Emperor Charles V. of Germany, Napoleon—all lacked morality. Cæsar and Peter were both subject to insane fits of epilepsy, Charles V. was mad at times, and Napoleon's moral character was that of the ordinary criminal. Charlemagne, as far as our meager records go, was unusually well balanced; but the lust for conquest and the possession of great power must warp the finest nature and smother spiritual and moral strength. Louis XIV. of France was morally perverted and his original spirituality was drowned in superstition. The great Elizabeth was an intellectual giant, but not much can be said of her affective instincts or moral character. The same perversion is found in the great Russian queens, and we are reminded of the adage that "everything is forgiven a genius" when we recall their base private lives.

It is almost impossible to prove anything by statistics, so the temptation to enumerate all the musicians who have been strangely unbalanced or insane must be overcome; but it is surely logical to deduce some conclusions as to the relation of their work to their mental defects. All art may be said to encourage the development of mental disease, and musicians have been more frequently neurotic than any other kind of artist. Musical activity is the most subjective manifestation of thought—the one most intimately connected with the emotions; it has less relation to the external world than painting, sculpture, or poetry, and therefore stands more in need of inspiration. It draws more upon its own resources of emotion and feeling, and the nervous strain is consequently often too intense for the frail body to endure. A highly nervous organism is apt to become unbalanced, and the development of character in musicians is also prone to grow one-sided and abnormal. This accounts for the frequency of insanity among musicians. Schumann, Donizetti, Pergolese, Fenica, Rica, Dussek, Hoffmann, Glück, Petrella—all were insane at different times; Berlioz, Beethoven, and Handel were abnor-

mally nervous; von Bülow was subject to melancholia, and Wagner's mind was filled with the most disordered fancies and characterized by an insane arrogance. His persistent introduction of the "leit-motiv" into every species of musical composition, his crude literary efforts, his attempt at painting and decorative art—all seem to prove him to have been a most unbalanced man. Had he succeeded in his multiform efforts, he would have been the most stupendous example of symmetrical activity; but real genius does succeed, and Wagner failed in three-fourths of his undertakings. Nor does real genius waste time in discussing the value of its work and in constructing systems; it seeks, doubts, and finds, or, as Goethe tersely said: "Work, artist; do not talk." Physicians say that high musical talent is compatible with an advanced state of degeneration, and frequently found with delirium, delusion, or even idiocy. The insane hospitals all have their fine musicians, and many of them retain much of their executive ability. The world would be infinitely poorer without these names, and it may count itself fortunate that their mental defects were not more often mirrored in their musical creations. Beethoven's music is always sane—also Handel's, and Mozart's; but poor Schumann, Chopin, and Berlioz reflect the gloomy abysses and wild despair of their insane moods.

There is a curious and suggestive difference between the modern painter and those born prior to the nineteenth century. Nearly all the classic names in painting—as Michelangelo, Raphael, da Vinci, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Dürer—belong to sane, well-balanced men; while two schools, the Symbolists and Pre-Raphaelites, can scarcely show one sound man.

Ancient art was preëminently healthy; modern art is infected with pessimism, egomania, and mysticism—and these are forms of mental derangement. Certain peculiarities, such as intense emotionalism, the tendency to symbolism, the predominance of the imagination over the logical faculties,

are to be met with in all artists; but it does not, of course, follow that all modern artists are unbalanced. It is exaggeration of the tendencies that upsets the mental and moral equilibrium and results in making such artists as the French painter, Manet, whose work is the reflection of his erratic nature. Low pictures, like low music, are a powerful agent for evil; and when we analyze the educative value of the above-mentioned schools we note the harm they have done.

In painting, as in all other art, Nature should be the only guide, and these decadent painters deviate sadly from Nature. Every artist is connected with his century more by his defects than by his virtues, and the defects of modern art are a reflection of the disease of our time. Unnatural art is distinctly demoralizing, and the value of the unhealthful artist is infinitesimal. Unlike the music of unbalanced genius, the work of these unbalanced painters and sculptors teaches no moral lesson and does nothing to uplift. The function of all art is to please, and this primal element is neglected entirely by the French Symbolists; for there is nothing that the eye finds pleasing in their exaggerated symbols and unnatural coloring.

Poets have always been prone to delusions, visions, and hallucinations; but these have been mostly deceptions of sense, and opinions differ as to their abnormal character. Many psychiatrists consider hallucinations compatible with perfect health, while others hold that they are always symptoms of mental disorder. Hagen, the great German scholar, considers them morbid, but not symptoms of mental disease. This is my own view, which seems to be fortified by two illustrious examples—Luther and Goethe. These men, particularly the latter, who is thought to stand for the type of a perfect man, were both of sound mental health; yet both were subject to hallucinations. When the inner equilibrium is too greatly deranged by hallucinations, the poet may become partially insane, as was Alfieri, to whom Italy owes a stupendous debt.

While his beloved country lay mute and submissive, he dedicated all his powers to the task of awakening her from her lethargy. He attempted to strengthen the national enervation, arouse patriotic sentiment, and reveal to the people their degraded state. Alfieri had one of the most unbalanced and tragic of natures. Gifted with remarkable strength of feeling, the fiercest passions were forever warring within him; yet he could find no way to express himself. He seemed devoid of all knowledge of his wants or capacities, and for years led an existence that was at war with his higher nature.

Alfieri now stands among the greatest names of Italy; yet he might have done even greater tasks, and we feel that we owe far more to the divine quality of his genius than to the bias of his education and surroundings. He felt his own limitations with Titanic discontent, but could not rise above them. Of the strange contradictions in his nature, he says: "I began life as a dramatist with a capital that consisted of a resolute, obstinate, and indomitable spirit; a heart full of every species of affection, of love and all its furies; and a fierce, deep-seated hatred for every kind of tyranny." Had he been brought up under a wise and symmetrical education his work might have been excelled by none.

Another of Italy's Immortals was Tasso, who was mad most of his life. His insanity is amply proved by his letters, in which he makes frequent allusion to it. At one time he said: "My hallucinations are demoniac. I take a book in hand and at once voices sound in my ears. . . . madness is so deep and persistent that people often think me crazy, and I am forced to assent to the opinion myself." Much of Tasso's immortal work was done in the intervals between mad states, but he was always conscious of his condition and capable of analyzing his marvelous mind.

Ugo Foscolo and Leopardi were also seriously deranged; yet Italy points proudly to them. Other insane poets were Lucretius, Lenz, Holderlin, Lessman, von Sonderberg,

Southey, and Lamb. Ben Jonson and Moliere had fits of melancholia; Gotzhow and Cowper were both mad at times. And the list of French poets, headed by Baudelaire, Maupassant, and Nerval, shows few whose minds were not deranged. It is a tragic commentary on frail humanity that we should owe so great a debt to the misery of such men.

But when we pass on to the *contributions* left by the decadent poets we find so little of good in such a mass of corruption that that little might well have never been created. The poetry of symbolism is limited to moods, and within this narrow province occasional good work has been done. Paul Verlaine, who leads them, has written one exquisite poem, the "Chanson d'Automne"; but sane, morally clean minds can find little beauty in decadent poetry. The Goncourts, Flaubert, and Baudelaire are morally so perverse that their art arouses only disgust and pain in the Anglo-Saxon mind. They were truly decadent, and their influence will remain noxious. The weird, unbalanced genius of Edgar Allan Poe is said to have fascinated these French Symbolists, and they gave him a high place. But we think of Poe that his genius mastered him, and that his prose and poetry are valuable only because of their unique, bizarre, and abnormal quality.

It is difficult to estimate the value of such a man as Rousseau. A moral leper, with the instincts of a savage and the tastes of an epicure, his intellectual vision was so clear and far-sighted, his theories so sound, his practise so irregular that the personal view must be left out in our estimate of the value of his ideas. Rousseau's direct influence over contemporary youth was undoubtedly debasing, but the good in his theories still lives, and therefore merits investigation. His "Confessions" and "Dialogues" betray his insanity and leave no doubt as to the fatal lack of balance in the man. We find the same difficulty in separating the low from the beautiful in the message of the poet Heine; yet German litera-

ture and the German language owe much to Heine, and his lyrics will endure forever—though his prose will continue to suffer in popularity from its low moral tone.

When we consider the value of a one-sided historian—as Renan, Michelet, Hume—we feel that history would have gained more by fairer, less prejudiced treatment. Renan is an example of a most complex, contradictory nature; a victim to doubt, to hallucinations, to visions—yet the most urbane and fascinating of men. A French critic once said of him: “He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child.” Hume, on the other hand, was all intellect; but his lack of spirituality, coupled with other limitations, made it impossible for him to see certain sides of a question at all. His destructive criticism was as helpful to progress in modes of thought as the constructive efforts which he sought to overthrow, and chiefly because it cleared the atmosphere of mist and compelled men to probe the philosophy of experience to the core. There were many minds like Hume’s among the French of his day, but the kind was not liked in Scotland and England. The world cannot use many such men as Hume; yet it cannot do entirely without them. At times it loses sight of the practical; its philosophies become too theoretical, and the utilitarian systems evolve a Hume to waken them to the value of the things they have despised.

Voltaire had great value in the day in which he lived, but he would not be so much of a figure now. The windmills he overthrew and the theories he pricked are old stories now; but his message fell on ground ready to take it up and make it blossom into something of value and use to the world.

The average historian may be said to be more seriously handicapped by lack of balance than any other intellectual worker, unless we except the writer on religious subjects. Here the calmness, the breadth, and the wisdom of the most evenly balanced mind are required, and the work loses much by the absence of these qualities.

Civilization takes its workers from every field, and leaves to philosophy the task of sifting the essential from the non-essential—the true from the false. In this day of fads and “isms” the reign of moods is too apt to prevail, and the value of the unbalanced novelist has been greatly exaggerated. The demoralizing tendency of the French and Russian schools has not been sufficiently recognized. What is true to life will endure, but the falsity and the pessimism of their outlook will pass away.

Literature is filled with lessons, and can be made a most beneficent guide to right living—but only when each man makes the final test himself and does not allow his mind to be driven hither and thither by the passing fads of the hour. I venture to assert that no lesson of moral value can be gleaned from the decadent novels of to-day; the moral twist in their authors is fatal, and their minds perverted.

Lack of intellectual balance in the men just discussed has been shown to be frequently of great value, but lack of moral and spiritual balance can never be anything but harmful, and if a writer errs in this regard he should be shunned. Thus the baneful tendencies that seem inseparable from human effort can be counteracted by the correct point of view; and we may enlarge our stock of knowledge and enrich our minds by the study of all honest and moral work.

THERE is no nation so far off, no people so distant, no individual so obscure and despised, with whom we do not stand indissolubly related, and with whose fate present and future, the fate of every man and woman, is not inextricably woven for weal or woe.—*Rev. I. P. Coddington.*

THE holy spirit is a spirit, and not one mood of the mind; it is not Sabbatical, but daily; it is not a morning and an evening temper, but a perpetual presence in us.—*William Mountfort.*

WAGNER'S CONCEPTION OF THE MISSION OF ART.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Though no child of genius was ever more completely possessed by his chosen art than Richard Wagner, he was from first to last—though perhaps unconsciously at the beginning—a prophet of human progress, an apostle of a truer civilization, a high priest of that ideal which Hugo characterizes as “the stable type of ever-moving progress.”

Wagner believed that in true art we have the most potent factor for affording the highest pleasure, while exalting and ennobling primarily the individual and secondly society; while on the other hand he felt that a false or counterfeit art, which pandered to the low, shallow, and superficial tastes, and which appealed merely to the eye and ear, without possessing the divine potency of stirring the soul, was debasing and necessarily tended to carry civilization downward. Hence his life-work was given to elevating art, believing that in so doing he must exalt humanity.

From the hour when in Dresden he opened his life-long and Titanic struggle with the old order, he waged war against the artificiality that permeated music and the drama, as it also permeated to a great extent the life of the people. He opposed the reigning opera music because, to use his own words, “it ignores the needs of the soul and seeks to gratify the eye and ear alone.” Against the artificiality, the sham morality and hypocrisy of conventionalism, Wagner raised a protest and waged ceaseless war. He also believed that humanity was held back by the arbitrary dogmas of theology, which ignored the voice of the soul and the law of equity and justice. He stood for a larger freedom and sought to rein-

state in civilization the healthy, normal human, and bring it under the irresistible and elevating spell of the ideal.

In speaking of Wagner during these years of his life-long conflict, Dr. Louis Nohl observes that "his aspirations grew in the natural soil which dictates that religion and morality shall not destroy natural impulses, but sanctify them. Before his soul stood a chaste maidenly image of unapproachable and intangible holiness and loveliness. In his own words, his nature passionately and ardently embraced the outward forms of this conception, whose essence was the love of all that is noble and pure. No other artist ever possessed a deeper sense of the needs of our time."

In the rich storehouse of German legend, myth, and allegory, Richard Wagner found impearled many of life's deepest truths, humanity's noblest aspirations, and philosophy's profoundest lessons. They were a dead letter to the people, but he instinctively felt that, if they were properly brought home to the heart and mind, they would work a new reformation. Indeed, he regarded these myths and legends "as the real fountain of health for the nation and the time." He was a true mystic. Few men in our age have possessed that marvelous insight which enabled him to perceive the full significance of those wonderful truth-bearing legends and allegories which at intervals leaped from the luminous mind of prophet, sage, and inspired minstrel, and which sometimes seemed to grow from age to age, taking hue from many minds as the flower draws fragrance from sun, earth, and air.

As the poet beholds beauty where his companion sees naught but the commonplace, until that beauty is revealed to him, so the mystic sees vital truth in the immortal legends and myths of all civilizations, where the careless reader finds nothing more than the fascinating tales. Nor must it be supposed that this apprehension is visionary or unreal. The fact that we do not see a thing at a glance by no means proves that those who do behold truths hidden from us are visionary, any

more than the fact that the untaught delver in the strata of earth sees no story of the various ages of the world or the rise of life proves that the finger of God has failed to write the story that geology unfolds. The man of genius apprehends truth that, but for his ability to retranslate it into language intelligible to others, might sleep for ages.

In what did Shakespeare differ from thousands who daily brushed against him in dingy old London? He looked forth and beheld the world through the ampler vision of genius. He peered into the human mind and found there every potential emotion known to man—be he savage or sage, king or knave, cardinal or grave-digger. To him childhood and womanhood, virtue and vice, knowledge and simplicity, were equally understood. As a great thinker observed, "Had Shakespeare created the human heart he could not have understood it better than he did." This dramatist was a genius who apprehended what others were ignorant of, or at the most vaguely suspected.

So to the true mystic the real meaning or significance of the parable, the allegory, and the myth, which live with the persistency of truth, is perfectly plain. He sees in them lessons fraught with helpfulness, if not redemption, for man, and he strives to carry home the story to the people in such a way as to make the truth live in the hearts of his fellow-men. He is not unfrequently possessed by the truth or swayed by the type while retelling it or illuminating it for them. I think it is Hugo who says that "a genius often unconsciously yields to the type, so truly is the type a power," and it is much the same with the true mystic.

These facts must ever be kept in mind if we would fully appreciate the work of Richard Wagner. He possessed the prophet soul. He was a profound mystic. He loved Art because he felt that through the magic of her power the race was to be ennobled—by her giving to life the simple dignity of truth, justice, and love in place of artificiality, falsehood,

and insincerity. To Wagner the musical drama offered a way to impress the mind of the age with ideals and truths that would elevate humanity. He desired to make the stage the vehicle through which the nation and the people could be brought once more under the magic influence of the ideal in thought and art. He sought to touch and stir the soul instead of merely to tickle the ear and please the eye. In his work we see the development and portrayal, with increasing strength and luminosity, of certain convictions that hold the secret of humanity's redemption and felicity. The supremacy of the spiritual over the physical, the redemptive power of pure, exalted love, satisfaction found only on the higher plane of being, and the pseudo character of all so-called delights that spring from passion—these are but a few of the vital truths taught by his masterpieces.



LIVE in the passive voice; be intent on what you can get rather than on what you can do. Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than what actually is. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character, of service, of high ends—and you will be a pessimist before you know it.—*President Hyde, of Bowdoin College.*



LEAVING the past behind, asking no praise, pay, or reward, submitting ourselves to the grand law of the world, turning the way of faith and hope, giving ourselves to the nearest present duty, asking ourselves only what does right or truth or love bid, we thus enter into the joyful life of the children of God.—*Charles F. Dole.*

AMERICA AND THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT.

BY CHARLES FERGUSON.

The real battles of history—those that have issues—are those waged between the men of affirmative and creative intellect on one side and the men of negative and passive intellect on the other. The creative intellect is that which is dominated by the ideal—never for a moment abandoning the heart's desire and the inner law of humanity. The passive intellect is that which is cowed by the appearance of things and prostrated to an external law. On both sides there are those called *a priorists* and those called *a posteriorists*—on both sides men of letters, men of science, and men of affairs.

On the side of the creative intellect there are craftsmen, and there are men who spend their lives over microscopes and in laboratories, side by side with the makers of statues and sermons. And on the side of the negative intellect may be found theologians who postpone to a book the authority of their own souls, listed in common cause with biologists who would govern society by the motions of bacteria and statesmen who would buy an archipelago and slay a nation for the sake of the sanctities of property law.

The "original sin" of the world is, as we have been told, the rejection of the human ideal and the going in search of a non-human law of good and evil. The world's redemption is in the Man who is utterly true to his humanity—in whom it is discovered that the depths of a man are real freedom and creative power. So it may be said of the poet, the artist, the man of science—any one who lives and works on the strength of the creative mind—he is *begotten*, not *made*; he is not of the substance of the creation, but of the Creator.

The history of the world is a struggle—on the whole a

successful struggle—of the creative intellect against the terror and the discouragement of the external law. It is the progressive endeavor of the human spirit to make itself at home in the universe, and to fashion the stubborn things of Nature according to the uses of the soul.

The central drama of history is Christianity, which is in its broadest aspects simply the attempt to supersede the old world social order, governed by an external authority and the prepossessions of the passive intellect, by a new world-order governed by an internal authority—the faith of the affirmative spirit.

The meaning and use of the historic Church are that it has served as a mighty causeway between the old order and the new—between theocracy and democracy. It belongs to both the old and the new. For a thousand years it gestated the soul of the West in the womb of the East. The very nature of the Church, in its medieval constitution, was contradiction; it could not otherwise have done its work. Every dogma of the Church was a proclamation of liberty couched in the language of slaves. Every sacrament was a pledge of equality, making its difficult appeal in the acceptable symbols of privilege and caste.

The inner logic of the Church's great system of administration was not the permanent separation of the sacred from the secular, but the winning of a new polarity of social organization. The social ideal of the modern world was born out of the bosom of the Church. Americanism is the evolutionary product of historic Catholicism; for the quintessence of the old Catholicism was simply the attempt to establish a great social order, not by external authority and the compromise of interests, as in the "kingdoms of the world," but by the purification and the concurrence of wills.

In the last analysis there are but these two possible forms of social order—there are these two opposite and contradictory conceptions of the sanction of social law. The sanction, the

force of the law, is either outside of humanity or it is within humanity. Either it is in the nature of things and the arbitrary will of God, or else it is the will of the people—the hearts' desire of humanity.

The idea that the will of the people could be the source of social law was born into the world with great travail. It was for ages difficult, even impossible, to conceive such an idea. The wills of the people seemed so shallow and weak, or else so irrational and contradictory. But real Christianity is the discovery of the infinite depth of the human will. And so for nearly two thousand years it has been possible to imagine that a multitude of men—the controlling element of a population—might be brought to desire and to will with steady insistence things that are beautiful and just. The Church of the Middle Ages stood as a provisional plan of such a social system. In the midst of a world-order based upon an opposite principle—the principle of the external law—the Church wrought into concrete forms and the solid structure of institutions the democratic ideal. It was a marvelous achievement—this magnificent rough-sketching of a new world in the oppugnant materials of the old.

In the sixteenth century the idea of the social law as proceeding from the sanified and consentaneous wills of the people was fairly born into the secular world. The Church had poured its vital stores into the laps of the nations. It had breathed out its very soul of liberty in the breath of the modern spirit. And for four hundred years democracy has wrestled for the spiritual order—for the sovereignty of the human ideal—in the open arena of the secular world. The issue has commonly found a statement in terms of politics and the forms of government, but that is superficial. The issue reaches to the intimacies of life; it is revolutionary in the spheres of morals, law, art, science, and economics.

Despite the political forms of democracy, more or less espoused by every nation of Europe, the trembling scale has no-

where in the world fairly turned against the old régime save in one country—the United States of America. In England the scale balances in an unstable equilibrium, but with a marked tendency toward reaction and a return to the past. In every other country of Europe the social center of gravity still rests unmistakably in the old order.

Everywhere a State-supported Church stands as the symbol of the unbroken sway of dogma—the preponderance of the passive intellect, the rule of a non-human and external law. America stands alone for a Church-supported State—a faith-supported commonwealth. She has burned her bridges and cannot go back. We have openly discredited here every semblance of external authority, and have removed all the symbols of dogma from the forum of our common life.

If there be only a God of Sinai and no God of the Soul of Man, certainly we are in a way to find it out with cost—for we have rested the stupendous weight of a vast social system upon the chance that a controlling majority, or minority, here will *wish* for what is fine and *will* a law that is fair.

The law of America is not static, but vital. It rests upon no tradition, no code, no perfected system; it undertakes to win and dominate the world by the sheer kinetic reasonableness of the creative intellect.

America—standing alone among the nations in the morning of the last cycle of two millenniums—girds herself to the fulfilling of the ancient faith.



IT has been said of Homer's works that they contain all that was known of history, science, and art at the day in which he wrote. They are filled with idiomatic expressions and with doubtful meanings that have come down to this day loaded and clouded by the comments of learned authors. Homer is then a textbook for the educated and perfected student. It should be regarded as a triumph to have comprehended such a work as the finale of classical education.—*J. M. Saunders, Ph.D., LL.D.*

EXPERIENCES IN AUTOMATIC WRITING.

BY CARRIE M. HAWLEY.

It is not my purpose in this article to try to explain the psychic phenomenon known as automatic writing. Though I am familiar with the different hypotheses concerning its source, not one of them seems to me to apply to *all* cases. This article is written merely as an attempt to add to the evidence of an occult power not fully understood, hoping that the experiences herein related may throw a little more light on a very interesting subject.

My experiments in automatic writing began about thirteen years ago. A friend came to visit me who had done some excellent work of this kind with her sister. She suggested that we try to write together. We were successful from the first. Our mode of operation was as follows: Holding paper and pencil, she sat in a chair, or by the side of a low table, as if intending to write a letter. My part of the work was to take a firm hold of her wrist. Soon the pencil began to move, and in reply to questions asked we would get answers as directly as if she were answering them herself. This is the way in which I have received all my communications. Neither she nor I could get anything without the help of the other. I have never been able to do the writing, although I have tried several times. My sole capacity seems to be a power of body or mind to move some one else.

My friend and I began this writing as a pastime. It did not seem to us anything serious. Our thought concerning its source was that the communications probably came from the spirit world, though neither one of us is a Spiritualist in the general sense of the word.

At our first sitting, as soon as we saw that there was an

attempt to write something, we asked, "Who is here?" In an indistinct handwriting, which gradually became stronger and clearer, these words were written: "Your mother, Carrie. [Carrie is my name, and my mother died before I was a year old.] You are dearer to me now than aught I have ever known. I know you well, my child. I have watched you all your life with pity, anxiety, pride, and always fondest love. The removal of the earthly body cannot change the heart."

Q. "What do you most desire to say to me?"

A. "Your wavering faith should be strengthened by communion with Nature. How can you see God in everything inanimate and fail to see his justice to his children, which could only be shown to so many by a chance for development and happiness beyond what they can ever get here?"

Q. "What more would you like to say to me?"

A. "Study God as a Father of *eternal* love [the italicized words in this article were underscored in the original], man as a *brother*, and yourself as an immortal soul. Try to feel that I am near you and interested in your every thought and deed. Try to forget the ghost superstition, and think of me as the mother soul."

Q. "Will you please give me some proof that I may be sure that this is my mother speaking?"

A. "Such tests are not in *our* work. You cannot see me nor hear me, unless you can believe what I tell you. There is a chance for communion of souls, but it is asking much of a reasoning mind to believe. You can only feel."

These examples will show the nature and character of our first work.

About a year later my friend and I met at her home. As soon as we began to write again, a communication came to me from my mother (such was the representation), showing intense joy at being able to speak to me again. The messages received were very helpful and uplifting. One evening we sat down to write with the members of the family about us.

Each one was engaged in some work and giving but little attention to us. We said: "Will you [my mother] mention some song that you and Mrs. H. [my friend's mother] used to sing before we were born, in order to show us that these communications do not come from our own minds." This answer came: "'The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home.' Do you remember that, Nellie, and the night that you and Mort and I drove over to Mt. Morris?" As we read this aloud, Mrs. H. came up to the table where we were writing and said: "Oh, girls! That gives me the strangest sensation I ever had. Yes, I can recall it, though I have not thought of it before in twenty-five years." At this time I had never heard the song mentioned.

Ten years ago my friend and I were guests of her sister for a few days. Sunday afternoon several persons interested in psychography were with us. My friend and I were asked to write. Much that came to us at first was so commonplace that one of the ladies declared that it was of no value—it was undoubtedly the work of our own minds. We said: "To prove that we are not doing this ourselves, will you not relate some incident in the life of one of the guests present—something that no one here knows anything about but himself?" This came: "Mr. M. was once in the post-office business." We looked toward the gentleman named with much interest. He said: "You are mistaken about that; you will have to try again." Once more was written: "Mr. M. was once in the post-office business." Mr. M. said: "No; you are wrong about that." We tried to get something else, but these words were written again and again. Finally Mr. M. said: "You are right. When sixteen years old, I visited an uncle one summer who lived in a small country town. He had a store where the mail was brought and delivered. During the time I was with him I often helped him with the mail."

My next experience with automatic writing was with a woman not the equal of my friend in mental ability; nor was

there much congeniality between us. She came to see me one day when I was reading some personal experiences related by W. T. Stead, in his story, "From the Old World to the New." Mr. Stead's experiences had given me an intense longing to try automatic writing again. I was so full of this desire that I told my guest about some of the communications I had received in this way, and that I had some power to make others write but could do nothing alone. She volunteered to help me, if she could do so, by holding the pencil. So we began. I soon found that Mrs. B. and I were going to be able to "get something." The first day we obtained a few sentences that meant but little, but they showed that we might be very successful. We wrote together after this several times. After the second trial, however, Mrs. B. did her part very reluctantly. Her arm would ache in five or ten minutes so that she could scarcely move it. Then it was difficult to convince her, when writing, that I was not moving her hand myself. Finally, one day I said: "To prove to Mrs. B. that these thoughts and this work are not mine, will you relate something concerning Mrs. B.'s life that I know nothing about?" Three or four pages were then written about happenings in her early life, descriptions of the members of her father's household (including a servant once there), and other circumstances about which I could not possibly know.

Mrs. B. was so frightened that she declared she would never write with me again. When convinced that the work was not mine, she said it must be the devil's work, and she was afraid of it. But Mrs. B. was too good a medium for me to give up easily, and we wrote together after this several times.

While some of the work done with Mrs. B. was of a poor quality (not worth preserving), much of it was of a high order. For example, evil was once defined as "the negative force of all created good." Asking one night for a poetic thought to close our work, we received this:

“Act thy part in life’s great drama;
Pass beneath the chastening rod.
Do thy duty, nothing fearing;
Leave the rest in faith with God.”

Mrs. B. had not the mental capacity for the higher forms of knowledge or thought, and I do not believe that this stanza could have come from the subconscious mind of either of us the moment it was asked for, unless some *additional* power were given to the mind—which seems to me to be “the missing link” in this strange phenomenon.

Another lady with whom I have written I will call Mrs. Grey. As she and I used to spend much time together, we often tried to get information or help in this way. She was an intelligent woman, but not much in sympathy with occult thought. She was quite devoted to the earth life and its enjoyments. At this period I had nearly outgrown the idea that the communications received in this way could come from any source outside of ourselves. However, every message purported to come from some individual in the spirit world—or in a different plane of existence from ours. The messages addressed to Mrs. Grey were very ordinary, and statements given as truths were absolutely false. The messages addressed to me were signed “John Fairchild,” who said he was my guardian spirit. He was always serious and really very helpful. When asked where he lived when on earth, he gave the name of some place in Wisconsin. Such a place could not be found on the map. At another time I asked him why he had told me that which was not true. The answer was that he had been away from the earth life so long he had forgotten such things. He then said that he formerly lived in a certain town in England—which does not exist.

If such answers come from the subconscious mind, I cannot understand why the names of places *familiar* to us are not given instead of names that have never been conveyed to the consciousness.

One night, when Mrs. Grey and I were writing, we asked this question concerning a woman whom we did not know very well: "What sort of woman is Mrs. Blank?" The reply was: "She is all right for one of her kind, but she is of a d—— poor kind."

Last summer I had the opportunity to write again with the friend with whom the results have been the most satisfactory. It had been four or five years since we had written together. Most of this time my friend had been an invalid. She still held the thought that the communications she received came from a sister who had been dead many years. I had been reading Hudson, Henry Wood, Horace Fletcher, two or three books on Spiritualism, and Prof. James and Prof. Halleck on psychology. I make this statement to show the change in conditions.

At our first sitting we asked this question: "Where do we get this power to write? Does it come from a discarnate personality, or is it something else?" The answer was this: "Scientifically, it is magnetic, passive mind, through receptive nerve centers, from universal thought. Thought is a tangible element. There are sympathetic lines established."

Q. "How can we increase this power?"

A. "Practise in solitude, shutting the door on all trifling cares and opening all the windows of the soul to the object of your desire. In no way can the soul become so transparent as by thinking of the Infinite as *Love*. Love in the deepest, broadest sense, and train your own thoughts toward all things in that (great force) mood. Send out lines of love to all creatures within your ken. The God-spirit will be yours with all its powers, only limited by the degree it is within your possibilities. You can do what you will, if you develop the *desire*, and then *desire* to attain that *desire*."

At another sitting no question was asked, and this came to us: "Mind is unlimited in every way except by ignorance of its powers. The body is environed—the mind is caged—

by laws that require only to be known to be evaded. The key to liberty is active knowledge. Know thy *self*, and the universe is open to you." As it was absolutely impossible for either of us to do this, we asked if that thought might not be put in poetic form. Immediately came this:

"Mind is free when left to Law's control.
"Know thyself!"—Creation's call to soul."

We asked how to gain the most knowledge and power. This was the answer: "Study what has already been learned of the mind's possibilities. Practise what has been demonstrated as true."

At another sitting we asked, "Who is speaking?" The answer was: "Universal Mind. Receptive mind is open to projective mind. Open *yourself* to truth. Do not fill yourself with husks."

Q. "How are we to do this?"

A. "Silent communion with Infinite Perfection—loving thoughts and feelings toward finite imperfection. Let the soul become transparent to Divine Light, and its illuminating truth will light all life and eternity. Study to know perfect conditions. Think of perfect conditions. The soul of Jesus Christ was the most transparent soul earth ever knew. Study his life and follow his commands and precepts. He was sent as a model for the development in human mind—the perfect enlargement, unfoldment, and——" Here the writing stopped abruptly; we were not able to get another word during the afternoon.

I have an acquaintance, a Methodist, who has written automatically without any help. She believes that her communications come from spirit friends. She writes but rarely, however, fearing that it is not good for her either physically or mentally. One day I invited this woman to meet my friend. We were all anxious to see what we three could do together in automatic writing. The addition of more force, however,

made no change. Joining hands, we formed a circle, but the hand of my friend, who held the pencil, immediately broke the union—as if it were offensive. In a few moments my own hand was shaken off, and the hand of our guest was sought by my friend. A new connection was established. I was merely a witness. This was written—no question having been asked: “Force is collective personality—Universal Mind. Individuals are parts of the Whole, links on links; but links expand or contract according to temperament (strain). Life is growth. Thought is the force; love is the lever. You are atoms, but indispensable in holding proportion. Make yourselves perfect in symmetry and weight. Fill the hollow shell with substantial, enduring elements. Life is eternal. This (body) is the coarse husk or wrapping of the soul that unfolds and drops off as the soul expands. The soul never changes radically, except in growth and expansion and development. The soul has now its essential form, which does not change. In death the soul simply steps into another room. You are distinctly individual, as an atom. You cannot change your connection with the universal Whole, but you have large latitude. We cannot sever connection.”

Our conversation just before this related to a future existence. These thoughts came as an answer to some of our queries. It was as if a *superior* intelligence were interested and taking part in the discussion.

I have tried to write with several different persons, but only occasionally succeed in doing work of any value. Perhaps this is because we do not persevere. Many are discouraged if they cannot “get something” at the first sitting—and that something just what they happen to want. Nearly every one asks about matters pertaining to *this* life, and it is upon this plane that the work is the most unsatisfactory. In my experience it has never been safe to follow advice given concerning business matters, or concerning the best course to pursue in any worldly undertaking. I have never been able to

get anything of the least value relating to the future of this life.

Of what value, then, has automatic writing been to me? I have been strengthened and uplifted by the thoughts expressed, and it has wakened in me a keen interest in the unseen world about us. Such communications as my friend and I received the last time we were together affect me as do some of the words of the world's greatest sages. They have been wine to the soul. As a song is no less sweet because we may not see the singer, the beauty of these communications is not lost to me because I know not their source.

—————

THE deepest secret of life is *love*. Without love there is no enthusiasm, and without ideals there is no enthusiasm. We freeze our hearts by selfishness, and stifle them by sordidness. We fix our eyes upon the little field circumscribed by our day's activities and ends. With no wide-reaching affection and no uplifting ideal, we make our life a treadmill and of our duty an unwelcome drudgery. We disclaim the highest endowments of the soul and deny our sonship to God. Narrow faiths and narrow hopes put fetters on the spirit, and small affections keep small the heart.—*Rev. Philip S. Moxom.*

—————

THE real history of Christianity would be the story of lives lived in faith and hope, manifesting themselves by patience and meekness under trial or by energy and heroism in the time of need; lives lowly or exalted that were full of kindly and helpful deeds; devoted and self-forgetful lives;—in a word, lives that had been touched by that of Jesus or by those that had been touched by his.—*C. C. Everett.*

—————

THE love of our brethren is not another from the love of God; it is but the streaming forth of it, or the reflection of it.—*Robert Leighton.*

LIFE GLIMPSES.

BY A. A. HAINES.

I. *Man and His Star.*

In every life there shines a star, though one may live and know it not. Great clouds may roll before its face; night, thick and black, may gather round: yet the star is there—it is shining on. No cloud can ever reach it; naught it knows of night: it is the image of the Great Star, the Ever Shining, that lighteth every life.

Men call this star by many names; they dream, they sing of it: but few have ever seen it—few have ever known. These leave behind, in passing, a whisper for the world. But the old gray world is dull and deaf, and worn with all its care, and it sees and knows mostly shadows; the sounds it hears are echoes of the voices of long ago, and the whisper does not reach its ear—the deaf old world does not know. Still, the whisper breathes through the ages and is caught by one here and there, and it opens a narrow pathway to the star that is set in each life.

He who would hear the whisper, he who would see his star, must listen and watch unceasingly; he must strive to be faithful and true. From where one is he will see it—it matters not where he dwells. The din of men may swerve him; the shock of the world may bruise; but this, one should always remember: the light comes to him who is true. The human is always falling—but man is far more than that; because the star is fixed in his life he will rise from every fall.

It is the motive, the aim, the heart of man that leads him to his star; but, alas! the path can be hidden, too, by the loves that he keeps in his heart. The one who watches must set his face toward the place where the first ray is seen and

steadily keep it in memory till the ray becomes a beam. Broader, brighter will it grow—its light will touch all he sees; and man will know he is that star, the image of the Star Supreme.

2. *A Sea Dream.*

The great, wide ocean; a lonely shore; and a woman. She lived on the shore—she, and the sea. When the woman first knew the sea, she saw in its foam bewitching pictures; she heard its waves and thought they were love songs, and dreamed. When the sea tossed the pebbles at her feet she quickly seized them, and laughed—the woman so loved the glitter and shine. But one day the clouds came and the glitter vanished. “Ah!” she cried, “the light! It was never in you.” And far behind her she flung the pebbles.

The clouds passed and the sun shone again on the pebbles, but the woman had turned her face; she was looking beyond the sands, at the ships that were sailing by. She watched them come and go—they were always coming, always going; but none came close, and they all passed by. She grew tired, exceeding tired, and often she slept—always on the sands.

Still the woman watched and waited—why she knew not; and she pondered, looking far over the sea. The night came on as she pondered, and she saw the lights of the ships; but the wind blew hard and made the lights flicker, and many of them went out. The woman did not know. She wondered, and said, “Where?” The sea sang its deepest tone, the waves dashed high on the lonely shore, and one by one all the lights went out. The night was very dark. She tried to see through the darkness, and looked where the big lights had shone; but the darkness was thickest there.

The woman turned her face from the sea—the sea she had dearly loved. No more could she watch the passing ships—the inconstant, waning lights. She closed her eyes; the woman was very still, and in the stillness she seemed to

pass into a dream. A strange, new light came flooding the land and all the wide sea; but whence it came she did not know, for its splendor was everywhere. She arose and stood in its radiance; she was filled with a new-found rest. The eyes were opened and she knew, at last the true had come—the light from the Living Real.

3. *The Leaf and the Bough.*

On the topmost bough of a tall elm tree a little green leaf was born. It laughed and danced the whole day through, and every song of the breeze it crooned. It loved to tell in the twilight, to its brothers and sisters below, the wondrous things it saw in the sky that they never had seen or dreamed.

Often, when the sun and the wind were gone and the tree was very still, the leaf nestled close to the wise old bough and the bough whispered many things. It talked of the marvelous unity, the oneness, throughout the world, and said that one voice was calling—only one voice was speaking in the world. And the bough told the leaf to hearken to the song the ocean sang, and the little thing shook with laughter to think it never knew that the voice of the waves and the voice of the trees had always been the same. It listened and wondered greatly to hear the old bough say that the tiny gray sands that were dancing in the sunshine on the shore were restless, roving children of hard, old, gloomy rocks. For ages they had wandered over the changeful earth, and some lived deep in the ocean—in the days when the world was young.

The green of the trees and the hillside, and the tints of the fruits and the flowers, were whisperings the sun had had with the earth in the long, sweet hours. The snow-white clouds that were rolling like smoke across the sky were fragments of the great ocean, the blue lakes, and the countless streams.

The bough often talked of the river that was wandering among the hills—how it left its home in the mountains to find its love, the sea. Long it had been seeking, but its search was nearly o'er—the river could hear its love calling; it knew the sea was near. And the little leaf mused and breathed a sigh, for it longed for the place where the sunlight stayed.

One lovely autumn morning there shone in all the leaves the beauty that lives in the rainbow and in the sky at morn and eve; and the leaf longed, and gazed in rapture, and took on a tint of gold. It watched the beauty deepen in its brother and sister leaves; and it whispered low to the sage old bough to ask why they were not green. It said they all were preparing to leave the old elm tree. The leaves had wished to be beautiful when they bade farewell to the tree, and the kingly sun had robed them in the splendor they long had loved.

And the happy leaf sang with all the leaves and turned a brilliant gold. The bough shook with sorrow; but the leaf—it never knew. And it grew so like the sunlight which it dearly loved that the old bough thought it a gleam of light as it swung on the tree to and fro.

The wind, one morn, took the leaf to the river that flowed at the foot of the hill; and the great rushing stream bore it gently along and gave the golden thing to the sea. It went far out on the shining water—far out toward the setting sun; and the leaf and the sea and the sun were one in the gold of the western sky.

THE test of immortality is the present and immediate sense of oneness with God. That man is akin to God; that he is an immortal and potentially a divine being is so true that no one can fully live in the best expression of existence until he realizes this profound truth and lives from this noble conception of himself.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THE CHRIST.

BY WILLIAM A. MCKEEVER.

I.

Out of Infinity,
Born from Eternity,
Came once a Child from the
 Father above.
Low in the manger He
Lay where great Destiny
Named him forever the
 Savior of Love.

II.

Child of Immensity,
Sent to show you and me
How that we too may be
 Saviors of men;
Binding the broken heart,
Breaking the bonds apart,
Bidding the downcast start
 Upward again.

III.

Deep as Infinity,
Broad as Eternity,
Great as Immensity,
 Being of thine!
Thou art the Life, the Way;
Thou art the Truth to-day;
Thou art the Love for aye—
 Perfect, divine!

EVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE FULLAWAY.

Out into the infinity of Life must we go to learn the causes of our evolutionary progress in all forms of life.

Whence have we come, and whither are we going? To what end and purpose is life? How can we reach out and grasp the highest truths and receive the knowledge contained in Nature's vast fields? Can we unassisted find the key to unlock the door of Nature, and take from within the secret it contains? If this be possible, how can we reach these many treasures and open the book of life? Is our desire for knowledge of that purity and humility which are emblematic of the highest type of life; or is it only for some material gain and for the purpose of using it for our personal aggrandizement?

Let us first analyze ourselves to see if there be not some selfish object, some ulterior motive, some feeling of insatiable longing after the fleshpots of the world, that leads us out into the great highways of Nature and its many resources, wherein lies the vast field of knowledge that will make known unto man the methods by which he can grasp the higher truth and unfold unto all the marvelous wonders and beauties contained therein. Slowly upward have we climbed, being a part of the great Deific Principle itself, and, as manifested through the organism of the human unit, being individualized thereby into an activity rising higher and higher, until finally we reach the divinity of the great Cosmos itself by uniting therewith.

From the "dust" came the material body, and by disintegration doth it return whence it came. But, did the interior, conscious ego come from that source, or has it come from the great Universal Principle itself—and, having become individualized in the human entity, does it not continue to climb upward and onward through cycles of time until it again

comes into unity with the Divine? Let us pause and look back upon the past, to see whence we have climbed and how we have become so intensified that we are able to express ourselves in the human form. From the lowest form of matter, *by expression* through it, have we risen—not grown, from mineral to vegetable, and from vegetable to animal, and thence to the human form. In passing downward to the lowest form of matter, spirit *expressed* itself therein, and, evolving from that degree of density, expressed itself in a higher form of activity—the vegetable kingdom. Having passed through its varied gradations, expressing itself in each, spirit evolved into a yet higher and more active form of life—the animal kingdom, each development creating for itself a greater activity (or higher and more responsive vibration of life) upon a higher plane. The spirit, having passed through the denser forms of life, carried with it, as it progressed through its many expressions, the experience and peculiar form of life it acquired in each gradation of evolvement.

Thus, step by step, in its progress upward and onward, do the various forms of life that have characterized it in the past continue to express themselves through it—in the ear, the voice, the taste, the smell, the touch—each physical sense bringing its own particular expression; and so it passed onward, finding expression in many different forms until it reached a yet higher activity in the human form. The physical body of the human entity, therefore, is the highest individual type of expression of the spirit upon the material plane, and every manifestation of life expressed through man's physical body creates for itself the same form of expression again and again; for thus do we make for ourselves that which is necessary for yet higher evolvments upon higher planes and in greater activities.

In order to arrive at a desired result, however, man must acquire the knowledge by which he is enabled to master and govern all the lower forms of life, so making them subservient

to his higher mental faculties and thus subordinating the animal by making the spirit master. The individual ego will then be enabled to pass out at will into the varied conditions of life by his demand upon them; and, being his servants, they will seek to do his will and point out for him the treasures and knowledge contained in each form of life. In being able to transport self through the various gradations of matter, man gains the knowledge whereby he can pass from matter into the higher realms of spiritual activity and function upon those higher planes.

As man continues to advance, gaining a fuller knowledge of the vibratory forces of life in each condition thereof, not only in the lower forms of matter but also upon the higher mental planes, he can make for himself the pathway by which he can climb straight upward. In gaining knowledge, man must fully recognize the law of all life, being prepared to fulfil its requirements, if he would ascend. Moreover, he must seek by example to bring himself in harmony with the law, for only thus can he climb upward and onward. Not by seeking to evade the consequences of his acts, can he do this; for, as he hath sown he must reap, and, in the reaping, gain the knowledge which shall fit him for the yet higher fields of knowledge that lie before him.



Do YOUR duty, else no knowledge, beauty, or love will ever lead you to the peace of God. He who says, "I may not be great; I may miss all peace, but I will be true," stands at the altar from which the divine benediction is ever pronounced.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*



I BELONG to the Universal Church: nothing shall separate me from it. To confine God's love or his good Spirit to any party, sect, or name, is to sin against the fundamental law of the kingdom of God.—*Channing.*

HELIOCENTRIC OR GEOCENTRIC?

BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT.

Although I am neither an "astrologer" nor an "astrologist," I have diligently sought the truth underlying the science, as well as Palmistry, Mental Science, the philosophy of Spiritualism, Theosophy, and other forms of the new-old thought—not from curiosity, but to establish, to my own satisfaction, the unity of their fundamental principles.

Believing most firmly in the helpful influence radiating from the angelic hosts who rule the starry realms, the discrepancies of modern astrology long puzzled me. Horoscopes cast for the four members of the family by the heliocentric method, and several by the geocentric for three of us, were alike disappointing. All contained much that was true, and much that was the reverse. The general character-delineations were unrecognizable, either in adults or children.

Determined to find the key to this, I soon discovered that—in my own and other *harmonious* families—the mother and children were born under the same constellation, though with variations as to planets and the sun signs. This was a point gained. It occurred too frequently to be chance (?), and is rarely found to be the case when mother and child are not in close touch (perhaps cause and effect are there reversed); still more rarely are father and child born under the same constellation. May not this be a stronger clue than "heredity" in accounting for similarity of disposition? The love-affinity is powerful throughout Nature.

I believe the time will come when every astrologer will learn both systems, not to form a composite but as a needful means of gaining "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Although "we do not live in the sun," yet his influence, in some ways, is supreme, and is undoubtedly

varied by his *position*. We cannot afford to omit any factor in the problem.

This future astrologer will cast two horoscopes—one by each system. His next step will be decided by the planets, the relative strength of influence from sun signs and constellations being ranged by these finger-posts, *i. e.*, in accordance with the planes to which the person belongs. By this method it will be frequently found that the person touches three planes. *Fire*, *Air*, and *Earth*, if well proportioned, give a combination that usually develops into a spiritually harmonious being. If *Water* be substituted for any one of these, the result is apt to be an undue preponderance of the emotional.

Broadly stated, the Fire triplicity—Aries, Leo, Sagittarius—will influence the spiritual faculties; those of the Earth—Taurus, Virgo, Capricornus—physical life, health, etc.; those of Air—Gemini, Libra, Aquarius—the mental traits, in their dual tendency; those of Water—Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces—the emotional tendencies. In the Water triplicity one is most frequently led astray—by forgetting that long ago there was a division of the waters that were “under the firmament” from those that were above it. Esoteric knowledge of the planets must be the guide in this as in other cases.

For example, take the horoscope of one born in mid-August—in the dark hours when Gemini was rising above the horizon. Birth in the twelve hours when the sun’s rays are absent usually denotes that the sun sign has little effect on the *vital* existence. In this case, the year being omitted, we are without the key furnished by exact knowledge as to the planets. However, it is safe to say that Leo’s influence extends only to the spiritual development of the babe.

Nine months previous to the babe’s birth, the rising constellation was nearly overhead, with Taurus balancing the space. (It is necessary to know if the birth has been pre-

mature, and to make special calculations for such cases. The actual influence is not first brought into play by birth into the physical world, but has been exerted throughout the pre-natal months.)

In our example, Gemini, which influences the mind, will at first be less noticeable than Taurus, which is more nearly allied to the vital fluids. In the sixth or seventh year, when the little one has become less an animal and more a thinker, Gemini will assert its influence, remaining the strong power until the inner man has so harmonized the Twins that they are willing to be closely knit and fly together to the Fire realm, when Leo will be given an opportunity to use the tool provided by the Twins and the Bull.

This is equally true of all possible combinations of these three planes. Persons whose horoscopes show much Water will, in all probability, linger long in the land of emotions. From this class comes the vast army of those who prefer phenomena to philosophy; but, if the Water be that which is above the earth, Fire will dry it and the Ego will find its own center.

Both systems hold truth that should not be cast aside. Let us advocate neither at the other's expense, but rather try to harmonize them; for the time comes swiftly when all will acknowledge that the many paths to Truth no longer present a tangle, but *lie parallel as they near the summit.*



THE Christian life is neither a dogma nor an action, but a certain tone of thought and sentiment, a certain purity of desire and simplicity of aim, a certain holiness of affection, spirituality of devoutness, humility of self-dedication.—*James Drummond.*



"MAKE your best thoughts in action."

MATA THE MAGICIAN.

BY ISABELLA INGALESE.

CHAPTER VII.

SEALED INSTRUCTIONS.

After a long, tiresome day among my patients, I took my dinner at a hotel—not wishing to shock Mata by my cannibalistic tendencies—and on returning to my office found she had prepared her simple little meal and was quite ready to talk; so I sent Ted home for the night, promising to answer the door myself if any one should call, and soon we were examining the contents of the two traveling-bags that we had brought from the old house at the Boat Landing.

The fortune in gold and jewels together was very great; of that I was confident. The value of the gems alone I was unable to estimate, since my knowledge along that line was very limited. Mata looked at the heap of wealth before us with as much indifference as if it were nothing more than marbles or brass buttons. But I did not know what to do with it all, and got so nervous lest some one should discover our possessions and rob us of them that I began to tremble.

“Are you cold?” asked Mata. “Your face is white like a phantom’s, and you are shaking like one with the palsy.”

My teeth were chattering and the cold perspiration was standing out all over my face. Rising, I went to my medicine cabinet, poured out half a glass of brandy, and drank it. Then I remarked that the day had been very cold, and I had been badly chilled during my long drives. To divert her attention from myself, I asked her to read the instructions left by her grandfather. She commenced reading and soon I regained sufficient control of my nerves to appear natural, though inwardly quaking with apprehension as to how a

safe place could be provided for our possessions. But the old man had thought of a way, and in his letter to us relieved me of the responsibility I dreaded to assume. This is what he wrote:

"To my Children—Frank and Mata:

"The failing strength of this old body warns me that the time is near at hand when I must abandon it and take a new one with which to continue my work in this material sphere.

"I must leave my grandchild, Mata De Anno, in the care of the man whom the inexorable Law that governs all things has decreed shall be her protector after the thirtieth day of the coming November.

"For the sake of those who may love her better because her soul is templed in a noble body, I will say that all her ancestors were closely connected with royalty; but she has lived with me since her babyhood and has been taught that the first lesson to learn in life is to place the lower nature in complete subjection to the higher or spiritual soul—also to destroy all *selfish* love for material possessions.

"It is quite useless to attempt to teach others until your own nature is well disciplined. Look within your own heart-garden, and cast out all weeds growing there, before turning to look for weeds in your brother's garden. Excuse the faults you see in others, but *never* excuse your own.

"You, my son, are entering a professional life. You are filled with ambition to gain fame and fortune. Fame will be but bitter fruit in your mouth if you sacrifice your honor and your virtue to gain it. It will never satisfy your soul. The praise of men is like the soap-bubble on the end of a child's pipe—beautiful for a moment, but, bursting with the faintest opposing breath, it disappears, leaving nothing in its place. For a moment it is admired, and then forgotten.

"Fortune is equally unstable. Devote your life to the accumulation of gold for gold's sake, and at the end of your

mad rush your soul's jewels, the only real wealth that lasts, have been overlooked and trampled beneath your feet. Here are a few instructions, which I trust you will follow for your own sakes as well as mine.

"You, my son, will come into contact, not only with poverty and wealth, but with ignorance and vice as well. You will be called upon to teach the truth to men's souls as well as to administer to the needs of their bodies. Do not work with the sole object of receiving something in return for your labors, but work for the good of mankind; then all things needful will come to you.

"It should not matter how poor a patient may be: you should attend him with as much interest as if he were able to pour out his gold in exchange for your skill.

"Mata will go at once to the convent school in Buffalo, N. Y., and you, my son, will accompany her there in the relationship of guardian. During her absence you will purchase a suitable site and there build a home. Expend as much money on the place as you choose; but build the house of stone, and let it face the west. Let all the rooms be large and light, and, with the exception of a suite on the upper floor, you may arrange them all as you desire.

"But the rooms that I shall occupy will be built after the following directions: In my apartments there will be a bedroom with bathroom adjoining; a sitting-room, and a study. All windows shall be placed in the roof, and shall be opened and closed by the aid of steel chains passing through glass rings arranged at intervals along the walls. These windows shall be protected from injury by a finely-woven copper wire screen, stretched from side to side and from end to end, covering them at a distance of two feet above the roof. This screen shall be supported at its edges by an iron parapet. In each room a fireplace will be built—not for ornament, but for use. But one entrance to the suite will be needed—from the corridor into the sitting-room. The whole eastern half of

the topmost floor shall be given to my suite of apartments, and this arrangement will cause the corridor on that floor to run north and south, while the corridors on the floors below will run east and west. From the side of my study next the corridor, a space measuring four feet will be partitioned off the length of the room. In the extreme southern end of that space will be left an opening for a sliding door three feet wide. This door will be of oak, with a large French plate glass mirror set into its frame instead of the usual oaken panels. Inside the space I have just described there will be no divisions, because a stairway leading to the observatory upon the roof will be built therein.

"The observatory will be fourteen feet square. The eastern, northern, and southern sides will be of French plate glass, and must be protected from storms by outside blinds. The western side of the observatory will be built with a double wall, leaving a space similar to that divided off my study. Inside this space the stairway leading from my apartments to the observatory will terminate. The partition separating this last-named space from the main room of the observatory will be of wainscoting composed entirely of sliding panels fastened with secret springs. There shall be two entrances to the observatory—one from my apartments and also a winding stairway; and the latter will be for the use of the other members of the family.

"The designing of the remainder of the house, stables, gardens, and grounds I leave entirely to your judgment, my only request being that they shall be sufficiently commodious to avoid crowding.

"The fortune I leave to you is ample, the gold coin being about one-sixteenth the value of the jewels. It would be well to deposit the money in several banks; but the jewels may be wrapped in a coarse towel and be placed in a vault, to which you each shall have a key. The gold will be sufficient to supply all your needs till I come again.

"Mata will not return to the city until the house is finished and is ready for the furnishing, and you will take up your abode in the house when she returns.

"The carpenter who will construct the secret stairway, the sliding panels and door, will come to you when the house is finished—ready for him to complete these small additions. You will prepare the spaces according to my directions and leave them till he appears. He will show you a ring upon the third finger of his left hand, which will bear the occult sign of a serpent biting its tail, thereby forming a perfect circle. In the center will be two triangles interlaced in such a manner as to form a six-pointed star; and in the center of this star will be a character formed by placing the letter o above the letter T. This man will call upon you unostentatiously, show you the ring, and ask: *Do you need help?* You will ask him no questions as to who he is or whence he comes. Whatever information he chooses to give will be for your benefit alone, and must be voluntarily offered. Let him do the work, without advice or instructions from you—you furnishing such materials as he may require.

"And now, my children, I am about to end this letter. But, before placing my signature, I will say something about your social relations. You will enter freely into the society of your fellow-men, neither of you becoming an ascetic. You will have one great object in life, and in it you must be united; that object is *to help humanity*. Teach by your example as well as words; live pure lives and be true to your higher natures. Be faithful and honest at heart. It has been the prevalent belief that, to be successful, a man must tell falsehoods and steal from his fellows. That belief is one of the wretched delusions under which humanity is at present laboring—a delusion that can bring only sorrow to those deceived by it. There is one law that cannot be evaded. It governs all beings, and is called the law of *Compensation*. You may foolishly believe that you possess intellects brilliant enough

to secure your entire free will. But, my children, I have seen many generations come and go and I have never known it to fail in rewarding or punishing as the case required. Some time and somewhere the compensation comes to all—be it pleasant or unpleasant. The rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, must all bow before its measure of justice. It rules nations and countries as well as individuals. Supplications are of no avail; tears will not soften or appease it. The fiat has gone forth: 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles.' Place yourselves in perfect harmony with this grand old law—a law that appeared with the first pulsation of life that throbbed in the Great Incomprehensible Source whence all things emanated. Seek not to show your puny strength by battling against it. Love it; work with and be in full accord with it—

'and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators, and make obeisance.

"And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of spirit—the eye that never closes—the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms.

"Then she will show the means and the way, the first gate and the second, the third up to the very seventh. And then the goal, beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of soul.

"There is but one way to this path; at its very end alone the *Voice of the Silence* can be heard. The ladder by which the candidate ascends is formed of rungs of suffering and pain; these can be silenced only by the voice of virtue. Woe, then, to thee, disciple, if there is one single vice thou hast not left behind; for then the ladder will give way and overthrow thee. Its foot rests in the deep mire of thy sins and failings, and, ere thou canst attempt to cross this wide abyss of matter, thou hast to lave thy feet in waters of renunciation. Beware lest thou shouldst set a foot still soiled upon the ladder's lowest rung. Woe unto him that dares pollute one rung with miry feet. The foul and viscous mud will dry, become tenacious, then glue his feet unto the spot, and, like a bird caught in the wily fowler's lime, he will be stayed from further progress. His vices will take shape and drag him down.'

"These, my children, are some rules from *The Book of Golden Precepts*, which were given, many years ago, to the Brotherhood of which I am a member. It is well for you to know and apply them in your daily lives.

"The body of your first child shall be the temple in which my soul shall dwell during my next earth life. You will not recognize me in early infancy; but at the age of seven years you will witness a change, and at the age of fourteen I shall be in full possession of my temple.

"Until I shall return, good-by, my children.

"Your Guru,

"CRAPO DE ANNO."

After Mata ceased reading, the silence was unbroken for several moments. Then I asked if she were satisfied with the arrangements her grandfather had made.

"Guru was always right," she replied; "and whatever he bade me do, that I did, trusting always to his goodness and wisdom."

"Then," said I, "we will make the arrangements tomorrow for your journey to school. It is now nearly midnight, and, not having any sleep last night, I am very tired. You may occupy the bed in this room, and I will take the couch in the office."

Replacing the contents of the traveling-bags, I hid them again with the papers in the old trunk, locked it against the prying eyes of Ted, and then retired.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Strange as it may seem, I rested well; and, had not Ted pulled early at my door-bell for admission, I should have slept

quite late on the following morning. Covered with snow, he came in, and while taking off his overcoat and mittens he amused himself by shaking the feathery flakes all over the floor and telling me of the blockaded condition of the railroads, declaring it an impossibility for anybody to leave town that day.

There was no alternative. The trip to Buffalo must be postponed, and Mata must remain where she was till the storm abated. She seemed satisfied with the prospect of a longer visit with me, and we left the date of her departure undecided upon.

While Ted filled the office stove and removed the ashes, I prepared breakfast in the kitchen, carefully avoiding a repetition of my previous mistake—that of beefsteak and potatoes. I compounded to the best of my knowledge and ability some innocent-looking pancakes, and cooked the oat-meal as Mata had done on the previous morning. When everything was ready Ted went to call her. She came and smilingly declared it a wonderful spread—but scarcely tasted anything.

While preparing to leave my office that morning I observed that she sat near the stove and sometimes shivered as if chilled. Thinking it possible she had taken cold during the ride home with me, after her grandfather's death, I inquired if she were feeling well.

"Not very," she replied. "I did not sleep last night on account of a pain in my side. I do not seem to get warm, and my hands and feet are like ice—but it is nothing," she added, hastily, seeing my look of alarm; "doubtless I shall be well to-morrow."

"You have symptoms of a possible attack of pleurisy; and I don't feel like leaving you here alone to-day," I said, anxiously.

"I beg you not to be alarmed on my account," she replied.

"You must take the mixture I shall prepare, once in thirty minutes, till you are better," I said, searching among my

bottles for the remedy I believed to be needed for her case.

"Oh, sir, I never took medicine in all my life," the child replied; and she seemed greatly disturbed at the prospect of medical treatment.

"Never took medicine! How did you manage when you were ill?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I never was ill—that is, not *very* ill. When I began to suffer, Guru always cured me in a few moments."

"He couldn't cure you without medicine, could he?"

"He never used medicine, and I do not know how he did it; but whenever I felt bad he sat by me or held me in his arms with my head on his shoulder for just a few minutes, and then the pain was all gone;" and a piteous look rested upon her pale face.

A great wave of sympathy filled my heart as this child described the womanly tenderness with which her grandfather had cared for her; and as I thought how utterly alone and friendless she must feel, now that he was dead and there was nobody in all the world for her to turn to for love or companionship, I made a silent vow that she should never have cause to regret being placed under my care and protection.

"I don't understand your grandfather's method of treatment," I said, "but have no doubt it was a good one. I shall be obliged, however, to use such remedies as I know are good for your case, and will return to you as soon as it is possible for me to do so. There are several long rides out into the country that I shall be obliged to take to-day; but if you will keep warm, and take your medicine regularly, I am sure you will feel better very soon;" and I smiled encouragingly down at her.

The child tried to conceal her loneliness by attempting to smile at me, but the effort ended in utter failure. The poor little smile turned into a pitiful sob as she covered her face with her hands.

"There, there, my dear; I am sorry to cause you this distress," I said, stroking her hair soothingly. Just how I had been the cause of it was not quite clear to me; still, it seemed that in some way it was my fault if she was not happy. I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her, but felt she was too sacred for me to fondle or caress, as I would have done with an ordinary child.

Recovering her composure after a little while, Mata looked up with her lashes wet with tears, and said: "Please forgive me; but I miss Guru so much—never having been separated from him for a whole day in my life before. Then, my side hurts, and for a moment it seemed that I could not go on without him. But I must, because it is the Law that has decreed this separation, and I have no more right to shirk my duty than has any other person—and it is not right to distress you with my selfishness."

What a strange child this was—begging my forgiveness because her heart ached, and because just for a moment she had wept over the loss of the only friend and parent she had ever known! I felt it would be an utter impossibility ever to understand such a character. At that moment Ted brought my horse around to the door, and, after giving him instructions for the day, I bade her good-by and drove away.

After a tiresome day driving over roads much worse than I expected to find, I left my panting horse at the stable and at nine o'clock in the evening sat down to a hot restaurant dinner. All day Mata's tear-wet eyes had haunted me, and now as I rose from the table a sudden feeling of dread came over me. Something was terribly wrong somewhere. This apprehension increased as I neared my office till I almost reeled under an awful presentiment. I found the rooms cold and dark, and Ted was nowhere to be found. I knocked upon the study door and called his name loudly. There was no response. Then I shouted:

"Mata! Where are you, and why is it so dark?"

There was no reply. I opened the door and found that room as dark as the office. The fire in the grate had gone entirely out. "This is strange," I muttered, while fumbling in the box for matches. Before a light could be made, I heard a sound as of labored breathing and a moan as if some one were suffering. "What *has* become of those infernal matches?" I roared. "I'll smash every bone in Ted's body if I ever see him alive again! The idea of his going out and leaving things like this!" Again a piteous moan, and then I recognized Mata's voice, saying:

"Guru! Oh, my dear old Guru! I am so tired."

It seemed as if those matches never would be found. At last I remembered there was a boxful in the kitchen. Making a rush for it, I seized a handful and lighted them all at once. As the light blazed up I caught a glimpse of Mata lying on a pile of pillows and cushions in a corner of the study. I lighted a lamp and then approached her. The poor child was suffering from typhoid pneumonia, and did not recognize me. The disease had taken so strong a hold upon her that I feared it could not be broken. Searching out her night-dress from within her bag of clothing, I undressed and put her into my bed, built a fire, and soon had the atmosphere in the place at a more comfortable temperature. But in spite of my efforts she got rapidly worse till it seemed that she would stop breathing. Not daring to leave her for an instant, I stood by the bedside all night, working over her and applying such remedies as would relieve a sufferer under ordinary circumstances.

At dawn of the following morning I had so far succeeded in stopping the pain that, with the aid of an opiate, she had fallen asleep and was resting more quietly when the office bell rang. Fearing it was a call to visit a patient, I was tempted not to answer the summons. At the second ring, however, I changed my mind and opened the door—to find an honest Irish girl, Kate Maloney, waiting to see me. My greeting was so enthusiastic that she looked surprised, and

hesitated when I invited her into my study. But when I told her of the illness of a little girl who had been placed in my care by her dying grandfather, of my fears regarding her recovery, and my great need of a female friend to help me nurse the child, her warm Irish heart opened at once and she began pulling off her wraps.

"Och, the poor darlint," she said; "an' it's sorry enough that I is fer yees; but it's glad I'll be to sarve ye, fer many's th' bad spell ye've pulled me through, Dochter, an' I'll stay wid ye till th' poor child is betther or dead, so I will."

I had never been a regular attendant upon any kind of religious worship, and my devotions had been somewhat neglected; but I mentally resolved then and there that should Mata be spared to me I would build a chapel as a sign of my gratitude to an overruling Providence who had sent Kate to my assistance.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAGIC FLUID.

All that day we watched at the bedside of my child-wife, who was burning with fever and raving with delirium. Her temperature ran higher than I had ever known it to do in a patient who afterward recovered. All indications pointed to the appalling prospect that my darling would die; and as I watched her fighting for breath, tossing her arms, rolling her head from side to side and calling for Guru, it seemed that my cup of happiness had been raised to my lips only to be dashed away before I could taste its contents. Kate did not leave her post of duty for a moment, and until the hour of midnight we watched and worked together to keep the beautiful soul imprisoned in its temple of clay.

Mata raved of Guru, declaring he was present. "Can you not see him?" she asked, in her quaint, womanly way. "There

is Guru; I should like to go with him, but he waves me back and tells me that my work is not yet done. I hear him whisper: *'Not yet! not yet!'* "

That Kate was getting frightened was evident from the expression on her face. She could bravely bear the fatigue of caring for the sick child, but the thought of a "spirit" being in the same room with her was too much for her nerves. She grew white and trembled violently; and, fearing she would fail me altogether, I suggested that she should sleep for an hour or two upon the couch.

Glad of an opportunity to escape, she retired to the next room, and when all was still I bowed my head upon the table and moaned in anticipation of what was coming. The case had passed beyond my control; there was no possible hope for my darling's recovery, and I could not bear that other eyes than mine should witness her departure from this world. I must be alone with her at the last.

Suddenly a distant bell began tolling, and I raised my head to count the number of strokes that it would strike. There were twelve, and then I remembered that 2 A. M. was the hour most trying for the sick, and the time when more souls pass out than at any other. As the last stroke died away, the child suddenly looked at me with an expression of reason in her eyes, and, pointing to the opposite side of the bed, whispered: "Look!"

Following with my eyes the direction indicated, I saw the ethereal form of the old Guru as plainly as on the night he had laid aside his worn-out body. The flame in the shaded lamp was turned low, but it seemed to drop still lower, as if invisible hands were slowly extinguishing it, while round the form of the specter radiated that wonderful weird blue light that had filled the room on that other night. The shadowy form came nearer; the blue light grew brighter. It seemed to encompass the bed upon which the child was lying. Covering my eyes with my hands, believing he had come to

take Mata away from me, my heart stood still in an agony of suspense. Again I heard her whisper: "Look!"

The phantom was suspended directly over Mata, and from his hands were streaming bright golden rays of light. He was apparently throwing upon her powerful electric currents, and a great change was taking place in the symptoms. Her respiration grew slower and slower, till it finally reached a normal condition. The fever-flush faded from her cheeks, leaving them white as the pillows they rested on. Her eyelids drooped until the long dark lashes lay motionless on her cheeks; and then I knew she was out of danger. With my heart throbbing joyously I watched those streams of health-giving light till they faded, and then a voice—sounding as if it came from afar—said:

"Sleep, child. Your hour has not struck. Your life work is not done."

Then the phantom began to fade, and, just before disappearing from my sight, it turned and smiled at me. Another moment and it was gone. The lamp upon the table again shed its softened and shaded light over the room, and glancing at the clock upon the mantel I saw that the hour was half-past two.

"Is it really true," I asked aloud, "that Guru came from the spirit world to cure Mata? And could he, with his wondrous power, accomplish in thirty minutes what has baffled my skill and set my knowledge at naught for two days and two nights?"

My heart was softened and filled to overflowing with gratitude. It was with a flush of shame that I remembered my skepticism and the flippant remarks I had once made about death putting an end to the career of all living creatures. And as those cold, hard doubts died one by one, there came into my heart a strange new feeling of satisfaction. My whole being thrilled with happiness when I thought of the man who had left his material body not a week before, and yet still

lived and was in full possession of all his previous knowledge and power.

Mata did not waken until dawn, and when Kate came in to see her the child looked up and smiled, while a divine radiance seemed resting upon her face.

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you," she replied.

"Sure, sur, the child is betther!" exclaimed Kate, in surprise.

"Yes," said Mata, "I am quite well, and will rise and dress, if you please."

When we were seated at the breakfast table, and Mata was doing full justice to her dish of cracked wheat and milk, Kate stood behind my chair gazing at the child in unbounded amazement. Finally, her wonderment at the sudden change in Mata's condition could be repressed no longer, and she exclaimed:

"Sure, Dochter, ye air a wonderful mon to cure the child wid th' pills an' th' powdthers that quick; ye air indade!"

Mata looked up quickly, and was about to tell the whole story of how she was cured when I, fearing the truth would frighten the ignorant Irish girl out of the house, interrupted her and replied:

"I take no credit upon myself for the sudden recovery of the child. A higher power than any earthly one interfered to save her."

Kate devoutly crossed herself and muttered a prayer; Mata seemed satisfied with my explanation, and the meal was finished in silence.

(To be continued.)



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CUPIDITY IN CLASS LEGISLATION.

ONCE more the dear public is in need, and the medical fraternity, in that spirit of self-sacrifice for which it is noted, flies to the rescue. It is true that the public has not been aware of its need, but the doctors—ever on the alert to detect “symptoms”—have diagnosed the case as one of extreme nervous depletion that requires heroic treatment.

For a number of years the ranks of the Mental and Christian Scientists have been constantly increasing, and the vast numbers of sufferers who have turned to them for assistance have greatly alarmed the profession, who seem to think that individuals are born into the world for a season with more or less sickness and disease, and then pass out of it with pain and suffering—with the sole object of replenishing the coffers of the medical fraternity. It has been the aim of the old school of medicine, when anything in the nature of an advance came that would tend to promote health or increase longevity, to try to kill it off and put it under ground as soon as possible; in fact, the old school is noted for this, chiefly because it has never done, and never hopes or expects to do, anything else. A system of health-promotion and cure of disease that is founded on more than a hundred different kinds of poison and hundreds of combinations thereof can hardly be expected to accomplish any other result.

Webster is undoubtedly right in defining the word *poison* as “any substance which, when introduced into the animal organism, is capable of producing a morbid, noxious, or deadly effect upon

it;" but the professors of poison go him one better and say, "introduce it into the system of a sick man and it will make him well." Of course, they have never proved the truth of this assertion, but incidentally they get a great many millions of the public's money every year, which is of much greater importance—and the dear public does so like to be gulled!

Occasionally a man in the medical profession is honest enough to come out and tell what he thinks about medicine, and then we get at some of the facts in the case. Prof. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, once said: "In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm. They have hurried thousands to the grave who would have recovered if left to Nature." What does the public say to this? It lays so much stress on what is termed the "science of medicine" that it unthinkingly swallows such utterances whole, just as it does the pills and potions of the M. Ds. Sometimes it makes a very wry face—but that is all. Occasionally a medical man will echo the sentiments of Sir Astley Cooper, the famous English surgeon, who said that "the science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder." But the public, press, and pulpit continue to prate about the "science of medicine":—a science that has never blotted out a single disease since it came into existence; a science that has undoubtedly multiplied diseases tenfold, so that the most highly civilized nations of the world have a far greater number of maladies than the uncivilized; a science that has not lessened by a single day or hour the "course" that any given disease has to run; a science that has not lengthened by a single minute, through the agency of any of its drugs, the duration of human life.

Yet a large and ever-increasing percentage of the dear public is getting its eyes opened and refuses to be drugged and humbugged any longer. These people are going to Mental and

Christian Scientists for treatment, and this results in a very serious depletion of the annual incomes of the medical fraternity; hence, something must be done to overcome this condition, and the enactment of a law is sought whereby the medical men may continue to bleed the *whole* public. The public, it would seem, has no right to decide what kind of treatment it wants, or does not want, but must be made to take its pills and potions in the old orthodox way—which was good enough for Methuselah and his contemporaries, and therefore should suffice for the sufferers of the present. Besides, there are three or four M. Ds. on nearly every city block, and these gentlemen must be fed and clothed no matter whether they would have made better farmers, or clerks, or sailors, or carpenters, than physicians; now that they are devotees of this most wonderful of all sciences, they must be cared for by the dear public whether they give anything in return or not.

“Let the Mental or Christian Scientist practise on the public just as much as he likes; only make a law that he shall never receive a penny in compensation for what he does, and we will be satisfied,” says the average M. D. This has been the whole tenor of medical legislation from first to last. “We do not wish to curtail the liberties of the people, or even of the Mental or Christian Scientists; we simply desire to have laws made and enforced that will prevent such practitioners from receiving fees for their treatments.” Wherever a law has been proposed the question of the *fee* is the all-important feature. What do the doctors care about the *health* of the public? They are not interested in that at all; they are concerned chiefly about its disease and suffering, so that they can accumulate wealth with which to build stately houses and have fine horses and all the luxuries of life. When you deprive them of these things through legitimate competition, then the dear public must be made to make

such competition illegitimate; hence, throughout the land laws are being enacted that violate the spirit of the Constitution, which gives to every man the right to pursue happiness, which is impossible without health. This inalienable right the friends of *materia medica* would take away from the individual, and make his health and happiness subordinate to the physicians' desire for money. An examination of every bill relating to the "public health" that has been introduced in the Legislatures of the different States will disclose the fact that the "general welfare" has only been used as a blind to cover legislation purposely intended to promote the pecuniary interests of the medical doctors.

Let the medical men once show that they can *cure disease*,—that they have a real *science*,—and the people will not flock to Mental and Christian Scientists, as they are doing at present in such numbers, but will continue along in the good old orthodox way, because the average person hates to get out of the conventional way of doing things; he is only forced out of it by dire necessities that the medical profession is plainly unable to relieve. A fact to be noted is that it is not the ignorant classes who are turning to Christian and Mental Science for aid, but the intelligent and cultured, who think (and who feel abundantly able to act) for themselves. They are emerging from under the hypnotic glamour of a science that has been such in name only; for there is no medical man of reputation or standing in the world to-day who can say with truth that there is any *science* in drug medication. Says Dr. Andrew Combe: "As often practised by men of undoubted respectability, medicine is so nearly allied to if not identified with quackery that it would puzzle many a rational onlooker to tell which is the one and which is the other." The practise of medicine—founded on numberless poisons, the vivisection of animals and even of human beings, vile serums, "elixirs of life," perpetual "experiments," and vaccina-

tions—cannot even resemble a *science*; and none know it so well as the medical men themselves.

It is time that the State should abandon this attempt to form a partnership with the materialistic monstrosity known as the “science of medicine,” and neither legislate for it nor against it, but allow it to work out its own destiny. I grant that there are many noble-minded men in the profession who are willing to let medicine rest on its own basis, without seeking legislative props that will redound to their own financial profit. I believe that there are among them many self-sacrificing men who would give their lives to benefit and uplift humanity. Such practitioners, doubtless, have no desire to profit at the expense of the sick and suffering. It has not been, however, the study and practise of medicine that made them what they are, but their own innate goodness, which expresses itself in spite of all the materialistic and fatalistic tendencies of *materia medica*. To such men all honor is due. While we differ with their systems, we respect them for their humane impulses; nevertheless, we believe that a knowledge and practise of drug medication, with its attending evils and delusions, tend to degrade and kill out the finer instincts of those engaged in the profession. It is our opinion, moreover, that a greater number of the most pronounced materialists will be found in this body of people than in any other profession; that it contains more infidels and atheists than any other. The reason for this is plain: *their whole system of healing is based in materiality*. It is their system that has made them what they are—a system that has never had a thought of God in it from beginning to end, but has dealt only with that which is deadly and destructive. Outwardly, many physicians are professedly Christian, and they attend church services and conform to the requirements of the church; but this is business, just as procuring class legislation is business. In their hearts

they have no use for the religion of Christ, or for any other worship save that of Mammon. Said a New York doctor recently, when questioned about the healing power of Jesus: "He *thought* He healed." That is the key-note of the great majority of the men engaged in the old school of practise. It is a pitiable state of things to contemplate; but what more could you expect of a so-called healing profession that leaves God and His law entirely out of account?

Gentlemen of the medical profession, you neither *prevent* nor *cure* disease. Why not step down and out, and make room for those who can, instead of acting the part of the dog in the manger? You know your own inefficiency; you know that you have never permanently cured nor prevented disease in the past, and you have no reasonable grounds for supposing that you can do so in the future. Why not adopt some profession that will require no legislative action to bolster it up? It is said that there are many vacant farms in desirable parts of New England, and that in Arizona and other Western districts there are millions of untilled acres that might be brought to a high state of cultivation through intelligent irrigation. Then why not try agriculture, or perhaps become Mental or Christian Scientists, as some of your more enlightened brothers have done, and in that way avoid running contrary to the Constitution of the United States in a vain endeavor to buttress an unholy cause?

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

GROWTH BY ABSORPTION.

THE publishers of MIND have reason to believe that almost every reader of the magazine is interested in its success, and that the reports of our progress that have been made in this Department from time to time were heartily welcomed by those who read them. We find abundant evidence of this in the many

letters of commendation—some containing friendly criticism and advice—that reach our editorial desk every month. These are quite as gratifying to us as the more substantial coöperation we have received through the world-wide patronage of friends of the great cause of which MIND is indisputably the leading exponent.

But in this number, which closes our seventh volume, we are able to state that the increase in the paid circulation of MIND during the last six months has been at a rate unprecedented in the history of metaphysical publications. This is said with accurate knowledge, based upon considerable experience in the literary field of the New Thought movement. The growth of such an enterprise—directing its appeal solely to the higher faculties of the mind, without the aid of sensationalism in either method or substance, or those other adventitious devices that spring from the purely commercial instinct and motive—is necessarily slow; yet, in this as in other lines of activity, genuine merit is sooner or later recognized and appreciated. The supremacy of MIND has been achieved through our faithful adherence to an original policy and platform—to develop in the individual a knowledge and application of the fundamental principles of Spiritual Science, regardless of the interests of cults and personal followings. This endeavor shall be consistently maintained throughout the coming years.

Perhaps the most potent mental quality the development of which is sought through an understanding of these principles is that of *concentration*, which is not less effective in the judicious circulation of literature than in the domain of mind. It has been felt by the leaders of the New Thought movement that, for many years, the publishing centers of metaphysical periodicals have been altogether too numerous and scattered for productive work; but their amalgamation has been prevented through the

tendency of individual journals to restrict their efforts to the exploitation of a single feature of the movement. This in turn has contributed to the growth of sectarian cults, with a consequent weakening of the energies of the cause at large.

In full recognition of this condition, the publishers of *MIND* have sought to establish a magazine that would represent the movement *as a whole*, and eventually call to its aid many of the minor enterprises of a similar nature that have marked its progress during recent years. The broadly representative character of our periodical is conceded by all familiar with our monthly issues, and the first step has already been taken in the consolidation above suggested. *Universal Truth*, the leading metaphysical journal of the West, which for over twelve years has been published in Chicago, has been merged in *MIND*. Its editors, Cassius M. Loomis and Fanny M. Harley, will be frequent contributors to our pages, the first article by Mr. Loomis ("Alwyn M. Thurber") appearing in our next issue, under the title, "Our Safety in Thought and Action." Unexpired subscriptions to *Universal Truth* will be filled by *MIND* on a *pro rata* basis, beginning with our April number; but all readers of the former magazine will receive a free copy of the current issue.

Negotiations are pending with the publishers of other journals whereby it is hoped a still further concentration of effort shall be effected—to the end that, through this constant and rapid increase in our circulation and influence, only the very best product of the brightest minds shall ever be found in our pages.

* * *

WE take great pleasure in announcing that our eighth volume will be opened next month with an exceedingly able paper from the pen of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., entitled "The Training of Thought as a Life Force." It will be found of equal interest to all students of advanced thought. J. E. M.

A FUND FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

In an article in *The Arena* for December, 1900, Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, calls for a million dollars, the interest of which shall be applied to Psychical Research. I believe the money will be forthcoming. Intelligent men of means will no doubt see the wisdom of this demand. There are individual capitalists in the land who could set aside a million dollars for this purpose without financial embarrassment to themselves.

No field of investigation is more important and interesting at the present time than this. Psychical Research is too important to be left to the few enthusiastic devotees who are experimenting in various parts of the world. Most of the experiments are private, and are never published; the myriad facts that have come to light lie scattered in the minds and memories of men and women throughout the world—thus rendering a generalization of them impossible. A fund of, say, forty thousand dollars a year would enable well-chosen scientists to prosecute careful and honest investigations to satisfactory results. A large volume giving accounts of experiments could be published annually, so that in a few years abundant trustworthy material would be on hand on which to generalize and from which to infer general principles.

The New Psychology is at present the Dark Continent. It is true that a landing has been effected on its weird shores, but what is now needed is a well-equipped party to explore toward the center. Prof. Hyslop's proposal, if responded to, would organize and equip this exploring party. Let MIND renew the call, and let the newspapers of the country repeat it, till the heart or hearts of some wealthy philanthropist or philanthropists shall be touched, and the "sinews of war" furnished. Such a fund should be used, first, to make experiments and to accumulate facts; secondly, to demonstrate the truth or falsity of spiritualism, hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, etc.; thirdly, to inquire into the nature of the soul and its relation to matter; fourthly, to determine the application of psychic force to education and therapeutics.

I believe that Psychical Research has vast possibilities; that psychology will yet, as it is natural to suppose, cap the climax of all sciences. The intelligent world can no longer be satisfied with a psychology based on mere introspection and casual observation. It is demanding that experiments in this field should be made as carefully and as honestly as in the field of natural science. It has a right to expect more wonderful developments in the psychological field than photography, telegraphy, telephony, electric illumination, motor-electricity, the X-ray, etc., in the field of physical science. Surely Mind is a vaster field than Matter; and to bring out its wonders nothing is wanting but systematic, honest, intelligent, persevering research.

R. N. PRICE, A.M., D.D.



A RECIPE FOR INSOMNIA.

When disturbing thoughts stream in surges through the overwrought mind, and the heart is doing extra work to supply the brain with that amount of blood necessary to active thinking, sleep is impossible. But those troubled with insomnia on this account need not despair of sharing their couch with the soothing companionship of sleep—provided they will adopt the following plan: Stop thinking. You can do so, no matter how incredible it may sound, provided you are strong of will and determined to exercise your last spark of the conquering power. Keep your eyes closed. What though thoughts troop in throngs from every quarter? You must steadfastly refuse to entertain them; that is all. Though they are undoubtedly the most persistent of guests, yet you can compel their departure with the requisite will. In their place will crowd other thoughts, whose company you must as firmly refuse as that of the former intruders.

As rapidly as you repel each set of advancing ideas it will be replaced by another set. But each successive train of ideas will be of less importance than its predecessor, with a consequent gradually diminishing hold upon the mind. The heart-throbs

will have become less tumultuous with every effort, and both mind and body will experience a dawning sense of restfulness.

After a little while, the ideas will have become so very insignificant as to elude the imagination; and finally thought will have become so intangible and chaotic that the mind may easily be wafted across the borderland into quiet sleep.

As an empty stomach is frequently an enemy to repose, a glass of hot milk, slowly sipped before retiring, may be recommended as an adjunct to the above recipe.

The writer has never received any benefit from the counting of imaginary sheep, nor indeed from any of the numerous kindred devices for inviting somnolence. The fault in these formulas appears to lie in the fact that the sufferer must still *employ thought*, even if in new directions; while the salient point is to *suppress thought* of any nature, which can be consummated only by the power of the will.

S. VIRGINIA LEVIS.

RARITAN, N. J., has a bugaboo, if you believe its children. Instead of telling the little ones that it is only a poor old negro woman who begs alms from door to door, Raritan folk have encouraged the baby fears and used the bugaboo to secure obedience through fright. When a little three-year-old in the New Jersey village saw the negress at her own home the other night she screamed and went into convulsions. Within twenty-four hours she died. There is need of the fool-killer at Raritan. There is need of him wherever it is sought to control tender childhood by its fears, wherever bugaboo or "bogy-man" is impressed upon delicate baby nerves. The mischief of needless, cruel fright is perhaps worked upon earth's little ones more often in ignorance than in recklessness or absolute malice. But it is worked none the less surely, and there is really no excuse to-day for the "didn't know the harm" of parents or stupid nurses. No ordinary father or mother or faithful caretaker would maim the body of a child by any avoidable means. Is it not passing strange that any one of them should take the more terrible risk of maiming the infant mind through groundless fear?—*New York World*.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

METAPHYSICS AND PRAYER.

One mother voices the feeling of many when she says: "It seems to me metaphysical teaching does away with praying. I am completely at a loss to know how to teach my children. Please help me."

Don't think for a moment of letting your children grow up without praying. Real metaphysics teaches prayerfulness, which is the very essence of religion. Emerson outlined with marvelous clearness the metaphysical view when he said: "Ineffable is the union of man with God, in every act of the soul. . . . When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fill the heart with his presence."

Prayer, *as* prayer, is the expression of the soul's reverential consciousness, whether in the words of Master, psalmist, or prophet of old, or in the spontaneous overflow from the individual heart. Earnest desire, thankfulness, reverence, awe—these inspire true prayer. It is not the words so much as the prayerful feeling that we need to inculcate in our children's thoughts and lives, although words are helpful for guidance in expressing the feeling.

Begin by teaching reverence—not by a form of words, but by awakening in the baby mind a recognition of the beauty and

beneficence in Nature. This can be done in the same way that fear is aroused. How often we hear something like the following!—

“No, no! Baby must not touch the fire. Naughty fire! Fire will burn baby!”

Why not say, instead?—

“See, baby! See the pretty fire! Fire is good to warm baby’s hands. Fire is kind when baby doesn’t touch it. There! not any nearer, or the fire will hurt. See the pretty flame-finger! It is playing with the wind. The wind is hiding in the chimney.” (There is a wonderful lesson in the wind.)

You will note that the first form of talking to the child awakens not only fear but hate. Calling the fire “naughty,” as if it had an evil will, creates a revengefulness in even a little child. Who has not seen a baby strike the floor, chair, or table against which he has bumped his head? This fear-teaching is the prevailing kind. It succeeds in making children conscious of something evil lurking everywhere and in everything. And how baneful and far-reaching the effects!

Try the *love-teaching*. Show that the *good* something that exists everywhere and in everything is the cause of all Beauty, Law, Order, Life, and Love. Tell the child, when he is old enough to ask questions, that this *good* is what we call God. It is not a man, with man’s body, but thinks as man thinks; and all the beautiful things in the world are what It has thought. It is the life of every creature—the law for the whole world. It is this Good, or God, that makes us able to love one another—to love everybody and everything. And the more we love the more of this Good is in us, and the more will. It uses us as Its body, Its voice, Its hands and feet. We cannot know about It except by letting It see and think and feel in us. So, when we feel naughty, we should say, away down in our hearts:

“I don’t want to be naughty. Dear God, will you please fill me with good feeling, and will you take my mouth and fill it with beautiful words?”

Is not this prayer? And if a child were taught to say something like this, night and morning and every time through the day that he might need to do it, do you not think he would live

the prayerful life easily, naturally, devoutly? Inspire him with a love for the beauty of sky and landscape, of sunset and mountain, of tree and flower, of bee, bird, butterfly, and squirrel—of every creeping thing; and see how his heart will grow big with love's pulses, and how he can sympathize and fellowship with all things. Then make plain to him the omnipotence of the strength of the Good in all its varied phases: in the force of the water that carries great ships from shore to shore; in the rushing river that turns the mill-wheel; in the gentle showers that bathe the earth and cause the flowers and fruits to grow. Make him realize the wondrous phase of this Power that makes his body and takes care of it while he sleeps as well as when he wakes, and tell him how all the great men of the world are studying the law of this Power and trying to learn how to use it, as they have already learned through it the use of electricity, steam, etc. Frequently sum up your teaching by pointing out the unity of life, love, and power in Nature and in man, and how by knowing life, love, and power as different aspects of God, or Good, it is comparatively easy to live in harmony with It and let It show Itself in all our ways—to us, in us, and through us.

When the child understands the *everywhereness* of God, and the feeling that is in every soul that knows God, you can teach him the Lord's Prayer and the spiritual interpretation that reveals the unity between man and man, and between man and God, and the need of God's thought as food in daily life. You can teach him the words of that grand old Twenty-third Psalm, and he will understand how David felt when, looking upon the green meadows and the shining waters of the peaceful river, he lifted up his heart to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd."*

Having awakened within him the real religion, your child will revel in the beautiful words of poet, prophet, or priest of the past who has voiced the prayers of humanity. He will formulate and utter true prayers out of the depths of his own soul.

* Some years ago a little son of the writer was successfully carried through scarlet fever and its variations, with the Twenty-third Psalm as the only "medicine." Many times the little fellow would say: "Sing it again. Mama. It makes me so cool and sleepy."

They may foreshadow the poet, prophet, or priest of the future. Encourage him to pour all his childish feelings into your sympathetic ears, and give him your thoughtful, loving, and constant comradeship. "Let the foundations of the wall of the city be garnished with all manner of precious stones."

As a help in religious training, the little *silence* every day will be found invaluable. Have some place in the house, either a room or a corner, where a child can go and be perfectly alone. Call it the Rest Corner, or the Thinking Place, or the Beautiful Thought Place, or by some other name that will catch the mind. Let it be the place of all others in the house where good and beautiful thoughts can be gathered—where a refuge from all noise or disturbance or naughtiness can be found. If possible, have a room for this purpose, or a closet with a window in it. Put beautiful, restful, inspiring pictures on the wall. Have nothing in the room to suggest amusement, or diversion. Provide a couch and an easy-chair, but nothing superfluous. A child that has been brought up to believe in the omnipotent Good can easily be led to realize that here in this room he can think and feel the power and the presence of the Good; that here, if he is quiet a little while, the Good will rest him if he is tired, will calm and soothe him, and will give him joyous, loving thoughts. Do not require him to sit still or to go through any outer form. Simply teach him to go to this place and find the Good. Let him have his nap in this room, even before he is old enough to know why this is the Beautiful Thought Place.

If there are several children in the home, let each, singly—never together—be permitted to enjoy this room. It will then be a sacred place.

There is an infinite suggestiveness in this, which grows upon me as I write. You, dear mothers, will see it, and act accordingly. Who knows what wonderful results may come from such training? Do not be discouraged, if it *seems* impossible. Remember the *all-important* condition for this kind of child education lies in the earnestness, tact, and loving consideration of the fathers and mothers.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

"Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

"For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

"And, in thy name of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

GOD'S BIRD.

The first time he noticed it he was a very little boy, and had stopped, as many little boys do, to see an interesting fight between two other boys, whose faces were very red and angry. Their hair and their collars were rumpled, and with clenched fists they made at each other, blindly knocking about them and even kicking with their sturdy boots.

The little boy who stopped to watch them was so interested that he got quite red and excited too. But as he moved away he felt such a queer sharp pain through him! He could not tell quite where it was, but it seemed nearer his head than elsewhere. And for some reason it made him think of the pain the two little fighters must be suffering from now—for he had watched until they were both quite bruised. One even had a cut on his face. Somehow, it did not seem nearly so funny to him now as it had in the first flush of excitement. But, as I say, he was only a little boy and did not think long about anything. So he soon forgot all about it. However, after he had once noticed this

queer pain it seemed to him it returned very often, and always after he had done something thoughtlessly or intentionally, which was not quite what he would have liked others to do to him. Once—because he happened to be cross—he kicked his dog, which had jumped against him barking and wanting him to play; and another time, when he had started to pick up a bundle that a poor old woman had dropped in the street—and had stopped because he was afraid the boys would laugh at him—he had two very sharp pains indeed. In fact they were so sharp, and he had grown so much older by this time, he gave them more thought than ever before. When he went to bed that night he was still turning the matter over in his mind, without being quite able to see why it all was. When his mother came in to kiss him good-night, she noticed how serious he was and asked him what he was thinking about. But he could not very well tell her what he did not quite understand himself.

He lay thinking it over for some time, after his mother had gone, and he could not have told you when he dropped off to sleep; for his dream was so like his waking thought that there was no possibility of separating them. It seemed to him, as he lay in his little bed, that he wished harder than ever he wished for anything in his life that he might know what it all meant—those strange sharp pains at times; and then again those wonderful feelings of joy that came to him.

Opening his tight-shut eyes he saw—as if in answer to his wish—such a beautiful face looking at him, with such kind, soft eyes! It was so lovely that his look never left it for a moment, and he seemed to know at once that his unspoken question would be answered. And the face, smiling at him, said:

“You are right. I have come to explain to you what you want to know. Now, listen well; for I may never come again to you, and you must remember all that I say. When the dear God sends a soul to earth, he lovingly enwraps a spark of his own God-like spirit in it, and this part of His spirit is like a beautiful white bird that fits so closely in the soul that it cannot move a feather. This part of God’s spirit—this wonderful bird in your soul—looks always back to God who sent it there. Therefore, whenever you turn away from God, ever so little,

you press against the bird's beak, and this is what causes the pain you have wondered at. But when you feel that fluttering joy—which you will notice comes after you have done some good or helpful thing—that is the trembling of the wings of the bird seeking to spread themselves within your soul. You will know that the bird is making a little more space in which to unfold its wings. And by-and-by, when there is room enough to spread them—wide, wide!—it will fly back to God.”

The sweet voice ceased, and the little boy, in wide-eyed astonishment, cried out:

“Then it is the beautiful white bird of God I feel! Oh, how glad I am to know! For now, when I feel its beak hurting me, I will stop and think what I am doing. But I should like to feel the wings always fluttering.”

He fastened his gaze eagerly on the lovely face. Softly the answer came:

“When you do not feel the bird at all, it is because you are then doing nothing—not growing, you see, but just standing idle. So, if you want to feel the fluttering wings and help them to open wide, you must grow loving, and helpful, and wise, and useful. All that will help God's bird.”

“I will try,” said the little boy, soberly.

When he awoke the next morning he was so glad! For he remembered everything. He jumped out of bed and decided that he would grow a great deal that day. Of course, he felt the beak many times; for he was more conscious of it now. But as time went on he felt it less and less, but the joyous fluttering came more and more. He grew so happy thinking that the bird would soon be set free!

Many years went by, and the boy was no longer a boy—but a man, with whitening hair. Yet always was he conscious of the bird, and this helped him to live a pure and noble life. Then a day came when those that loved him looked upon his still, happy face, and said, “He is dead.” And they wondered at the joyous look. You see they did not know that he had seen the beautiful white bird shake out its wide pinions, and that it had borne his soul, straight and swift, to the dear God.

EMILY KEY C. GAUSE.

S P E E C H .

One day last summer—about the beginning of cherry-time—we were out on the porch of our country home, sewing and talking and listening to the talking of the bees and birds all about us.

"I wonder if they really *are* talking," one of our company said; "and if they understand one another?"

"Certainly they do," some one replied. "The bees, of course, make their buzzing and humming with their wings—just as humming-birds do. But there isn't the least doubt that all these other sounds we hear, now, have a real, personal, intelligent meaning, if only we could understand them."

"It is a pity that we have forgotten all the animal language, except the human, isn't it?" some one else said. "We have grown so into the habit of shutting ourselves up in these stone and wooden boxes we call *houses* and *homes* that we actually have forgotten the language of our brothers and best friends—the birds and winds and water and so many other beautiful things in the world about us. If we could only realize how much health and happiness we miss!"

Just then we noticed three young robins squabbling over a big ripe cherry that had fallen to the ground. Two were quite well grown; but the other was much smaller, though taking part very manfully in the discussion. I don't suppose they were really fighting, but using the cherry, perhaps, to prove which was the strongest little bird—as boys use a punching-bag, you know.

We watched the three with great interest. Their little chirps grew louder and sharper as the tussle went on, till, in a moment, we heard a loud, clear call from the top of the tree. The two bigger birds dropped the cherry instantly, and eyed each other in a quizzical way. The call sounded again. They hesitated for an instant, then flew straight up into the cherry-tree, where we could see them hopping briskly from twig to twig and chirping away, two at a time, in the liveliest manner, to the big robin that had called them.

Meanwhile the little one left on the ground pecked con-

tentedly at the red side of the cherry, now that his noisy little brothers had been called away.

We looked at one another and smiled. Here was certainly a very good answer to the question as to whether birds really understand one another. Of course, we didn't know the rights and wrongs of the case, as we hadn't seen the very beginning of it all. And besides—alas!—we couldn't quite understand bird-language. But it looked very much as if the mother-robin thought the two big strong baby-robins were being a little selfish and too hard on their little brother-robin, and so called them up into the tree where they could see their mistake and think it over and remember, if they would only look about, there were other cherries to be found. And it looked, too, as if the little robins were obedient, loving little children. Don't you think so?

ESTHER HARLAN.



NESTS.

I strayed into the Museum, one day, and I saw such a wonderful city of nests I wished every little boy and every little girl could have been there with me. I felt almost as strange as when I walked the streets of Pompeii in Italy—the city that was buried under the ashes of the burning Vesuvius mountain. There the roofs of the houses are gone; but their walls still stand, with their beautiful pictured surfaces as fresh and bright as when the ashes first fell upon them. But the streets were so still we almost felt as if by listening we might hear some occupant of those silent rooms bid us good-morning.

So, as I walked round this little city of nests, it seemed as if some little bird might hop out into its neighbor's courtyard and sing a little song. But no; the nests were all deserted. I thought of the labor of all those curious little folk. Master builders they were—every one of them. And the wonder of it is that while they are all more or less of the same style the tiniest bird of all has constructed the finest and most ingenious nest. The largest nest is the eagle's, which the mother-bird builds on the tip-top points of cliffs overlooking great deeps of wooded

mountains or the roaring sea. The young ones of these largest of birds are so strong that the parent-birds merely throw together a pile of twigs, and their home, like an old log cabin, is ready to live in.

Other nests are simply mounds of leaves heaped up and hollowed out in the center for eggs. Others there are of coarse hair, lined with finer hair toward the center. Some have a cotton filling. To the limb of a tree some nests are hung and rock in the breeze like tiny cradles. The little humming-bird's nest is the wonder of all, and it looks much like a meerschau pipe, the bowl or nest decorated fancifully on the outside with lovely gray lichens. Dear little builders! How skilfully and patiently they must have toiled, weaving in and out this mass of silken threads with their simple tools of claw and bill.

Coming home to my own nest of brick and plastered walls, I thought how wonderful it is—this power we all have of building homes and the knowing how to do it so that they shall be safe and warm. The knowledge seems to be born with us, as if God, the Omnipresent Good, had given every living, growing thing a tiny spark of His own knowledge, and as if we all heard the voice within us saying: "My children, I have given you building material and the knowledge how to do. So I want you each to build the very best you know how. And as you try, I, the Great Source of all knowledge, will help you build."

I'm sure that I, myself, have heard these very words whispered in my heart; and when I have tried to do any good thing for myself or for anybody else, I seem to be as happy as if the great, good Power, or God, that is everywhere at work, were helping me.

So it must be the birds listen and learn of God how to build; else how could they do it?

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on the stalk?

—Emerson.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE RELIGION OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Ferguson. 170 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers, New York.

The modest sub-title of this book is "A Memorandum of Modern Principles." It is from the brilliant pen of one of the contributors to this issue of *MIND*—the rector of Grace Church, Tucson, Arizona. Mr. Ferguson is a clergyman accustomed to thinking for himself, and his observation of current tendencies has led him to some startlingly original conclusions. These are set forth in the present volume with an incisiveness and breadth of view that command attention. Every American patriot who is not destitute of the religious instinct should *study*, not merely peruse, this remarkable work; for it is written absolutely without bias, and betrays in its accuracy of statement the thorough knowledge of a deep thinker and shrewd observer of events. It is to be regretted that the modern pulpit contains so few teachers of *principles*—men that are capable of molding the scientific trend of the age to the combined uses of genuine religion and social progress. But this author is a pioneer of intellectual freedom whose example should be emulated by the clergy everywhere—regardless of ecclesiastical restrictions.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By the Rev. George Chainey. 130 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is a truly metaphysical work—an interpretation of the constitution of the spiritual universe, in accordance with the teachings of the Science of Being. The Decalogue is not regarded by this author as an arbitrary codification of negative injunctions, but rather as the varied expression of affirmative Law, in which are contained all the principles of growth, health, happiness, and progress that man may use for his advancement in knowledge and wisdom. The ordinary theological conception of the Mosaic code—*fiat morals*—is known to be psychically detrimental; but in the new *spiritual* view of the ancient law the subconscious effect of the teaching is exactly reversed. It is probable that the entire library of the Scriptures—if we

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J. E. M.



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